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LIGHTS OF LITERATURE

THE GREAT ENGLISH
SHORT-STORY WRITERS

BY
WILLIAM J. DAWSON
AND
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VOL. II



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I

THE MODERN SHORT-STORY

I

The Modern Short-Story

I

THE evolution of the short-story has already been treated in a preceding essay; it remains now to examine the characteristics of its modern form. This examination is the more necessary because it is in its modern form alone that the short-story has justified itself as a high form of art and a permanent feature of English literature. This statement does not preclude a just recognition of its earlier forms in classic literature. As we have already seen, two at least of the stories in the Decameron are perfect examples of both manner and method. The same thing may be said of Apuleius, whose story of *Eros and Psyche* is one of the most famous and exquisite of all stories, admirable alike in perfection of atmosphere, in tenderness and charm, and in poetic suggestion. But while English writers have been undoubtedly influenced by these masterpieces, very few of the older writers made the least effort to comprehend the principles of art which governed them. And for this forgetfulness there are several reasons which lie in the conditions of English literature itself.

The chief of these reasons is that the English novel in its earlier forms was planned upon a method which was at once elaborate and discursive. Defoe and Richardson,

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unlike at almost every point, were alike in this, that they aimed at giving complete histories of the characters they described in their fiction. Defoe gives us the detailed biography of Roxana from childhood to old age; Richardson spares us no detail in the fortunes of Clarissa Harlowe. The same method characterizes the work of Scott, of Dickens, of Thackeray, of George Eliot, of George Meredith; the only difference being the scale of the canvas. A tradition was thus set up, the strength and authority of which is evident in the conjunction of names so widely separated by both time and achievement. And in literature more completely than in any other realm of art, unless it be that of painting, traditions are apt to maintain their authority long after their vital sanction is dissolved.

Again, there were certain mechanical conditions of authorship which gave force to this tradition. To the readers of a leisurely age a work of fiction scarcely demanded attention unless it were planned upon a full scale. Such readers asked not for anecdotes but histories. With ample time to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest a book, they would have resented brevity as a species of imposture. Thus the older works of fiction are uniformly works of great length. The average length of the larger novels of Dickens is about four hundred thousand words, and Thackeray in *Vanity Fair* and Charles Reade in *The Cloister and the Hearth* are equally lengthy. Nor is length the sole evidence of this tradition. Dickens peoples the stage of a single novel with from seventy to eighty figures, each vital, distinct, and admirably featured. Put in comparison with such works the modern popular novel, and what do we find? In length it will probably not exceed a hundred thousand words, and if it contain from a dozen to twenty figures, it will give the impression of a crowded stage.

It must also be remembered that until quite recent years the three-volume novel was the accepted form of British fiction. The length of a novel was thus arbitrarily fixed, and an author, whatever the material of his story, was bound to fill a certain number of printed pages. Not only length, but a certain mechanically fixed standard of length, was thus traditional. A curious instance of the working of this tradition is afforded in the publication of two separate books, Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights* and Anne Brontë's *Agnes Grey*, as a three-volume novel, in deference, it must be supposed, as Mr. Shorter states, to the passion of the publisher for this mode of publication. It will be easily seen that under such conditions there could be no demand for a short-story, and the author who attempted to work in this medium was certain to incur the distrust of publishers, whose first business being to furnish the public with what it likes, rarely have the daring to challenge the public with some form of art which it does not demand.

But what of magazines? British magazines, until quite recent times, offered very little opportunity to the short-story writer. For the most part the older magazines were given over to the tradition of the long serial story. *Blackwood's* was in some respects a notable exception; and other magazines, such as the old *Cornhill*, might be mentioned which gave opportunities to the short-story writer. But the very predominance given in these magazines to the long serial story by some popular author, was a tacit declaration that the short-story was esteemed an inferior form of literary art. And naturally under such conditions the short-story was so considered by both the author and the public. It was regarded as ephemeral, fugitive, and almost a derogation of genius. To the reader, intent upon the large canvas of the serial story, it was the decent make-

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weight of the magazine; to its author, who would much rather have been writing the serial, it was a mere pot-boiler. To each it was at best a by-product of fiction, to produce which required little art, and certainly not an art which had laws, principles, forms, methods, and difficulties, peculiarly its own. It is worth remark that this estimate of the short-story is even yet not wholly extinct. Nothing is more common than for a publisher to inform a young author that short-stories do not sell, and to persuade him to devote his energies to the production of the regulation novel. Nor is this verdict wholly based upon commercial values; it is really the result of a fixed opinion on the part of the publisher that the short-story is an inferior form of art.

The critical value of these statements may be easily verified by a study of the earlier specimens of the British short-story. The chief impression derived from such a study is the almost total lack of any *standard* of art. If the story succeeds, it appears to be by accident rather than design. Sometimes it is interpolated into the text of a novel by the most haphazard and clumsy means—a favorite device of Dickens. Sometimes it is really a long novel abbreviated; that is to say, it contains the plot for a long novel, and is short only by accident. Sometimes it consists of several incidents more or less closely connected. No critical reader needs to be told that these are fatal faults. For the least exigent standards of art demand of the short-story, first, that it shall stand alone, because it is organically separate and complete in itself, both in regard to incident and structure. Second, that it is short because it cannot be long, its entire impressiveness lying in its brevity and intensity. And, third, that it shall consist not of several incidents, but of one incident. It may be an anecdote; it may be a passage of history, a dramatic

moment, an emotional crisis; but whatever be its theme, it must have psychological completeness, brevity, and complete unity of incident.

In French literature these conditions have been thoroughly understood, and hence the honorable place given to the *Conte*, and the great reputation achieved by writers like Guy de Maupassant. But in British literature the appreciation of these conditions has been of very slow growth. So long as the only popular form of fiction was the long novel, and so long as the short-story was esteemed a mere by-product of fiction, this was bound to be the case. No man writes well in a medium which is generally despised, and no man who has to live by writing, as most writers have, will choose a despised and unpopular medium for his serious efforts. But during the last twenty years a great change has taken place. The downfall of the three-volume novel, the rapid rise and growth of magazines, the demand of hurried readers for forms of fiction that make a direct and rapid appeal to the imagination, the influence of the French *Conte* upon English writers—these, and many other causes, have contributed to the change. To despise the short-story is no longer possible to the critic who has before him the amazing work of Rudyard Kipling. To treat it as a by-product would be an absurd act for a critic who witnesses, and must needs applaud, the growth of Kipling's fame. Gradually men have come to see that a perfect short-story demands an art even more delicate and rare than a novel. And they have come to see also that it is a thing not different in degree, but in kind. It does not follow that because a man is a great novelist he is also a competent writer of the short-story. The gifts are compatible, indeed, but not necessarily so. They are scarcely less distinct than the gifts of the novelist and the dramatist. And, indeed, the true short-story

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comes nearer to the domain of the dramatist than the novelist; for it is in the truest sense a dramatic moment, which seizes on us by its intensity, its swift dynamic, its direct appeal.

This is what the short-story ought to do, and it is what the truly great short-story always does.

II

The point at which any true appreciation of the short-story begins is the clear perception that it is a distinct form of art; and the reason why the older novelists so rarely succeeded in the short-story is that they did not apprehend this. If we bear in mind the three principles already enunciated, that the short-story must be complete in itself, that it is short because it cannot be long, and that it consists of a single incident, we can readily apply a critical test, which, while not infallible, nevertheless affords a valuable means of discrimination.

Let us take the test of completeness, and apply it to Dickens's exquisite story of *Boots at the Holly-Tree Inn*. The story, as Dickens writes it, straggles over a great variety of themes. We have an embittered lover, a detailed description of a mail-coach journey, of a snow-storm, of an inn, of his own ennui, of his own curious imaginings, elaborated in thousands of words, before he reaches the real story which the boots at the Holly-Tree has to tell. No fewer than thirty-seven pages consist of extraneous matter, while the story itself is told in thirteen pages. It is not until the boots begins to speak that the story begins; up to this point we are engaged in the tedious reflections of Charles Dickens, mixed with a great amount of totally irrelevant detail. Dickens himself must have been conscious of these defects, for when he prepared the story for

a public reading, he ruthlessly cut away all about the mail-coach, the snow-storm, the struggling horses, and so forth, and came at once to the incident which the boots repeats with so much humor and pathos.

Why then did he not write the story in this form? Simply because he had not grasped the principle that a short-story must be complete in itself. The moment he brought his work to the test of oral and dramatic delivery this principle was discovered clearly enough. And it may be added that there is no better test of any story than to read it aloud. When a story is read aloud, the interest of the hearer is in exact proportion to the direct appeal of the story; and the inattention of the hearer is the sure indication of the lack of direct appeal. The hearer of a spoken story resents everything in the nature of excrescence; he finds mere description tedious; he is intent only on the living issue. Dickens discovered this when he submitted his work to an oral test; the true short-story writer will not need such a test to teach him the law of dramatic completeness.

In contrast let us take such a story as Kipling's *Matter of Fact*, not because it is his best story, but because here also there is a great amount of description. But with Kipling the description is vital to the story, whereas in Dickens it is not. The story begins abruptly with a rapid sketch of three journalists on a tramp steamer making for Southampton. The dramatic note is instantly struck in the cry of the sweating steersman that something is wrong with the sea, that it is bewitched. To describe this sea, with its oily surface, its sudden inexplicable upheaval and run of gray water, is legitimate art, because it is necessary to the fearful apparition of the wounded sea-serpent, flung up from the ice-cold depths of ocean by the explosion of a submarine volcano. And although the story ends in London, yet its unity is never violated; and, more

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wonderful still, although it ends in ridicule and humor, yet its impression of horror is not destroyed.

In this case Kipling's powers of description do not hinder his story; they are not felt to be an excrescence; and for this reason, that they are vitally necessary to the theme. We do not need the snow-storm and the mail-coach to explain the eloping children in Dickens's story; we do need the horror of the bewitched sea to explain the state of mind in the three journalists. We can cut away three-fourths of Dickens's story, as he himself did when he made it a public reading, without essential loss, and indeed with positive gain; we cannot spare a single sentence of Kipling's without deterioration of the total effect. The one does not obey the law of essential completeness, and the other does.

Let us apply the second test—that the short-story is short because it cannot be long. A good example of the reverse of this principle may be found in Hardy's great tale of *The Withered Arm*. It is a most dramatic story, and may rank among the great achievements of Hardy's genius. It concerns a group of persons, each drawn with vital truth: a farmer who brings home a young and sweet woman as his bride; a wronged woman, who has a son by the farmer; and a wise man, or wizard. The bride's arm withers, and she loses the love of her husband. The illegitimate son commits arson, and is condemned to death. The young wife goes to the gaol that she may put her withered arm on the neck of a man newly hanged, having been told by the wizard that this is an ancient form of cure. The hanged man is her husband's son, and she meets her husband, as he stands overwhelmed with grief and contrition beside his son's corpse. Here is a story capable of great elaboration. Considered only as a plot, it is as full of dramatic possibilities as *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. Obviously it might have been treated with the

same fulness; all that is needed is an elaboration of incidents, such as Hardy excels in; as, for example, the previous history of the wronged woman, the events leading up to the marriage of the farmer, the character of the outcast son, and the general background of country life and manners. So treated it might have taken rank with the greatest of Hardy's novels; Hardy chose to compress it within the limits of forty pages. But this compression is purely arbitrary. Its result is an abbreviated novel, but not a short-story. The single incident of the woman visiting the gaol to find a cure for her disease in a horrible experiment, sanctioned by superstition, might have composed a legitimate short-story; as it is, the result is a miniature novel, which has all the characteristics of the novel except its length, and none of the features of a short-story.

If we contrast with this Quiller-Couch's story of *The Drawn Blind*, we at once see the difference in method. Here also we have the story of a son who is hanged, and the pathetic invulnerable faith of the mother in his innocence. These two persons, in their mutual relations, compose the entire story. The mother is so certain of the acquittal of her son that she has prepared a feast for him on his release; when the fatal verdict is announced, she extinguishes the lights, and drops the blind. That is all. There is obviously not enough material here for a novel; but there is just enough for a successful short-story. Spread out into a novel the interest could not be sustained; and the incident itself is so dramatic that any additional incidents would weaken the effect. But as a short-story it is perfect. It could be told in no other way. And this we may take as a sufficing test. Of the short-story proper, it is always true that it could be nothing else but what it is. If it could just as well have been elab-

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orated into a novel, it is not a short-story, but only a novel in miniature.

And this gives sanction to the third principle of the short-story—*viz.*, that it consists not of several related incidents but of one incident. In a sense this is untrue to nature, because in actual life every incident is related to some other incident, of which it is either the cause or the effect. But one can pluck a rose without investigating the secrets of its growth, and it is not necessary to trace that growth through all the series of its vicissitudes in order to be aware of its charm, its color, or its fragrance. If art violates nature in giving us the unrelated incident, it is for the sound reason that art leaves much to the imagination. We may know too much as well as too little for a just appreciation of art. The great artist is he who knows how to interest without fatiguing us; who gives us just enough knowledge of his theme to invest with overwhelming significance what he chooses to reveal; who makes one's imagination the confederate with his own, by leaving us to supply much which he only suggests.

Thus Dickens fails in the story already described, because he tells us more than we want to know; and many other writers fail by attempting to blend several incidents, instead of centralizing the attention on one. Hardy fails for the same reason in *The Withered Arm*, considered as a short-story; he gives us a series of incidents, legitimate enough in a novel, but confusing in a short-story. But Kipling succeeds in the best of his stories by his perfect centrality of aim. He has a single situation to depict, and he is not distracted from it for a moment by any side issues. We do not want to know anything more about his three press-men who see the dying sea-serpent than what he chooses to tell us. The central incident is the sea-serpent, and the central interest is the effect on each man's

mind of what he sees. Had he told us how the three men came together, how one had gone in quest of gold to South Africa, and another had fought in a native war, and the third had explored the Mountains of the Moon, however vividly he might have written, he would nevertheless have spoiled his story. No amount of fine writing could have atoned for confusion of interest. The finest writing in a short-story is that which takes us quickest to the very heart of the matter in hand.

The most characteristic note of the short-story is, then, *immediacy*. It is of its very essence that it should be dramatic from the start. If it fails to arrest attention with its first paragraph it is likely to fail altogether. It affords no opportunity for that slow building up of character and situation which is common in the practise of the novelist's art. This method, which is perfectly legitimate and even compulsory to the novelist, is wholly impossible to the short-story writer. The short-story stands related to the novel very much as the vivid impressionist sketch does to the painstaking picture. The picture is built up by months of toil; its final harmony is the result of thousands of little strokes, of much stippling and repainting. But the sketch is achieved with a full brush in a confident hand, and conveys its impression instantly. Oscar Wilde once said of Kipling's stories that they were "life, seen by flashes of vulgarity." One may ignore the charge of vulgarity, but there is no doubt about the flash. It was by virtue of this incomparable directness, this rapid confident brush-work, that Kipling at once arrested the attention of the public. "His name was Charlie Mears"—so Kipling begins what he calls *The Finest Story in the World*, without preface, without preliminary. No wonder the literary scribes and pharisees were offended in him. According to their traditions all stories should

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begin with a leisurely approach, and there was something almost brutal in this abruptness. The Ancient School of landscape art in the same way had a tradition that there was a certain place in a landscape where a brown tree must appear, and the tradition was held sacred, until suddenly Turner startled the world with masses of living color, in which no brown tree appeared. From that hour landscape art was revolutionized. And a similar revolution of literary ideals has followed the triumph of the short-story writer. He has taught the novelists themselves the value of immediacy, and while the novelist of the older school still clings to the law of slow approach, almost all the newer writers have learned how to cut away preliminaries and to get at the heart of their story with a celerity which would have scandalized the writers of an earlier generation.

It must not be assumed, however, that because the short-story occupies but a small canvas it is therefore inferior to the novel, for this would constitute bulk as the standard of value. The entire witness of art, in all its branches, is hostile to such a conclusion. A fine intaglio may be as great a work of art as a Grecian statue; a square foot of Gerald Dow's painting is much more valuable than one of Haydon's interminable yards of canvas; and a lyric of a dozen lines by Burns is much more precious than a hundred epical pages of *The Earthly Paradise*. The fact is that it is much more difficult to write a perfect short-story than a successful novel. It demands superior gifts of concentration, of ingenuity, of fantasy, of originality, of dramatic intensity, of exquisite craftsmanship. The novel can afford to have its lapses, its relatively dull moments, its pages of reflection; it even gains by them, for they afford a necessary contrast to its dramatic climax. But the short-story can afford to have nothing of the

kind. The eagerness of its movement must be continuous and sustained. And this is perhaps why the regular novelist so rarely succeeds in the short-story. His entire training is against him. He is usually too deliberate, too discursive; his touch is not light enough, his method is not sufficiently rapid. He frequently betrays his ignorance of his medium at every turn. He writes condescendingly or reluctantly; he makes us feel that he grudges throwing away a good *motif*; or he adopts some purely mechanical device, such as combining a series of episodes, which are neither in themselves short-stories, nor in their combination a true novel. The latter method was adopted by Barrie in his *Window in Thrums*, and by Ian Maclaren in his *Bonnie Brier Bush*. The result is not unpleasant; but the various episodes do not stand by themselves, and therefore are not short-stories. For no writer will ever succeed in the art of the short-story who does not thoroughly understand that it is a form of art wholly separable from any other; and that it is also a form of art which is at once so difficult and delicate that it worthily challenges the highest qualities of genius.

As regards the throwing away of a good *motif*, it is undoubtedly true that a man cannot enter on the career of the short-story writer who is parsimonious in *motifs*. But the extravagance is more apparent than real, for the reason that the *motif* which makes a great short-story can rarely be utilized in any other way. It is possible to expand a short-story into a novel; Mr. E. W. Mason has done it successfully in *The Four Feathers*. It is possible to transform it into a play; Mr. Jerome has done it in the *Passing of the Third Floor Back*. But such instances must be ranked with the exceptions. As a rule the essential factor in a great short-story is that it can be expressed in no other way with anything like the same success. Who

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would attempt to create a novel out of Kipling's sea-serpent story, out of the *Incarnation of Khrisna Mulvaney*, out of *The Finest Story in the World*? We recognize at once how impossible such a feat would be. And therein lies both the claim and the justification of the short-story. Life consists both of prolonged sequences and of flashing episodes. The first afford the material of the novelist, the second of the short-story writer. And life is so rich in episode to the observant and adventurous, that he is much more likely to suffer from embarrassment of material than from poverty. It may be true that all the plots of the novelist have been used before, but that is only because the novelist persists in the use of a certain type of plot. But the episodical wealth of life is inexhaustible. A year's study of a daily newspaper may furnish the short-story writer with more material than he is likely to utilize in a lifetime. A face seen in a crowd, gossip overheard in a tavern, a conversation at a street-door, the revelations of hostile eyes in meeting or in parting, the sudden passing of insignificant men and women across the beam of his questing search-light—these are enough to excite his imagination, to start the wheels of fantasy; and if he will but continue to see vividly the dramatic possibilities of life, and to report truthfully what he sees, he need never lack material for the warp and woof of the stories he can spin.

III

The reasons for the slow growth of the short-story among British writers have already been alluded to. So long as the three-volume novel reigned supreme, and magazines held to the tradition of the long serial, there was neither opportunity nor motive for the British writer to practise the art of short-story writing. But the conditions

which repressed the short-story in England acted powerfully for its benefit in America.

If we investigate the position of the American writer of fiction of the last century, some extremely interesting facts are noticeable. The chief of these facts is that almost all the novels read by the American public were of British origin. There was no international copyright law, and the most that a British novelist could do to secure any reward from America was to sell advance sheets of his book to an American publisher. Obviously this was a very exiguous device to protect his interests. It broke down the moment his book was pirated, which it invariably was within a few weeks of its publication in London. Not only was it pirated, but sold broadcast at extremely low prices. It is patent that the American novelist had no chance at all in this competition. Who would buy the work of a native author of local fame when he could purchase for a trifle the latest novel of Dickens or Thackeray? The result was that there was a very poor market for native fiction. The pirate publisher of those days did a great deal more than injure the British author by robbing him of his just reward; he injured yet more fatally the American author by robbing him of all chance of successful authorship.

Driven from the field of legitimate fiction by unjust competition, there was but one road to success left open to him, the magazine and the short-story. Here, at least, he was free from rivalry, for here was a demand which could not be supplied from British sources. Therefore it was to the short-story that the rising school of American writers of fiction devoted their attention. Among these writers Washington Irving, Hawthorne, and Poe stand supreme. Irving excelled in the brief sketch rather than the short-story proper. It is only at a certain heat of the

creative faculty that he attains pure narrative. Grave, wise, genial, he is apt to write with leisurely ease, in a mood of reflection rather than with directness and intensity. Hawthorne displays the same tendency, though in a much less degree. He is apt to delay his dramatic moment by philosophical observation, to be tediously analytical when the theme demands intensity, to stifle the fire of his imagination under a dull weight of pedantry. It may even be said that Hawthorne's true and fine genius often appears to work in some obstructive medium; at least, that is the impression which he frequently produces on the reader. It may have been distrust of his own powers, a kind of intellectual shyness, a native difficulty in speaking out. It may have arisen in large degree from his own inborn habits of introspection and metaphysical analysis. It may have consisted of a constantly changing combination of all these forces. But whatever it was, it was there, a resisting medium which gives the sense of effort to his work. In all his best work he conquers this obstruction. And in the short-story he is at his best. His outstanding claim is that he applies a profound psychology to the art of fiction. He deals not with the surfaces of life, but with the depths. He delights in the exploration of what Arthur Hallam called "the abyssmal depths of personality." He has a keen eye for the dramatic moment. His themes are uniformly significant, and often of extraordinary fascination. In all that concerns the technique of the short-story he is a great master. This technical excellence has been again and again recognized, and by later critics so completely that they have unhesitatingly chosen some of Hawthorne's stories as the perfect models of what a short-story ought to be.

But the true creator of the modern short-story in American literature is neither Irving nor Hawthorne; that honor

belongs to Poe. Poe brought to his task precisely those gifts most essential to achievement; a powerful reason of unusual subtlety, an imagination of extraordinary vividness, a faculty of observation only less extraordinary, and above all a mind wholly free, wholly unfettered by tradition, and almost insolently scornful of accepted canons. His self-confidence is superb; in a man less singularly gifted it would have been ridiculous. His originality is unquestioned; and the witness to this originality is found in the fact that he was the first man to recognize completely the artistic possibilities of the short-story. He found in it a sufficient vehicle for the expression of his genius. He brought to it the highest and rarest genius not only of his nation, but of his age. Both in poetry and in short-story writing Poe stands first in the literature of America.

Poe excelled equally in three kinds of story: the story of ingenuity, the story of adventure, and the story of horror. To take the first, what stories have surpassed in ingenuity *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* and *The Purloined Letter*? Here we have in its perfection the method of deduction which Conan Doyle has so successfully copied in his *Sherlock Holmes*. The same ingenuity, differently applied, distinguishes the great story of *The Gold-Bug*. Many writers have since used cryptograms and concealed in them the secrets of hidden treasure, but there is not one who has ever surpassed Poe in this kind of story. The *Descent into the Maelstrom* and *The Adventure of Hans Pfaal* are equally unique examples of the story of adventure. The latter found an imitator in Jules Verne, but the Frenchman's *Voyage to the Moon* is a dreary pedestrian performance compared with the imaginative daring of Poe's narrative. In the story of horror no one has ever pretended to rival him; and yet it may be questioned if

Stevenson would ever have written *Markheim* had not Poe first written *The Tell-Tale Heart*. The mere fact that we can thus trace the influence of Poe among the most recent and the greatest of modern story-writers is conclusive evidence of his profound originality. His was a truly seminal mind, fecund with ideas. Without models, without a single counselling voice, and without any real recognition or encouragement, he discovered the value of the short-story, endowed it with form and method, devoted his rare gifts to its perfection, and did each of these things so completely that his own stories have become classic; the value of his method has never been disputed, and the form which he gave the short-story has become the model of succeeding writers.

Perhaps, however, the chief contribution of Poe to the art of the short-story lies not so much in form or method as in fantasy. Thus, in *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* he fails in immediacy. Again, in *The Gold-Bug*, the interest is wrought to the highest pitch when the treasure is found, and the explanation of the cryptogram, infinitely ingenious as it is, coming *after* the finding of the treasure, has the effect of an anticlimax. Kipling, telling the same story, would probably have commenced with the discovery of the cryptogram, and have found a true climax in the finding of the treasure. But this is, after all, to say no more than that the technique of the short-story has advanced with the practise of the art. The unique claim of Poe is that he endowed the short-story with fantasy. He gave it wings, opened the heavens of imagination to it, made it almost a form of poetry, and put it on the highest level of literary art. One fault he had which cannot be excused: he took a morbid delight in the horrible. This is a constant temptation to the short-story writer. It arises from the need to produce an in-

stant and deep impression, and such an impression is most readily produced by an illicit appeal to fear. Stevenson makes this appeal in *Thrawn Janet*; Kipling in many of his stories, notably *The Return of Imray*. In going over the vast literature of short-stories, it has been a surprise to the writer to discover how many of them are stories of pure terror. That such stories may have qualities of art is undeniable; yet simply because the appeal to terror is so easily made, it is a kind of appeal which should be very sparingly used. The use which Poe makes of it is constant and therefore illicit. This is his chief fault. Yet against it must be reckoned his extraordinary power of fantasy, and this gift raises his worst theme into the realm of the creative imagination. Poe was essentially a poet, a poet whose genius moved habitually on the darker side of life, and was deeply tainted by the morbid and the abnormal. It is because he was so essential a poet that even an illicit theme is redeemed by the wonderful splendor of the imagination with which he bathes it.

For, after all, technique is not everything, a truth upon which some insistence needs to be laid to-day, because its value is often overestimated. Thus, for example, in what must certainly be reckoned as one of the greatest of all Kipling's stories, *The Man Who Would be King*, there is a wilful disregard of the law of immediacy which he uses in many shorter stories with such superb effect. This story has three distinct episodes. The first concludes on the railway station at Marwar Junction, when he delivers Carnehan's enigmatic message to the red-bearded man in the second-class compartment. The second begins in the newspaper office when Carnehan and Dravot unfold their daring plan of becoming kings, and ends with the starting of the Afghan caravan. The third, which contains the real story, occurs three years later,

when Carnehan relates the marvellous adventures of himself and Dravot in Kafirstan, and concludes with that noble touch of fantasy, when Carnehan stands in the blinding sun, singing:

“The Son of God goes forth to war,
A golden crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar—
Who follows in his train?”

The laws of technique are violated, but surely it would be the merest pedantry to insist that therefore this is not a true short-story. The sympathetic reader, thrilled with its pathos and its daring, astonished by its imaginative power, conscious of its Homeric bigness, will at once reply that it is at all events a great story, that it is indeed among the greatest of all stories in the English tongue, and he would be right. No, technique is not everything. It is no more than the servant of the shaping creative force, and must not be allowed to be its master. If it be not elastic enough to serve the end of the creative force, that force will certainly discard and transcend it. By all means let the writer study technique; it is as useful to him as the life-class and the art-school are to the artist. But let him also recollect that technique alone never yet made a great artist. It is at best but the weapon of success; for while a writer may succeed with an imperfect knowledge of technique, it is certain that he cannot succeed without the creative imagination. To forget this is to magnify the lesser things of the law and to forget the eternal verities.

And this is but to say in plainer language that in all forms of literary art it is personality that counts for most. Great writing is always the expression of great personality. It is well to be acquainted with the unities of composition, but if that is all we know, nothing awaits us

but barrenness and failure. When a Shakespeare arises, he pours such floods of flame into the old dramatic forms that they are utterly dissolved, and none regret them but the pedants, with whom form counts for more than spirit. Here, as elsewhere, it is the letter that killeth; it is the spirit that giveth life. The cardinal questions to be addressed to a writer of short-stories are these: Has he any vital message to communicate? Has he any sincere experience to impart? Has he seen life for himself, from his own angle of vision, and seen it truthfully and completely? Has he the creative force that makes us see what he sees, feel what he has felt, comprehend what he has comprehended? These are the inexorable questions, and the greatest writers of short-stories have been those who could answer them most thoroughly. Such interrogations are not to be evaded on the plea of technique; personality transcends technique. The short-story, more than any other form of literature, must have individuality; and to have it, it must be impregnated with the personality of the writer. It is from this source that it derives its color, its charm, its power to arrest and please. Poe and Kipling, Stevenson and Hawthorne write nothing that is not impregnated with personality, and this is the deepest secret of their fame. The most miraculous color in the picture is always that which is derived from the life-blood of the artist.

So far as mere technique is concerned, the American short-story writer occupies a position of indisputable primacy. America has not yet produced a novelist of the calibre of Dickens or Thackeray, of Meredith or Hardy; but it has produced a host of short-story writers of incomparable excellence. In almost every magazine may be found stories whose technical form could not be bettered by the greatest writers. This technical excellence

24 ENGLISH SHORT-STORY WRITERS

is largely due to the encouragement afforded to the writer by the American magazine, which is greatly superior at every point to the British. In no other country, except France, is it possible for a writer to make a reputation upon a single magazine story; but in America this has happened more than once. And hence, in the consideration of values, account must be taken of writers like Ambrose Bierce and Lloyd Osbourne, Henry James and Mrs. Deland. Each has done work so admirable that it does not suffer greatly in comparison with that of the most famous writers. In the general spirit and form of their work American short-story writers are more nearly related to French than to English literature. If any general criticism can be permitted on so vast and various a body of work, it may be said that the technique is often superior to the content.

Finally, it should be remembered that while we may codify, not without success, the essential laws which govern the short-story, no codification of these laws can be accepted as entirely complete. Strictly speaking, many forms of literature which are generally categorized as short-stories are not stories at all, but only incidents. Thus, in a recent magazine,¹ we have, side by side, two specimens of imaginative work, the one by Jack London, the other by William J. Locke; each excellent, each amenable to no other category than that of the short-story, but each absolutely different in method. Mr. London merely relates an incident of a leper-doctor who himself becomes a leper. Mr. Locke tells a story of a middle-aged man and woman, once lovers, who meet after many years; they are drawn together by powerful memories, under the magic of the African night; upon sober reflection the woman writes a

¹*The American Magazine*, August, 1909.

letter of renunciation; the letter never reaches the man, for he, on sober reflection, has fled. This is a short-story proper. It works toward a definite dramatic climax. It ends upon the note of surprise. Mr. London's story has no climax. It closes vaguely. It is not in the proper sense a story. It is simply an incident, related with immense dramatic power. Yet it would be merest pedantry to accept Mr. Locke as a short-story teller, and disqualify Mr. London; because Mr. London's vivid and terrific picture of the leper-doctor affects us as a short-story should, in spite of its technical deficiencies. Once more the critic is warned against a fanatical passion for technique. The indulgence of such a passion leads to aridity of mind, as it did in the days of Pope, when poetry was reduced to a series of inexorable rules and by-laws. The truest critic is he who can recognize excellence in any form; who indeed is the most willing to submit his mind to the charm of a writer, the least willing to press his own preconceptions in hostility to that charm.

Enough has now been said to vindicate the short-story as a separate and distinct form of art. It is not easy, it is not even possible, to discern the working of the law of progress in imaginative literature as a whole. The critic most thoroughly possessed by the enthusiasm of modernity will hesitate to affirm that the later novelists have surpassed or even equalled the great novelists of the Victorian age. It is true that an extravagant spirit of laudation has again and again hailed some new novelist as the new Scott or the new Dickens; but in every case a very brief interval of reflection and adjustment has reduced such claims to ridicule. But while the novel has declined in excellence, there can be no doubt that the short-story has advanced by leaps and bounds. It may be confidently asserted that Stevenson is as superior to Scott, Kipling

as superior to Dickens, in the art of the short-story, as each is inferior in the novel. Scott could as little have written *A Lodging for the Night* as Stevenson could have written *Kenilworth*; and Kipling would not have failed more disastrously in a *David Copperfield* than Dickens in such a story as *The Man Who Would be King*. The fact is that such comparisons ought never to be made, because the things compared are radically different. It is not until we conceive of the two forms of art as wholly separate that we are in a position to form any correct judgment on their merits. Only as we do discern this are we able to judge aright the brilliant work of writers who have brought to the creation of the short-story gifts quite as remarkable as those of the greatest novelists, and in the exercise of these gifts have raised the short-story into an enduring and splendid form of art.

II

AN OCCURRENCE AT OWL CREEK BRIDGE

BY

Ambrose Bierce

II

AN OCCURRENCE AT OWL CREEK BRIDGE¹

Ambrose Bierce

I

A MAN stood upon a railroad bridge in northern Alabama, looking down into the swift waters twenty feet below. The man's hands were behind his back, the wrists bound with a cord. A rope loosely encircled his neck. It was attached to a stout cross-timber above his head, and the slack fell to the level of his knees. Some loose boards laid upon the sleepers supporting the metals of the railway supplied a footing for him and his executioners—two private soldiers of the Federal army, directed by a sergeant, who in civil life may have been a deputy sheriff. At a short remove upon the same temporary platform was an officer in the uniform of his rank, armed. He was a captain. A sentinel at each end of the bridge stood with his rifle in the position known as "support," that is to say, vertical in front of the left shoulder, the hammer resting on the forearm thrown straight across the chest—a formal and unnatural position, enforcing an erect carriage of the body. It did not appear to be the duty of these two men to know what was occurring at the

¹ From *The Collected Works of Ambrose Bierce*, vol. ii. Copyright, 1909, by The Neale Publishing Co.

centre of the bridge; they merely blockaded the two ends of the foot-plank which traversed it.

Beyond one of the sentinels nobody was in sight; the railroad ran straight away into a forest for a hundred yards, then, curving, was lost to view. Doubtless there was an outpost further along. The other bank of the stream was open ground—a gentle acclivity crowned with a stockade of vertical tree-trunks, loopholed for rifles, with a single embrasure through which protruded the muzzle of a brass cannon commanding the bridge. Mid-way up the slope between the bridge and fort were the spectators—a single company of infantry in line, at “parade rest,” the butts of the rifles on the ground, the barrels inclining slightly backward against the right shoulder, the hands crossed upon the stock. A lieutenant stood at the right of the line, the point of his sword upon the ground, his left hand resting upon his right. Excepting the group of four at the centre of the bridge not a man moved. The company faced the bridge, staring stonily, motionless. The sentinels, facing the banks of the stream, might have been statues to adorn the bridge. The captain stood with folded arms, silent, observing the work of his subordinates, but making no sign. Death is a dignitary who, when he comes announced, is to be received with formal manifestations of respect, even by those most familiar with him. In the code of military etiquette silence and fixity are forms of deference.

The man who was engaged in being hanged was apparently about thirty-five years of age. He was a civilian, if one might judge from his dress, which was that of a planter. His features were good—a straight nose, firm mouth, broad forehead, from which his long, dark hair was combed straight back, falling behind his ears to the collar of his well-fitting frock-coat. He wore a mustache

and pointed beard, but no whiskers; his eyes were large and dark gray, and had a kindly expression which one would hardly have expected in one whose neck was in the hemp. Evidently this was no vulgar assassin. The liberal military code makes provision for hanging many kinds of people, and gentlemen are not excluded.

The preparations being complete, the two private soldiers stepped aside, and each drew away the plank upon which he had been standing. The sergeant turned to the captain, saluted and placed himself immediately behind that officer, who in turn moved apart one pace. These movements left the condemned man and the sergeant standing on the two ends of the same plank, which spanned three of the cross-ties of the bridge. The end upon which the civilian stood almost, but not quite, reached a fourth. This plank had been held in place by the weight of the captain; it was now held by that of the sergeant. At a signal from the former the latter would step aside, the plank would tilt, and the condemned man go down between two ties. The arrangement commended itself to his judgment as simple and effective. His face had not been covered nor his eyes bandaged. He looked a moment at his "unsteadfast footing," then let his gaze wander to the swirling water of the stream racing madly beneath his feet. A piece of dancing driftwood caught his attention, and his eyes followed it down the current. How slowly it appeared to move! What a sluggish stream!

He closed his eyes in order to fix his last thoughts upon his wife and children. The water, touched to gold by the early sun, the brooding mists under the banks at some distance down the stream, the fort, the soldiers, the piece of drift—all had distracted him. And now he became conscious of a new disturbance. Striking through the thought of his dear ones was a sound he could neither ignore nor

understand, a sharp, distinct, metallic percussion like the stroke of a blacksmith's hammer upon the anvil; it had the same ringing quality. He wondered what it was, and whether immeasurably distant or near by—it seemed both. Its recurrence was regular, but as slow as the tolling of a death-knell. He awaited each stroke with impatience and—he knew not why—apprehension. The intervals of silence grew progressively longer; the delays maddening. With their greater infrequency the sounds increased in strength and sharpness. They hurt his ear like the thrust of a knife; he feared he would shriek. What he heard was the ticking of his watch.

He unclosed his eyes and saw again the water below him. "If I could free my hands," he thought, "I might throw off the noose and spring into the stream. By diving, I could evade the bullets, and, swimming vigorously, reach the bank, take to the woods, and get away home. My home, thank God, is as yet outside their lines; my wife and little ones are still beyond the invaders' farthest advance."

As these thoughts, which have here to be set down in words, were flashed into the doomed man's brain rather than evolved from it, the captain nodded to the sergeant. The sergeant stepped aside.

II

Peyton Farquhar was a well-to-do planter, of an old and highly respected Alabama family. Being a slave-owner, and, like other slave-owners, a politician, he was naturally an original secessionist and ardently devoted to the Southern cause. Circumstances of an imperious nature which it is unnecessary to relate here, had prevented him from taking service with the gallant army which had

fought the disastrous campaigns ending with the fall of Corinth, and he chafed under the inglorious restraint, longing for the release of his energies, the larger life of the soldier, the opportunity for distinction. That opportunity, he felt, would come, as it comes to all in war-time. Meanwhile he did what he could. No service was too humble for him to perform in aid of the South, no adventure too perilous for him to undertake if consistent with the character of a civilian who was at heart a soldier, and who in good faith and without too much qualification assented to at least a part of the frankly villainous dictum that all is fair in love and war.

One evening while Farquhar and his wife were sitting on a rustic bench near the entrance to his grounds, a gray-clad soldier rode up to the gate and asked for a drink of water. Mrs. Farquhar was only too happy to serve him with her own white hands. While she was gone to fetch the water, her husband approached the dusty horseman and inquired eagerly for news from the front.

"The Yanks are repairing the railroads," said the man, "and are getting ready for another advance. They have reached the Owl Creek Bridge, put it in order, and built a stockade on the other bank. The commandant has issued an order, which is posted everywhere, declaring that any civilian caught interfering with the railroad, its bridges, tunnels, or trains, will be summarily hanged. I saw the order."

"How far is it to the Owl Creek Bridge?" Farquhar asked.

"About thirty miles."

"Is there no force on this side the creek?"

"Only a picket post half a mile out, on the railroad, and a single sentinel at this end of the bridge."

"Suppose a man—a civilian and student of hanging—

should elude the picket post and perhaps get the better of the sentinel," said Farquhar, smiling, "what could he accomplish?"

The soldier reflected. "I was there a month ago," he replied. "I observed that the flood of last winter had lodged a great quantity of driftwood against the wooden pier at this end of the bridge. It is now dry, and would burn like tow."

The lady had now brought the water, which the soldier drank. He thanked her ceremoniously, bowed to her husband, and rode away. An hour later, after nightfall, he repassed the plantation, going northward in the direction from which he had come. He was a Federal scout.

III

As Peyton Farquhar fell straight downward through the bridge, he lost consciousness and was as one already dead. From this state he was awakened—ages later, it seemed to him—by the pain of a sharp pressure upon his throat, followed by a sense of suffocation. Keen, poignant agonies seemed to shoot from his neck downward through every fibre of his body and limbs. These pains seemed to flash along well-defined lines of ramification, and to beat with an inconceivably rapid periodicity. They seemed like streams of pulsating fire heating him to an intolerable temperature. As to his head, he was conscious of nothing but a feeling of fulness—of congestion. These sensations were unaccompanied by thought. The intellectual part of his nature was already effaced; he had power only to feel, and feeling was torment. He was conscious of motion. Encompassed in a luminous cloud, of which he was now merely the fiery heart, without material substance, he swung through unthinkable arcs of oscillation, like a

vast pendulum. Then all at once, with terrible suddenness, the light about him shot upward with the noise of a loud splash; a frightful roaring was in his ears, and all was cold and dark. The power of thought was restored; he knew that the rope had broken and he had fallen into the stream. There was no additional strangulation; the noose about his neck was already suffocating him, and kept the water from his lungs. To die hanging at the bottom of a river!—the idea seemed to him ludicrous. He opened his eyes in the blackness and saw above him a gleam of light, but how distant, how inaccessible! He was still sinking, for the light became fainter and fainter until it was a mere glimmer. Then it began to grow and brighten, and he knew that he was rising toward the surface—knew it with reluctance, for he was now very comfortable. “To be hanged and drowned,” he thought, “that is not so bad; but I do not wish to be shot. No; I will not be shot; that is not fair.”

He was not conscious of an effort, but a sharp pain in his wrists apprised him that he was trying to free his hands. He gave the struggle his attention, as an idler might observe the feat of a juggler, without interest in the outcome. What splendid effort!—what magnificent, what superhuman strength! Ah, that was a fine endeavor! Bravo! The cord fell away; his arms parted and floated upward, the hands dimly seen on each side in the growing light. He watched them with a new interest as first one and then the other pounced upon the noose at his neck. They tore it away and thrust it fiercely aside, its undulations resembling those of a water-snake. “Put it back! put it back!” He thought he shouted these words to his hands, for the undoing of the noose had been succeeded by the direst pang which he had yet experienced. His neck ached horribly; his brain was on fire; his heart,

which had been fluttering faintly, gave a great leap, trying to force itself out of his mouth. His whole body was racked and wrenched with an insupportable anguish! But his disobedient hands gave no heed to the command. They beat the water vigorously with quick, downward strokes, forcing him to the surface. He felt his head emerge; his eyes were blinded by the sunlight; his chest expanded convulsively, and with a supreme and crowning agony his lungs engulfed a great draught of air, which instantly he expelled in a shriek!

He was now in full possession of his physical senses. They were, indeed, preternaturally keen and alert. Something in the awful disturbance of his organic system had so exalted and refined them that they made record of things never before perceived. He felt the ripples upon his face and heard their separate sounds as they struck. He looked at the forest on the bank of the stream, saw the individual trees, the leaves and the veining of each leaf—saw the very insects upon them, the locusts, the brilliant-bodied flies, the gray spiders stretching their webs from twig to twig. He noted the prismatic colors in all the dewdrops upon a million blades of grass. The humming of the gnats that danced above the eddies of the stream, the beating of the dragon-flies' wings, the strokes of the water-spiders' legs, like oars which had lifted their boat—all these made audible music. A fish slid along beneath his eyes, and he heard the rush of its body parting the water.

He had come to the surface facing down the stream; in a moment the visible world seemed to wheel slowly round, himself the pivotal point, and he saw the bridge, the fort, the soldiers on the bridge, the captain, the sergeant, the two privates, his executioners. They were in silhouette against the blue sky. They shouted and ges-

ticulated, pointing at him; the captain had drawn his pistol, but did not fire; the others were unarmed. Their movements were grotesque and horrible, their forms gigantic.

Suddenly he heard a sharp report, and something struck the water smartly within a few inches of his head, spluttering his face with spray. He heard a second report, and saw one of the sentinels with his rifle at his shoulder, a light cloud of blue smoke rising from the muzzle. The man in the water saw the eye of the man on the bridge gazing into his own through the sights of the rifle. He observed that it was a gray eye, and remembered having read that gray eyes were keenest, and that all famous marksmen had them. Nevertheless, this one had missed.

A counter-swirl had caught Farquhar and turned him half round; he was again looking into the forest on the bank opposite the fort. The sound of a clear, high voice in a monotonous sing-song now rang out behind him and came across the water with a distinctness that pierced and subdued all other sounds, even the beating of the ripples in his ears. Although no soldier, he had frequented camps enough to know the dread significance of that deliberate, drawling, aspirated chant; the lieutenant on shore was taking a part in the morning's work. How coldly and pitilessly—with what an even, calm intonation, presaging and enforcing tranquillity in the men—with what accurately measured intervals fell those cruel words: "Attention, company.—Shoulder arms.—Ready.—Aim.—Fire!"

Farquhar dived—dived as deeply as he could. The water roared in his ears like the voice of Niagara, yet he heard the dulled thunder of the volley, and rising again toward the surface, met shining bits of metal, singularly flattened, oscillating slowly downward. Some of them touched him on the face and hands, then fell away, con-

tinuing their descent. One lodged between his collar and neck; it was uncomfortably warm, and he snatched it out.

As he rose to the surface, gasping for breath, he saw that he had been a long time under water; he was perceptibly farther down-stream—nearer to safety! The soldiers had almost finished reloading; the metal ramrods flashed all at once in the sunshine as they were drawn from the barrels, turned in the air, and thrust into their sockets. The two sentinels fired again, independently and ineffectually.

The hunted man saw all this over his shoulder; he was now swimming vigorously with the current. His brain was as energetic as his arms and legs; he thought with the rapidity of lightning.

"The officer," he reasoned, "will not make that martinet's error a second time. It is as easy to dodge a volley as a single shot. He has probably already given the command to fire at will. God help me, I cannot dodge them all!"

An appalling plash within two yards of him, followed by a loud rushing sound, *diminuendo*, which seemed to travel back through the air to the fort and died in an explosion which stirred the very river to its deeps. A rising sheet of water, which curved over him, fell down upon him, blinded him, strangled him. The cannon had taken a hand in the game. As he shook his head free from the commotion of the smitten water, he heard the deflected shot humming through the air ahead, and in an instant it was cracking and smashing the branches in the forest beyond.

"They will not do that again," he thought; "the next time they will use a charge of grape. I must keep my eye upon the gun; the smoke will apprise me—the report arrives too late; it lags behind the missile. It is a good gun."

Suddenly he felt himself whirled round and round—spinning like a top. The water, the banks, the forest, the now distant bridge, fort and men—all were commingled and blurred. Objects were represented by their colors only; circular horizontal streaks of color—that was all he saw. He had been caught in a vortex, and was being whirled on with a velocity of advance and gyration which made him giddy and sick. In a few moments he was flung upon the gravel at the foot of the left bank of the stream—the southern bank—and behind a projecting point which concealed him from his enemies. The sudden arrest of his motion, the abrasion of one of his hands on the gravel, restored him, and he wept with delight. He dug his fingers into the sand, threw it over himself in handfuls and audibly blessed it. It looked like gold, like diamonds, rubies, emeralds; he could think of nothing beautiful which it did not resemble. The trees upon the bank were giant garden plants; he noted a definite order in their arrangement, inhaled the fragrance of their blooms. A strange, roseate light shone through the spaces among their trunks, and the wind made in their branches the music of æolian harps. He had no wish to perfect his escape, was content to remain in that enchanting spot until retaken.

A whizz and rattle of grapeshot among the branches high above his head roused him from his dream. The baffled cannoneer had fired him a random farewell. He sprung to his feet, rushed up the sloping bank, and plunged into the forest.

All that day he travelled, laying his course by the rounding sun. The forest seemed interminable; nowhere did he discover a break in it, not even a woodman's road. He had not known that he lived in so wild a region. There was something uncanny in the revelation.

By nightfall he was fatigued, footsore, famishing. The

thought of his wife and children urged him on. At last he found a road which led him in what he knew to be the right direction. It was as wide and straight as a city street, yet it seemed untravelled. No fields bordered it, no dwelling anywhere. Not so much as the barking of a dog suggested human habitation. The black bodies of the great trees formed a straight wall on both sides, terminating on the horizon in a point, like a diagram in a lesson in perspective. Overhead, as he looked up through this rift in the wood, shone great golden stars looking unfamiliar and grouped in strange constellations. He was sure they were arranged in some order which had a secret and malign significance. The wood on either side was full of singular noises, among which—once, twice, and again—he distinctly heard whispers in an unknown tongue.

His neck was in pain, and, lifting his hand to it, he found it horribly swollen. He knew that it had a circle of black where the rope had bruised it. His eyes felt congested; he could no longer close them. His tongue was swollen with thirst; he relieved its fever by thrusting it forward from between his teeth into the cool air. How softly the turf had carpeted the untravelled avenue! He could no longer feel the roadway beneath his feet!

Doubtless, despite his suffering, he fell asleep while walking, for now he sees another scene—perhaps he has merely recovered from a delirium. He stands at the gate of his own home. All is as he left it, and all bright and beautiful in the morning sunshine. He must have travelled the entire night. As he pushes open the gate and passes up the wide white walk, he sees a flutter of female garments; his wife, looking fresh and cool and sweet, steps down from the veranda to meet him. At the bottom of the steps she stands waiting, with a smile of in-

effable joy, an attitude of matchless grace and dignity. Ah, how beautiful she is! He springs forward with extended arms. As he is about to clasp her, he feels a stunning blow upon the back of the neck; a blinding white light blazes all about him, with a sound like the shock of a cannon—then all is darkness and silence!

Peyton Farquhar was dead; his body, with a broken neck, swung gently from side to side beneath the timbers of the Owl Creek Bridge.

III

THE UNEXPECTEDNESS OF MR. HORACE
SHIELDS

BY

Margaret Deland

THE UNEXPECTEDNESS OF MR. HORACE SHIELDS¹

Margaret Deland

I

DR. WILLIAM KING had married his wife because of her excellent common-sense.

It was an evidence of his own common-sense that he was not moved by mere prettiness, or sweetness, or whatever. Mrs. William was, as it chanced, good-looking; but Willy said that was the last thing he had thought of; he said she was a sensible woman, with no whims. She would keep his house; and his ledger, for that matter; and bring up his children; and see that his buttons were sewed on—and not bother him. Willy had seen bothering wives. His profession brought him in constant contact with them—nervous, sentimental, hysterical, nagging, egotistical wives. The doctor used to say he wondered how men had the courage to get married at all, considering; and he was convinced that this state of things was the result of marrying for sentiment; he had married for sense.

“Sentiment,” said Dr. King, “is a phase of youth and growth; we’ve got to go through with it; but to make a phase permanent is the act of a fool.”

“Well, now, William,” objected Dr. Lavendar, “look at Oscar. You can’t say it’s a phase of youth?”

¹From *Old Chester Tales*. Copyright, 1898, by Harper & Brothers.

"Oh, Oscar caught it late," the doctor said. "I have had a case of measles where the patient was sixty-two. As for Dorothea, she's young enough to be foolish; Martha says she looks under the bed every night for a man! She says she doesn't even buy her own clothes. Imagine me deciding on Martha's shoestrings! Well, Martha wouldn't have it. Nobody would resent that sort of thing more than Martha," said Willy, complacently.

Martha managed her own shoestrings in those first days; and by-and-by, such was her common-sense, she managed the doctor's also. Though Willy did not talk so much about it when that time came.

Still, he must have appreciated the way in which she expended his small income; for she fed and clothed her plump, blond William as though he had twice as much to live on. When Mrs. King made an unusually good bargain with the meat-man, or haggled with Mr. Horace Shields until he sold her a bottle of ink for two cents less than the general public paid, she used to say, exultingly, that it was well for Willy, considering that he would not send bills to half of his patients, that he had a wife who would look after things.

"I don't know what would have become of you, Willy, if you'd married a different kind of woman," Martha would say, good-naturedly. "You would have been in the poor-house by this time!"

Although she did not know it, the good Martha really opened up a very interesting question which most women would do well to ask themselves in regard to their husbands: What would my Tom, or Dick, or Harry, have been without *me*? Not so silent, if he had chosen a girl who did not gush; not so selfish, if he had had a wife less addicted to unselfishness; not so ill-tempered, if he had married some one less anxious and nagging. The fact is,

these simple men creatures are as wax in our hands; our tempers and our tongues decide their eternal salvation—though they never know it. They all mean pretty well in the beginning, but they fall into the hands of their wives, and look at the result!

But Martha King had no time to waste in such speculations. She was secretary of the Woman's Auxiliary; and it was known in Old Chester that she had once sent a letter to the *Spirit of Missions* calling attention to the mistakes of this admirable organization. She had a Sunday-school class; and she did all the cutting out for the Sewing Society. She was an indefatigable parish worker; "invaluable in practical matters," Dr. Lavendar said, heartily. What he said when she took it upon herself to tell him that he had done wrong not to give Anna King back to her own mother nobody knew except Martha, and she never told; but her face got red when the matter was referred to at Sewing Society. Still, I remember in this connection that when Mr. Jim Shields expressed his opinion of Mrs. King to Dr. Lavendar, the old minister smoothed him down, and bade him remember that Martha had a good heart. "Good, but not graceful," Mr. Jim growled. And Dr. Lavendar chuckled.

Added to her moral excellences, Mrs. King was a remarkable housekeeper; her economies were the admiration of Old Chester;—economical housekeeping was not an Old Chester characteristic; we were too near Mason and Dixon's line for that. She was orderly to a mathematical degree, and so immaculately neat that she had been known to say that if she should see a particle of dust behind a picture-frame at twelve o'clock at night, she would rise from her bed and remove it! The reply made to this declaration was: "If you could see a particle of dust behind a picture-frame at twelve o'clock at

night, you had better rise;—and consult an oculist at once.”

Any woman will know that the doctor said this: it is the reply of a husband.

But, really and truly, Mrs. King was a capable, conscientious, sensible woman; and Old Chester was not unreasonable in expecting the same characteristics in her younger sister, Lucy; but their only resemblance was that they neither of them had the slightest sense of humor. In every other way they could not have been more radically different if they had been relations by marriage.

Perhaps this was because they were almost strangers, Lucy having lived in the East with her father ever since she was ten years old. He came back, poor old man, at last, to die in Mercer. And a month afterward Old Chester was told briefly that Mrs. King’s sister, Lucy, was coming to live with her.

“I don’t believe in it,” Mrs. King said. “Willy’s sister didn’t come to live with him when poor old Mrs. King died; and I don’t know why my sister should live with me. But Willy will have it. I only hope, for her own self-respect, Lucy will find something to do, so that she won’t be a burden on him. I shall tell her so, flatly and frankly. I consider it my duty.”

So Lucy came, with “Dick,” her canary-bird, and her little caba full of worsted-work. She was only twenty-three, the idol of the old father, whose relation to her had been maternal and loverlike and brotherly, all at once. One does not just see why, for though she was a good girl, she was not especially attractive; very shy, not pretty exactly, though she had soft deer’s eyes; certainly not sensible; crushed, poor child, when she came to live with the Kings, by her father’s loss.

Willy looked at her once or twice the first day at

breakfast, and wondered how two sisters could be so different.

"No, I don't like sewing," she said, listlessly. "No, I don't care for books." And then, later: "No, I don't know anything about cooking. I don't like housekeeping. But I like worsted-work pretty well."

"I think," said Martha, decidedly, "that father did very wrong not to let you learn to do something useful. Worsted-work is nothing but a waste of time. I think he—"

"Don't!" the other cried out. "Don't speak to me about my father!"

"Well, he was my father too," Mrs. King remonstrated. "One speaks the truth of people, Lucy, whether they are relations or not. Because he was my father doesn't make him perfect," said Martha, gravely.

But Lucy got up and went out of the room, trembling as she walked.

"You hurt her feelings," said the doctor.

"But, my dear, it's true. She ought to have been taught things; but father spoiled her from the time she was born. She was the youngest, you know; and he just lay down and let her walk over him. Which was wrong; you can't deny that?"

"I want my dinner at 1.30," said Willy King. "I've got to see Mr. Jim Shields again, and I want to go before dinner."

"You went before breakfast," said Mrs. King. "There's nothing you can do; and as you make no charge, it seems rather foolish—"

"Do you think your sister would like to go round with me in the sleigh this morning?" the doctor said, stopping, with his hand on the door-knob, and looking back into the dining-room. "It isn't cold, and the sleighing is good."

But Lucy, when her sister took the message up to her, only said, listlessly, "I don't mind."

"It will do you good," her brother-in-law called upstairs; "come along!"

And Martha added, kindly, "Here's a cushion, Lucy, to put behind you."

"I don't need it, thank you, sister Martha," Lucy said.

"Oh, you will be much more comfortable," Mrs. King said, decidedly; and pushed the pillow behind her little sister, and tucked the robe firmly around her feet; and then they started—the quiet, apathetic, unhappy child (who had removed the cushion as soon as she was out of her sister's sight), leaning back in the sleigh behind the doctor's big shoulder, and looking off over the snow shining under a soft blue sky, but saying nothing. Once she uttered a little cry when the runner on the doctor's side went up on a drift and the sleigh heeled like a boat; and once she caught his arm, because the horse danced at the sound of the butcher's horn tooting at a customer's door.

"Scared?" said Willy, looking at her kindly. "You mustn't mind Jinny; she is a lamb. She only prances to show she feels happy."

"I'm so afraid of horses," Lucy answered, breathlessly.

After that her brother-in-law made Jinny walk down all the hills; then he told her which of his patients he was going to visit, and once or twice added interesting details of their diseases, which made Lucy turn away her head and wince, and say, under her breath, "Oh please, brother William! I can't bear to hear those things."

And the doctor whistled, and said to himself, "Sisters!"

That day the longest call was upon Mr. Jim Shields; it was so long that Willy came running out of the house after a while, bareheaded, and bade his sister-in-law get

out of the sleigh and go into the shop in the basement to wait for him.

"I hope you don't mind, Lucy," he said; "I just meant to look in on him; but he is having a dreadful—" Lucy drew up one shoulder and bit her lip. "He doesn't feel very well; so I must wait awhile. You go right into the shop; there's nobody there; Mr. Horace is up-stairs with his brother."

He helped her out, and hurried back into the house, where, in his anxiety and pity, he forgot Lucy, sitting alone in the little shop down-stairs.

There was a fire in the triangular grate in the corner, and the sunshine came in through the window in the door, behind which a little bell had tinkled as they entered. "Books, Etc. H. Shields," was the sign outside; but, to be exact, Mr. Horace's shop was mostly "Etc." Lucy, looking about, saw that the slates on the third shelf were not in an orderly pile; she glanced nervously around, and then slipped behind the counter and straightened them; then she dusted the books in the small show-case with her handkerchief, and blew the powdered chalk from the shelf where the blackboard materials were kept. Just then the bell struck out a jangling note, and the door opened; a boy wanted two envelopes. Lucy looked at him in consternation; but when the child pointed to the green paste-board box where the stationery was kept, and even opened the till for her so that she might change his dime, she found herself quite at ease; she even hoped some more customers would come, it was so interesting to sell things. But no one came, and Lucy watched the square of sunshine move across the floor, and heard a cinder drop sometimes from the grate, or a spurt of flame bubble out between the bars. It was an hour before her brother-in-law thought of her, and came, with many apologies, to take her home.

He had quite forgotten Lucy. Like everybody else in Old Chester, the doctor's mind was full of the Twins—Old Chester always referred to the Shield brothers in this way. Being twins, the two old gentlemen were, for all practical purposes, the same age; but, as far back as I can remember, the younger had been "Old Mr. Horace" to his neighbors, while the first-born was Jim Shields to the end of the chapter—and a brave end it was too! In his early manhood he had been a high-hearted, irresponsible, generous young fool; a bit of a bully, very likely, in the way of overriding other people's views, and insisting upon his own with a joyous dogmatism that never irritated. And in middle life, when what he called his "cussed body" got the better of him and pinned him down into a wheeled chair, he was still generous, and courageous, and merry; and he bullied his brother and his doctor and Old Chester, and indeed Death himself—bullied him, jeered at him, swore at him, and lived through nearly thirty years of dying without a wince.

James had fallen ill when he was thirty-five. He was sailing around the world as supercargo for a large East India trading-house; when, suddenly, he came home. He had "had notice," he said, briefly. "An old sawbones in London explained it to me," he said, "told me I mustn't try to keep going any longer. Fact is, I've got to rust;—or bust," he ended, cheerfully.

It was a year before Old Chester knew that that "rusting" meant an invalid's chair, and slow, relentless, invincible dying; but James and Horace knew it, and they looked into the enemy's eyes together. Horace was a little man, with a rosy face; he was resolute, but it was in his own fashion; he had his quiet way of carrying out plans for Jim's comfort, no matter how his twin roared at him, and swore he would or he wouldn't; but he never

had his brother's vigor in expressing himself. Indeed, once only, when, trembling with alarm, he called Willy King a fool, was he known to have spoken forcibly.

The two brothers lived in a brick house on Main Street; two flights of stone steps, their hand-rails ending in brass knobs, curved up to its front door, which had a fan-light and a big iron knocker. Behind this door was the hall, the walls covered with varnished paper which represented blocks of veined and mottled yellow marble; the staircase wound round this hall, and under it were two steel engravings—"The Maid of Saragossa" and "Bolton Abbey"—both brown and stained with mildew. The parlor was on the left as one entered; it was a big, bare room, with a high ceiling; there were green Venetian blinds in the windows, and a pale paper on the walls—landscapes in light brown, of castles and lakes; on the wooden mantel, like flat trees laden with prisms, were three candelabra, each with its ormolu milkmaid simpering under the boughs; and there were some shells, and a carved teakwood junk, and a whale's tooth—relics of Mr. Jim's adventurous days. Here, all day long, Jim Shields sat and watched life slip between his helpless fingers. Death seemed to play with him as a child plays with a fly—pulling off a wing, or a leg, or another wing, and the head last.

But nothing goes on forever. James had been dying for nearly thirty years, and one day he died.

"But," Horace had gasped when, that sunny December morning, while little Lucy was waiting in the shop, Willy King told him how it was going to be—"but it's so sudden!" And then he remembered that, after all, Willy was but a boy. What did he know about James? James was taken sick when Willy was fifteen years old. "You're a fool, Willy!" he said, trembling. "I'm going to send to Mercer for a man; this isn't a time for boys!" "I wish

you would, sir," Willy said, earnestly; "and why don't you have Wilder from Upper Chester? He's first-rate."

Afterward, as he drove Lucy home, the doctor said that if it was the slightest comfort to Mr. Horace, he wished he would call in all the doctors in the township. "Not that there is a single thing to do," said Willy, slapping his rein down on Jinny's shining flank; "Mr. Jim has come to the end. And poor old Mr. Horace will break his heart."

His little sister-in-law looked over at the runner cutting into unbroken snow at the edge of the road. "I'm sorry," she said, in a low voice.

II

Little Lucy was sorry, but her sorrow did not keep her from shrinking away up-stairs when Martha began to ask the doctor the particulars of the morning: "Another spasm at twelve? Well, I suppose his feet have begun to swell? I hope he won't last much longer, poor man. I felt just so about father; I didn't want him to linger, and—" but just here Lucy slipped out of the room, and her sister looked after her open-mouthed. As for the doctor, he plodded industriously through his very good dinner, and told her every detail; and when he had finished the dinner and the disease, he added, absently, "She is very sensitive, isn't she?"

"Who?" said Martha.

"Why, your sister."

"Oh, Lucy? She is very silly, I'm afraid. I don't believe in calling foolishness sensitiveness! And you told old Mr. Horace?"

"Yes, I told him, poor old fellow!"

"Well, he ought to be glad to have Mr. Jim free from

suffering," the doctor's wife said, kindly. "I should have told him so, flatly and frankly. What did he say?"

"He said I was a fool," Willy answered, smiling. "He's going to have further advice."

"I hope he has the money to pay for it," Martha said; "he won't find that all doctors are like you, Willy. One would think, to look at some of your bills, that you were independently rich, instead of just a poor country doctor. And now here's Lucy come to be a burden on you—"

"She isn't a burden at all," William King said. "She doesn't eat enough to keep a sparrow alive, and I guess even Mr. Horace's account will provide for that." Then he looked out of the window. "It isn't as if we had children of our own we had to save for," he said.

Mrs. King was silent.

As for Willy, he went back and spent the afternoon with the twins. The end was very near; for the "man" that Mr. Horace had sent for confirmed the "boy"; and by-and-by Jim confirmed them both.

"I can't help it, Horry," the dying man said, moving his big, lionlike, gray head restlessly—"I've—got to—let go."

Mr. Horace set his jaws together and drew a determined breath. "Of course you have—of course you have. Now don't worry. I'll get along. Come now, cheer up!"

"But you'll be so damned lonely," whimpered the other. He was blind, and could not see his little brother wipe his eyes, and blink, and swallow to get his voice steady.

"Well, yes, of course; somewhat. But I can get along first-rate; and I'll get more time for reading."

"Reading!" said the other, with a snort. "Much reading you'll do! No, you'll be—just damned lonely," he said again, with a groan.

"Don't think of it," said Mr. Horace, his voice trembling. "I—I won't mind it in the least, my dear fellow. Oh,

James!" he ended, weakly. He looked up at Willy King, but the doctor was making a pretence of dropping some medicine into a glass, so as to hide his own blurring eyes. As for Dr. Lavendar, who was there too, he took the groping, dying hand, and said,

"Jim, we'll all stand by him—" and then he took out his big red silk handkerchief, and his breath caught in a sob. For, like everybody else, he loved Jim Shields. To be sure, he winced at certain words which honest old Mr. Jim used with surprising freedom; but apparently he never took them much to heart. "Jim—Jim, don't be profane," he would remonstrate, with a horrified look. And Jim, sweating with pain, would gasp out:

"The devil take it! I forgot the cloth. I apologize, but I wasn't profane. Profanity is unnecessary swearing; and if this isn't necessary, I'll be—"

"James! James! James!"

But now when Jim Shields lay dying, his wicked tongue, his impudent courage were an expression of his religion; and the old minister had eyes to see this. So he only patted the blind, groping hand, and said:

"Jim, we'll do all we can for Horace. Never you fear!"

"Who's afraid?" said Mr. Jim, thickly. "But I—can't hold on—much—longer. Damned if I can."

"Don't try—don't try," Horace entreated, in anguish. Then came a long, dull effort, and the heavy, muffled tongue said one pathetic word,

"Lonely?"

"No," old Mr. Horace said again—"no; I won't be lonely. Mind now, Jim, I won't be lonely. Do you hear? Jim, I won't. Jim—*do you hear?*"

So, bravely, old Horace Shields told his lie to make dying less deadly for his brother.

Then he went on living as well as he could, meeting first the visible loneliness, if one may call it so—the silent house, the empty chair, the fuller purse. The occupation of service was ended; the anxiety was over; the habits of life were torn to pieces. Ah, me! How much of the torment of grief comes from this violent change of the habits of life! For Mr. Horace there were no more duties: he need not roll a wheeled chair on the sunny side of the street; he need not taste the beef-tea to see if it had enough pepper; he need not bring out the chess-board; he need not do a hundred other small services; his habit of affection was over, and the habit of grief had not yet come to him. He went blundering and staggering through the overwhelming leisure of material loneliness. As for the spiritual loneliness—but enough of that! Those of us who have reached middle life do not need the telling; and the younger folk would not understand it if they were told. They are dancing to the piping of Life, and one of these days they'll pay the piper; then they will understand.

But everybody was very good to poor old Mr. Horace in his affliction. Mrs. Dale sent him wine jelly in a rabbit mould. Mrs. Drayton presented him with a "booklet" bound in white and gold, and named *Tears Wiped Away*; but she sighed a little when she wrapped it up, and said to Mrs. Wright that poor James Shields's language was not that to fit a man for dying; however, she *hoped* the Lord would overlook it: in fact, she had asked Him to do so. Miss Wellwood—she was just then about to become Mrs. Barkley, so it was especially kind in her to think of other people's sorrows—carried him a handful of ambrosia, which, having been first dipped in water, and then rolled in flour, formed a white and shaking decoration, suitable, Miss Maria thought, for a house of mourning.

Dr. Lavendar used to come and sit with him in the

evening, and smoke silently; noticing, as silently, that Jim's chair and footstool had not been removed, and that the chess-board had remained just as it had been left at the last game—that pathetic effort of grief to find permanence. Sam Wright sent Mr. Horace a case of wine; Willy King was very attentive; and Martha wrote him a kind, sensible letter, telling him that if he would remember that Mr. Jim was at rest he would be reconciled, she was sure. And then she added that she had heard that he would not have Mr. Jim's room changed, but that she did hope he would not make such a mistake. "It is easier to change things now than it will be later," she said, very truly, "so I do hope you will just have the parlor renovated. Take my word, it will be easier for you in the end."

Mr. Horace, when he had read this very good advice, poked her letter down into the fire, and then looked around the room, fiercely, as though challenging what everybody will agree was common-sense.

A good many letters of sympathy came, but Mr. Horace did not read them. He put them away in his desk in the shop. Nor did his kindly, sorry old friends venture to talk about James. "He can't bear that, it appears," Dr. Lavendar said, sadly, and smoked in pitying silence.

It was all silence to Mr. Horace—a silence without interest. He went into the store every morning, and looked listlessly about; there was the mail to be opened—when there was any mail, and occasional customers to be waited on. There was the trade paper to be read, and sometimes circulars. Jim used to make the circulars into spills to light his pipe, because, he said, everything ought to be of some use in the world, even lies. But the interest of the shop, the story of the day's doings to be told to Jim, was gone. After supper there was nothing for it but to sit

alone in the parlor, with the faded landscapes on the wall, and the twinkle of lamplight in the prisms of the candelabra, and the chess-board open on the table. Nothing for it but to sit there and think of James with every muscle of the body and the soul held back from its customary movement of service and of care—so tense and so weary that when sleep relaxed his vigilance for a moment these faithful servants of years of affection moved automatically, and he would put his hand on the chess-board, or wake with a start, calling out: “James! What is it? James—”

III

“I tried to tell old Mr. Horace how I sympathize with him,” said Mrs. King, “and he just said, ‘Oh yes; yes, yes. Do you think we are going to have rain?’ Some one ought to tell him, flatly and frankly, to try and accustom himself to speak of Mr. Jim; it would be a great deal better for him.”

Lucy was silent, sitting with her hands in her lap, looking out of the window into the rainy garden. Her worsted-work had been given up soon after she came to live with her sister, for Martha had pointed out to her that it was very foolish to make things nobody needed; “the Jay girls do enough of that,” said Mrs. King, with a good-natured laugh. So Lucy’s hands were idle, and her sister made an impatient gesture. “How can you sit there, Lucy, and do nothing?”

“I’m going to read,” Lucy said.

“What is your book?” her sister inquired, kindly; and Lucy displayed a paper-cover, which made Martha shake her head and smile and sigh.

“A novel! Lucy, don’t you do *any* improving reading?”

“I don’t like improving reading,” Lucy said, nervously.

Martha put her work down. "Now, Lucy, look here; I don't believe you mean what you say, but if you do mean it you ought to be ashamed to say it."

"I'll sew, if you want me to," said Lucy, turning white and red.

"I don't want you to sew for me," the doctor's wife said. "I can do my own work. But I must say I don't see how you can be willing to be idle. You do nothing but take care of that poor canary-bird—(the most untidy thing I ever had in my house!) Upon my word, Lucy, if I had a dozen daughters, I'd bring every one of them up to do something, so they shouldn't be dependent!"

"I'd like to do something," Lucy answered, faintly, "but I don't know anything."

"Well, that's just what I say," her sister said. "But I suppose there's no use talking!" Yet, after the manner of ladies who say there is no use talking, the doctor's wife continued to talk. She had talked pretty much all winter. Little Lucy had shrunk and shivered, and gone up-stairs to cry all by herself, but nothing had come of it. She was so silent and apathetic, so incapable of repartee, that it must be said in excuse for Martha, that she had no conception how her words stung. Apparently they made no impression whatever; which lured her on into greater and greater frankness—that virtue in whose name so many unpleasantnesses are committed! Once the doctor said, nervously, he did wish she would let up on that child; and his wife, a little hurt, said that she was only speaking for Lucy's good. "If I had ten girls of my own," she said, "I would bring them up to have proper ideas of work."

"I think ten girls with proper ideas would be dreadful to live with," said the doctor, conjugally. And then he went up-stairs and knocked on Lucy's door, and produced a little package.

"A present—for me?" Lucy said, and pulled open the parcel, and found a little pin lying on a bed of pink cotton.

"Oh, brother William!" she said, and gave him her hand; and then, on an impulse, put up her face and kissed him.

As for Willy King, he blushed to his ears. Then she bade him wait while she put the pin into the black ribbon bow at her throat. "Does it look pretty?" she said, anxiously. The doctor put his head on one side, and said that it did.

Lucy looked in the glass, and took the pin out and stuck it in at a different angle. "Isn't that better?" she said; and Willy turned round to the light, and said, critically, he believed it was.

He went down-stairs smiling to himself. "I gave Lucy a pin," he told his wife. "She was as pleased as a little kitten."

"A pin!" said Martha. "Why, Willy King! as if you didn't have expense enough in buying her shoes and stockings! And I must say, considering how hard it is to make both ends meet, it was extravagant, my dear."

"It was only five dollars," her husband defended himself.

"Wilson's bill for fixing the drain is five dollars," Mrs. King observed, significantly. "Justice before generosity, my dear."

William King made no reply, but he knew she was right; which did not make him any more affectionate. For men love their wives not because of their virtues, but in spite of them.

As for Martha, she was really troubled. "We can't afford to make presents," she said to herself; she was putting a new binding on her dress, and her fingers were dusty, and her mind in the ruffled condition peculiar to

this occupation. When Lucy came and showed her the little pin, it took real grace on poor Martha's part not to express her opinion.

Instead, she glanced at her over her glasses, and said, kindly: "You look a little pale, Lucy. If you feel chilly you had better take some quinine."

"I hurt my ankle when I went out to walk," Lucy explained, her sister's interest rousing her a little. "I tripped on the board-walk on the common; it had a hole in it."

"That's very dangerous—I mean the hole," Martha said; "your ankle will be all right as soon as you have rested it. Put your foot up on a chair."

"I don't think I want to," Lucy said.

"Oh, you'll be a great deal more comfortable!" Martha said, with kindly decision; and got up herself, and brought a chair and a pillow, and lifted the strained ankle gently. "There, that's better!" she said. Lucy sighed. "But about the hole in the board-walk: some one might hurt themselves seriously. You had better write a note to Sam Wright about it; he is the burgess, you know."

"Oh, I couldn't!" Lucy said, horrified.

Martha put her work down and looked at her. "Lucy, have you *no* sense of responsibility? Don't you care to make things better?"

"I wouldn't write to him for anything in the world!" said Lucy.

Martha shook her head. "That's not the way to look at life, Lucy. But I'm afraid it's part of your nature. I'm afraid it's the same characteristic which makes you willing to be idle when all the rest of the world is at work."

And Lucy, turning white and red, said not a single word.

Mrs. King sighed and went on with her binding; arguing with Lucy was like trying to sew with no knot in your

thread. Martha was seriously troubled about her sister; not so much at the girl's absolute inefficiency as at the lack in character which it indicated. All winter she had been trying, honestly and prayerfully, to correct it, with about as much success as one who tries with big, well-meaning, human fingers to smooth out a butterfly's crumpled wing, or to free some silken, shining petal which has caught and twisted in its imprisoning calyx.

Well, well! if good people would only be content to know that the rest of us cannot reach their level, how much irritation they would spare themselves!—and we, too, in little ways, would be happier. Though that, of course, does not matter.

The fact was, poor Lucy's virtues were not economic or civic; they were, perhaps, nothing more than a little kindly heart, pure thoughts, and a pretty, eager smile; but they were her own. Martha conscientiously tried to bestow hers upon the child; and Lucy grew more and more silent.

"I make absolutely no impression!" poor Martha said, sighing; and Willy replied, under his breath, "Thank Heaven!"

However, she did make an impression at last.

It was at night, and Martha, going up to bed, saw a light under Lucy's door. "How foolish of her to sit up so late!" she thought—for it was late. Martha had waited up to see that the doctor had something hot to eat and drink when he came in at midnight from a late call (thus was Willy justified of common-sense in a wife). And here was Lucy's lamp burning at nearly one.

Martha, in a warm and ugly gray flannel dressing-gown, knocked at the door, and entered, her candle in her hand, and her work-basket under one arm. "Why, you're rather late, aren't you, Lucy?" she said, disapprovingly.

Lucy was sitting over a little fire which had retreated into one corner of the grate; she shivered as she looked up. "I'm just going to bed," she said.

"It's foolish to sit up when you don't have to," Martha said, decidedly.

"I got worried about brother William," Lucy confessed; "I wanted to make sure he was at home—there's such a storm to-night."

"Worried!" cried her sister, laughing in spite of herself. "Why, he's at home, safe and sound, eating some supper down-stairs. My dear, worry is the most foolish thing in the world. I never worry. Now do go to bed. Here, I'll slake your fire for you."

She took up the poker, stirring the discouraged-looking fire vigorously; then she lifted the coal-scuttle in her strong hands and flung the slake on; there was a small burst of flame, and the smell of coal-dust and gas.

"Oh, it's so unpleasant!" said Lucy, drawing back.

"There are a great many unpleasant things in this world, Lucy," said Martha, shortly. "Come, now, go to bed! It isn't as if you had any duty which kept you up."

"Yes; I will," Lucy said, listlessly.

"Dear me, Lucy, I don't know what you would do if you had any duties. I sometimes think it's fortunate for you that your brother-in-law is so good-natured. Most men, especially if they were poor country doctors like Willy, would rather resent it to have to support their wives' sisters, who haven't a single care or duty in the world except to look after a canary-bird. (I don't see how you can keep that bird, it's so untidy!)"

"I don't know what to do," Lucy said, getting up and looking at her with frightened eyes—"and—and—I'll try not to eat so much, sister Martha."

Martha winced at that. "Oh, don't be foolish, my

dear! It isn't the eating, or anything like that. It's the *principle*: I would earn my way. But don't be foolish and talk about not eating!" Mrs. King had the sensation of having stepped down further than she expected—a sort of moral jar.

"I would do anything I could," said little Lucy, beginning suddenly to cry convulsively. "I don't like to be a burden on brother William; but I never learned to do anything, and—"

"Yes, that's just what I said; father never had you taught anything. You might give music lessons, if he had ever made you practise thoroughly; but he was just satisfied to have you play tunes to him after supper. I don't blame you, but I do blame father. I—"

"Stop blaming father! Oh, my father! my father!"

Lucy ran, panting, to the other side of the room, and caught up a little photograph of her father and held it against her breast.

Martha looked at her in consternation and serious disapproval. "How can you be so foolish, Lucy?" she said. "Well, there's no use talking; only, I must say, flatly and frankly—"

"Martha, I won't hear my father criticised. I wish I was dead with him. Oh, father!" the poor child broke out. And then there was a fit of crying, and she threw herself on the bed, face down, and would not speak when her sister tried to comfort her.

"There, now, come!" Mrs. King said; and patted her shoulder, which showed no yielding;—there is nothing which can be so obstinate as the shoulder of a crying woman.

Mrs. King was really uneasy when she left her. She even went so far as to tell the doctor that she thought he had better look after Lucy.

"I think she's inclined to be hysterical," she said. "She is a foolish girl, I'm afraid, but I think she's really nervous too. What do you suppose, Willy? She was sitting up over a miserable little fire, *worrying*, if you please, because you were late! I have no patience with women who worry. Either the thing will happen, or it won't; and sitting up in the cold, until one o'clock in the morning, won't accomplish anything one way or the other."

"Worrying? about me!" said the doctor, stopping with a suspender in one outstretched hand; "well!"

IV

But the worm had turned. In her hopeless, uninterested way, Lucy had made up her mind: she would not be a burden any longer. She would go to Mercer and try to get pupils, and give music lessons. She was not resentful, she was not bitter, still less was she in intelligent accord with her sister; she was only started, so to speak, like a stone that has been pushed past a certain point of resistance.

A week after this talk she told Martha that she was going to Mercer. "I am going to visit Miss Sarah Murray; she invited me to visit her some time this winter. And I'll take Dick."

Mrs. King put down her sewing. "I shouldn't think you would want to make visits, Lucy, with father dead only six months. I should think you would rather stay quietly here with me, considering that we are both in affliction."

Lucy made no reply.

"But of course you are perfectly free to do as you please," her sister went on.

"I think I'd better go," Lucy said.

There was something in her voice that made Mrs. King

uneasy. "I don't see why you say that; of course, if you want to go—why, go! But I must say it looks as though you were not contented, and it sort of reflects on your brother-in-law."

"Oh! no, no!" Lucy said, in an agitated way; "he has been so kind to me!"

Somehow, Martha King winced at that, though she did not know why.

The doctor, when he heard the news, frowned; and then he half sighed. "Oh, well, she's young," he said.

But he chucked his little sister-in-law under the chin when he came down to breakfast, and told her that if she stayed away too long he would come and bring her home. "And look here, Lucy, you must have a new cape or bonnet or something. What do you say to a pink bonnet?"

Willy smiled all over his face, but his jaw fell when Martha said, "Now, Willy! how can she wear pink when she is in black?"

"Oh—oh yes," the doctor said, awkwardly. And then, for no reason in particular, he sighed;—perhaps the child would be happier in Mercer. "Well," he said, "you can have an escort, if you go on Wednesday, Lucy;—Mr. Horace Shields. I'll ask him to look after you. He's going East to give his spring order."

"So I heard at Sewing Society," Martha said. "Well, I think he is a very foolish old man."

Mrs. King was not alone in this belief. Old Chester was greatly disturbed by this project of Mr. Horace's; he had always ordered his goods by mail, and to take a journey for the purpose was obviously unnecessary.

"I don't like restlessness," said Mrs. Dale, with a stern look.

"Sam sent him some wine," said Mrs. Wright, "and I

am sure we were all very kind to him; so why should he go away from home?"

"Besides," said Mrs. Drayton, "who can make up to him for his loss so well as his friends? We all liked poor Mr. James—though he did certainly use improper language at times. I once heard him use a profane word myself. I should not be willing to repeat it. It was—not the worst one, but the one with 'r' in it, you know."

The ladies shook their heads, except Mrs. Barkley, who said, harshly, that, for her part, she didn't wonder at Jim Shields; she believed she would have said something stronger than "dear me" herself. But Martha King said, seriously, that she hoped Mrs. Drayton had told him, flatly and frankly, how wrong it was to lose one's self-control and swear.

"Well, no, I didn't," Mrs. Drayton confessed. "It's so painful to me to speak severely to any one."

"Because it is painful is no reason for not doing one's duty," Martha returned, decidedly.

"Well, as for his going away," said Mrs. Drayton, "probably he hasn't been so overwhelmed by grief as we thought. I judged him by myself. If *I* had lost a loved one, I couldn't go travelling about. But I'm sure I hope he'll enjoy himself, poor man!"

And all the Sewing Society said it was sure it hoped so, too.

It was a rainy morning in March that Mr. Horace went away. The stage was waiting for him at the door of the tavern when he came hurrying down the street—he had been delayed by giving directions to Mrs. Todd, who was to keep the shop open during his absence—and there was the doctor holding an umbrella over a slim girl in a black frock, who was carrying a bird-cage in one nervous little hand.

"This is Lucy, Mr. Horace," Willy King said. "We will be so much obliged if you will look after her on the way."

"To be sure I will—to be sure I will," said Mr. Horace; and the little girl put her hand in his without a word.

She was the only other passenger; and when Willy had tucked the robe around her, and smuggled a bag of candy into her muff, the door, with its painted landscape, was slammed to, and the stage, pitching and creaking on its springs, started up the hill, passing the church and then the graveyard—at which Mr. Horace looked through the streaming rain on the coach window. His fellow-traveller, however, turned her face away.

There was something in the shrinking movement that touched Mr. Horace. He remembered that Willy had told him the child had had some sorrow—if one can say sorrow in connection with youth; so he made an effort to come out of his absorption, and talk to her, and cheer her.

She had very little to say, only answering him in gentle monosyllables, until by some chance he referred to her father.

"I met him several years ago, ma'am; and my brother James had some acquaintance with him."

Lucy's eyes suddenly filled.

Mr. Horace looked at her, with instant sympathy in his ruddy old face. So youth may grieve, after all?

"My dear, I have recently suffered a loss myself," he said, gently.

"Oh yes," said Lucy; "I know. I was very sorry, sir."

"Ah—well," said Mr. Horace, with a sigh—"he was sick a long time. I ought not to begrudge him his release.

Yes, he had been an invalid for many years. But he was the bravest of the brave. My brother was a sailor in his youth. He had many interesting adventures. He has told me stories of his adventures by the hour. But when he came to be an invalid, after such an active life, he never flinched. The bravest of the brave!"

"My father was brave," said Lucy.

"My brother had been in most foreign lands," Mr. Horace went on. "He was shipwrecked twice before he was thirty. I recollect, as well as if it was yesterday, how he came home after that first time he was wrecked. We had given him up. My mother was up-stairs cutting out those little—ah, garments that children wear. She was cutting out a pair to go in a missionary barrel. Well, James just walked into the room, as casually as if he hadn't been out of the house. My mother (I recollect perfectly) she threw up her hands—she had the scissors on her thumb and finger—and she said, 'Why, James, where on earth did you come from?' And my brother he said: 'From the waters under the earth; from India's coral strands,' he said. (You know the hymn?) 'But I haven't any coral or any clothes—except what you see,' he said. 'I hope you'll give me those things'; meaning the—the small garment; and he stood six feet two!"

Lucy smiled vaguely.

"It was a joke," Mr. Horace explained.

"Oh yes, I see. My father was a good deal like that, saying funny things. They're pleasant to live with, such people."

"They are, indeed—they are, indeed," Mr. Horace agreed, sighing. "My brother's humor was invincible, perfectly invincible. Why, I recollect perfectly—"

The story he remembered was not brilliant humor, but Lucy was as polite as if it were, and capped it with some-

thing her father had said; and then Mr. Horace followed quickly with another "I remember." Perhaps they neither of them really heard what the other said, but they found infinite relief in speaking. Why Mr. Horace could not have "recollected perfectly" to Dr. Lavendar, or why little Lucy could not have talked, if not to her sister, at least to her kindly brother-in-law, is one of those inexplicable things that belong to grief. It was easier for each because the other was a stranger.

When the stage pulled into Mercer, the wheels tired in mud, and the apron over the trunks streaming with rain, the two travellers were talking very freely. Indeed, Lucy had gone so far as to say that she was going to give music lessons.

"I'm going to visit Miss Sarah Murray first. When I get some pupils, I'll board somewhere," she added, vaguely.

"My brother Jim knew the Misses Murray," said Mr. Horace. "I have heard him remark that Miss Sarah, the eldest, was a very genteel and accomplished female. My brother Jim expressed it more as a sailor might," Mr. Horace amended, with a smile, "but his words were to that effect." And when he helped his fellow-passenger and the canary-bird out of the stage he said, with pleasant, old-fashioned politeness, that if the Misses Murray were agreeable, he would call the next day and pay his respects to them and to Miss Lucy.

"I'd like you to come, sir," Lucy said. "I'd like to show you a letter our minister wrote about father."

And Mr. Horace remembered that he had some letters, too. It came into his mind that perhaps some day he would read them; perhaps he would show some of them to this young lady, who, he was sure, would have admired Jim. "Jim was a great favorite with the ladies," he thought to himself, sighing and smiling.

V

"I recollect, just as if it were yesterday, when my brother James brought home from one of his voyages a little savage—a heathen, in fact. My mother was exceedingly alarmed about his spiritual state; but Woolly (that was what my brother James called him) was converted immediately. My brother said it was because my mother gave him a cake whenever he named our Saviour. And I sometimes feared there was truth in this remark."

Lucy laughed, and Mr. Horace looked pleased, and patted her hand kindly. Miss Sarah and Miss Emily Murray, who were sitting on either side of the fire, smiled, and Miss Sarah observed that missionaries often used such methods as food and glass beads to attract poor savages.

"My brother said that just before he landed he suddenly realized that Woolly had to have clothes; you know, being a savage and a heathen, he had no garments of any kind. In fact, he was—ah—if I may say so—quite—quite, as you may say, undressed. My brother knew that, such being the case, Woolly would be conspicuous when the ship came into port and the poor savage landed at the wharf. So what did my brother James do but make Woolly lie down, with his arms extended, on a piece of cloth spread on the deck; then he took a lump of chalk and outlined him, as it were; then he doubled the cloth and cut this out like those paper dolls which are made for infants out of newspapers; and he sewed Woolly into these two pieces. Dear me! I wish you could have seen him! How my mother did laugh! 'I wouldn't give a fig for your sewing, James,' says she. 'But my sewing gives a fig-leaf to Woolly,' says my brother. James had such a ready tongue."

"The suit must have fitted very badly," Lucy said, seriously.

"Yes," Mr. Horace admitted, "but it was warm, you know; and—ah—customary."

"Oh yes, of course," said Lucy.

It was with tales like this that old Horace Shields tried to cheer his little companion when he came to see her at the Misses Murrays'. He had decided not to continue his journey East to purchase stock, but order by mail from Mercer, where, he thought, he would remain for a few days and see if he could not comfort this poor child who seemed, somehow, to be on his hands. But he stayed nearly three weeks. He came to call almost every day, and the estimable Misses Murray welcomed him warmly, and told him that they were much grieved at the depression of their young friend. "And indeed," said kind old Miss Sarah, "I fear I must add that I do not approve of the apparent indifference dear Lucy displays toward her sister. Lucy says that Martha does not like her canary-bird;—which is really a foolish reason for wishing to reside in Mercer. It almost looks like temper. I think, however, your conversation cheers her, and when she is less depressed she may come to a more proper mind in regard to her family."

Mr. Horace certainly did cheer the nervous, worried girl; and sometimes his own burden seemed lightened in his effort to lighten hers. In telling her his stories about his brother, he led her to talk about her father, and then about her own affairs; and the third time he called, when they chanced to be alone, she told him, palpitating and determined, that she would "never, never, *never* go back and live with her sister, because she would not be a burden on brother Willy."

"But, my dear young lady," he remonstrated, "you cannot live alone here in Mercer, you know."

"Oh yes," said poor little Lucy, "I know. But I won't go back to sister Martha."

"But what will you do, my dear Miss Lucy?" Mr. Horace said, anxiously.

"Oh, I don't know!" cried poor Lucy, and her big deer-like eyes had a hunted look in them that went to the old gentleman's heart. He made a point of seeing the Misses Murray by themselves, and they all talked the matter over with anxious seriousness.

"It is impossible for her to get pupils," Miss Sarah said; "she is not the sort of young woman who can push and make her own way."

"I am not sure that she is not more pleasing on that account," Miss Emily said, with decision.

Mr. Horace nodded his head, and said his brother James had always disliked excessively capable ladies. "My brother James said he wouldn't want to sit down at table three times a day with a horse-marine," he said, chuckling; "not but what he had great respect for intelligence," he added, politely.

And the Misses Murray said, oh yes, indeed; they quite understood. And then they begged Mr. Horace, who was returning to Old Chester in a few days, to correspond with them on the subject, so that they might advise the child wisely.

Mr. Horace promised to do so; and during the tiresome stage journey home he put his mind upon Lucy's troubles. He wondered what Jim would say about it all. Jim had his opinion of Mrs. Willy; Mr. Horace chuckled as he thought of it. "Estimable woman," said Mr. Horace to himself, "very estimable; but not agreeable. Poor Miss Lucy!"

He thought of her with an impulsive pity which brought out the youth of his ruddy old face—that fine youth of the spirit which cannot be touched by the body's age.

Her grief for her father was but a child's grief, he thought, a half-smile on his lips; it was not the iron entering into the soul, but it was pathetic. He thought how she had shown him some letters of condolence that had been sent her, and that made him think, suddenly, of the letters that had come to him. It occurred to him, with a warm feeling of satisfaction, that when he got home he would unlock the drawer in the shop and take out that pile of letters, and perhaps he might send one or two to Miss Lucy. He thought of them eagerly as he walked up from the tavern to his own door; they were like a welcome waiting for him in the desolate old house.

Old Chester was full of tranquil evening light. Behind the low, dark line of the hills the daffodil sky was brightening into gold; there had been a shower in the afternoon, and the damp air was sweet with the smell of young grass and buds. There were little pools of water shining in hollows of the worn flagstone pavement; and the brass stair-rails and knobs of the comfortable old brick houses glittered, suddenly, all the way down Main Street. Mr. Horace found himself smiling as he walked; then he stopped with a start because Martha King spoke to him; she called from the other side of the street, and then came hurrying across.

"I'm glad to see you back, Mr. Horace," she said, and asked one or two questions about Lucy and the Misses Murray. "We've missed the shop, Mr. Horace," she ended, in a decided voice. There are persons whose hawk-like virtue seems always ready to swoop down upon you, and Mr. Horace began to cower a little, like a flurried partridge. "I am sorry to say," the good Martha continued, "that Mrs. Todd has been remiss about keeping the shop open. I do hope you will speak to her about it, flatly and frankly. I think it is a duty we owe each other

not to slight wrong-doing in servants. She has not kept regular hours at all," Mrs. King said, "and it has been a great annoyance. Won't you come in and take tea with us, Mr. Horace?"

"No, ma'am, I thank you," he said, and hurried into his house. "Poor Miss Lucy!" he said to himself; "poor Miss Lucy!"

She was in his thoughts when, sitting all alone in the shop, with his lamp on the desk beside him, he took out the letters which had been put away all these months. After all, these old friends loved James. "And well they might!" he told himself, proudly. He opened one letter after another, and read the friendly, appreciative words, nodding and sighing, and saying to himself: "Yes, indeed! Yes, he was brave; he was patient. Who knows that as well as I do?" The comfort of it came warmly to his heart, and the applause braced and cheered him until, for very happiness and pride, two little hot tears trickled down his cheeks and splashed on the pile of letters.

But when he went up-stairs into the silent house, into the dreadful emptiness of that room where James had lived for nearly thirty years—the old despair of desolation seized him again. It was that which, by-and-by, made him say he would go back to Mercer for a few days, and see what the Misses Murray had done for Miss Lucy. He wanted to get away from the house—anywhere! He thought to himself that he would take the letters to read to Miss Lucy; she had been so interested in Jim that she ought to know that his praise had not been merely brotherly regard. "And I am really anxious to know what the poor young lady is going to do," he said to himself, when, to the astonishment of Old Chester, he again took the stage for Mercer.

"Twice in two months!" said Old Chester; but Mrs.

Todd, who, in spite of Mrs. King's warning, was again to keep the shop open for his few days of absence, said it was a real good thing, and would do the poor old gentleman good.

VI

Little Lucy had not secured a single pupil during the weeks she had been in Mercer. She was well aware she could not prolong her visit to the kind Misses Murray indefinitely, but what was she going to do? Poor child! how many times a day did she ask herself this question! The very afternoon of Mr. Horace's return she had gone out and walked hopelessly about until dusk in Mercer's dirty, busy streets, to think it over. The wind whirled up the street and caught her black skirts in a twist, and flung the dust into her face and into her eyes. The lights began to twinkle along the bridge that spanned the river, and then wavered down into its black depths in golden zigzags. Against the sullen sky the furnaces flared with great tongues of flame and showers of sparks. The evening traffic of the town, noisy, dirty, hideous; the hurrying crowds in the streets; the rumble of the teams; the jostling of workmen—all gave her a sense of her utter helplessness, so that the tears began to start, and she had to wipe them away furtively. What was going to become of her? The child, walking alone in the spring dust, looked down at the river, and thought that the water was very black and very cold. I don't suppose she formulated any purpose in her own mind; she only thought, shivering, "The water is very cold."

Mr. Horace met her there on the bridge, and there was something about her that made the old gentleman's heart come up in his throat. He took her hand and put it through his arm, and said, cheerfully, "Come

with me, my dear Miss Lucy, and let us walk home together."

As for Lucy, she only said, feebly, "*I won't go back to sister Martha.*"

"You sha'n't, my dear," said Mr. Horace, comfortingly, "you sha'n't, indeed."

That evening he talked the situation over with Miss Sarah Murray; but she only shook her head and said she hoped the child would soon look at the matter more reasonably. "I would gladly keep her here indefinitely," Miss Sarah said, in a troubled way, "but our income is exceedingly limited—"

"Oh, certainly not, certainly not," Mr. Horace broke in. He had come to feel responsible for Lucy, somehow; he could not have her dependent upon Miss Murray.

He got up and said good-night with a very correct bow, his feet in the first position for dancing, his left hand under his coat-tails.

Old Miss Sarah responded in kind, and they parted with high opinions of each other.

But Mr. Horace had not reached the street corner before he heard, "Mr. Shields! Mr. Shields!" and there was Lucy running after him, bareheaded.

"I've thought of something," she said, breathlessly, as she stood beside him, panting under the gas-lamp on the corner. "Can't I come and take care of the shop, Mr. Shields? Can't I live with you and take care of the shop?"

Mr. Horace, in his eagerness to hurry her back to the house, hardly knew what he answered: "Yes, yes, my dear young lady. Anything that you wish. Come now, come! you must get in-doors. What will Miss Murray say?"

"I am to come and live with you?" Lucy insisted, her eyes wide and frightened. "You won't make me go back to sister Martha?"

"No, my dear; no, no!" he said. It seemed to Mr. Horace as though Miss Sarah was an hour in answering his agitated knock and opening the door. "Miss Lucy just stepped out to speak to me," he said, in reply to her astonished look.

"Oh, Miss Sarah, I am going to live with Mr. Shields!" said Lucy.

Mr. Shields came very early the next morning to Miss Murray's house, and was received in the parlor by Miss Sarah. Lucy was not present. Miss Sarah sat in a straight-backed chair, with her delicate old hands crossed in her lap. There was some color in her cheek, and a determined look behind her spectacles.

"I trust," said Mr. Horace, "that Miss Lucy is none the worse for stepping out last night, ma'am? I was much concerned about her when I left her."

"She is none the worse in body; but I am deeply grieved at her attitude of mind," said Miss Sarah.

"You mean her unwillingness to live with her sister?" said Mr. Horace, anxiously.

Old Miss Sarah shook her head. "She is quite determined not to return to her relatives."

"You don't say so!"

"She needs to be taken care of just as much as if she were a baby," said Miss Sarah. "But of course this plan of hers in regard to—to residing with you, is impossible. Even if it were not a question of burdening you (she has an idea that she would earn her board, if I may so express it), it would be impossible. I have pointed this out to her."

"And what does she say?" demanded Mr. Horace.

"She merely weeps," Miss Sarah said; "she has given it up at my request, of course; but she weeps, and says she will not go back to Martha."

Mr. Horace hunted for his handkerchief, and blew his nose violently. "Dear, dear!" he said, "you don't say so? Well, well! I wish my brother James were here. He would know what to propose. Poor child! poor child!"

Mr. Horace got up and stared out of the window; then he blew his nose again.

Miss Sarah looked at the back of his head, but was silent. Suddenly he turned, and came and stood beside her.

"Miss Murray, you are a female of advanced years and of every proper sentiment; all I have seen of you leads me to feel a deep esteem for you." Miss Sarah bowed. "Therefore I ask you, is it impossible? I could give the child a good home while I live. I have recently lost my brother, ma'am, and the little income devoted to his use could be transferred to Miss Lucy. I find myself much attached to her, and would be pleased to have her in my home. It would be less lonely for me," he said, his voice tremulous; "and my age, ma'am, is sixty-five. Surely it is not impossible?"

Miss Sarah, who was nearly eighty, grew red, but she was firm. "My dear sir, you are still young"—Mr. Horace blinked suddenly, and sat up straight—"our friend is twenty-three, and her looks are pleasing. Need I add that this is a wicked world? I have lived much longer than you, sir, and I am aware that it is both wicked and censorious. Can you say that Old Chester is exempt from gossip, Mr. Shields?"

"No, ma'am, I can't," he admitted, with an unhappy look.

"You see it is impossible," Miss Sarah ended, kindly.

Mr. Horace sighed.

Miss Murray looked at him and coughed; then she drew in her breath as one who prepares to strike. "If you

were sufficiently advanced in years, my dear sir, so that—matrimony was out of the question, it would be different.” Mr. Horace gasped. “But under the circumstances,” continued Miss Sarah, sighing, “I see nothing before our young friend (since she is determined not to return to her sister) but to work in some factory.” Miss Murray’s house was in the old-fashioned part of Mercer, and there was a factory just across the street; she waved her hand toward it, genteelly, as she spoke.

The room was quite still except for a coal dropping from the grate. Mr. Horace heard a footstep overhead, and knew it was Lucy walking restlessly about in her pitiful, unreasoning misery. Involuntarily he followed Miss Murray’s gesture, and glanced across the street. Two draggled-looking girls were just entering the bleak doorway opposite. “Little Miss Lucy do that? No!—impossible!”

“I am sixty-five; I shall not, probably, live very much longer,” he thought. “Suppose it were five years, even; she would still be a young woman.”

Poor little girl! poor little frightened, helpless child! “And I would be less lonely,” he said to himself, suddenly. “Jim would call me an old fool, but it would please him to have me less lonely.” Mr. Horace drew a long breath.

“Miss Murray,” he said, “would I be taking advantage of our friend’s youth and inexperience if I—if I—if I suggested—matrimony?”

Miss Sarah did not seem startled; indeed, she even smiled.

“I think,” she said, “it would be an admirable arrangement.”

Mr. Horace looked at her; she looked at him. Then they began to talk in whispers, like two conspirators. “But would she—” began Mr. Horace.

"I'm sure of it!"

"But she is so young—"

"She will outlive you."

"I would not wish to take advantage—"

"You are only doing a kindness."

"Her relatives—"

"Her relatives have driven her to it!" cried Miss Sarah. Which was really rather hard on Martha and on Lucy's kind and affectionate brother-in-law.

"Well, we'll protect her," said Horace, angrily. And then he suddenly looked blank, and said: "Would you—ah—be willing to—to suggest it to her? I feel a sense of embarrassment."

"That is quite unnecessary," Miss Murray declared; "for you are doing a great favor, and if I know Lucy, her gratitude will not be lacking. But I will gladly tell her of your kindness."

"Oh, pray don't say gratitude," Mr. Horace protested, growing red; "don't say kindness. Let her regard it as a favor to me, which it is. I assure you it is."

Miss Murray rose, smiling; and Mr. Horace went away with a new and extraordinary sensation. There was something in his thoughts that came between him and his grief; a sense of excitement, of chivalry, of hope—even of hope! He found himself making plans as he walked along the street; he saw Lucy in his mind's eye at his lonely supper-table; he fancied her sitting beside him in the dreadful evenings listening to his stories of Jim—it seemed to Mr. Horace as though his fund of anecdotes of Mr. James was inexhaustible; he imagined her reading Jim's books, and laughing in her light, girlish voice as Jim used to laugh in his rollicking bass. His heart grew warm and light in his breast as he walked and thought; and then suddenly it sank: perhaps she would not consent.

VII

But Lucy consented—eagerly, feverishly. “Oh, Miss Sarah, how kind he is!” she said.

“Very true, Lucy, very true,” said Miss Sarah, solemnly. “I hope you will always remember it. Very few gentlemen, Lucy, of Mr. Shields’s age would think of such a thing. I hope you will realize that to ask a young, inexperienced, foolish (yes, Lucy, I fear I must say foolish) girl to—ah—to bear his name, is indeed a compliment.”

“I will take care of the shop,” said Lucy, her eyes beginning to shine, and the droop of face and figure fading as she spoke. “Oh, he is so kind! And I will never go *near* Martha!”

“Fy, fy! my dear,” said Miss Sarah; “a little reflection will show you that such a remark is neither ladylike nor pious.”

Mr. Horace came for his answer at two o’clock; he had settled down into feeling quite sure that it was impossible, and that he and Miss Sarah must think of something else, and when Lucy met him, smiling and half crying, and saying, “You are so kind to me, Mr. Shields; and indeed, indeed I will do all I can to deserve it,” he was almost dazed with astonishment. He protested that she would be doing him a great favor.

“I am so much older, my dear,” he said.

But Lucy broke in, smiling, “You are good to me, just as father was.”

“I will be good to you, my dear; I will indeed, to the best of my ability,” he said, earnestly.

He smiled at her and patted her hand; and then he said, “I will communicate with your relatives, my dear Miss Lucy.”

"Oh no," Lucy said, shrinking, "don't tell them!"

But Miss Murray shook her head. "Mr. Shields must, of course, refer to your family for permission."

Lucy looked frightened. "Martha won't allow it," she said, faintly. "Oh, don't tell Martha!"

"My dear, I could not allow you to elope," Miss Sarah remonstrated.

And Mr. Shields said, "No, no, that wouldn't do!"

Then the two elders talked it over, Lucy listening and shivering, and saying sometimes, "Oh, Martha will say I'll be a burden to you, Mr. Shields."

"I am prepared," Mr. Horace said to Miss Murray, "to have them say I am far too old; and even that I am taking advantage of our young friend. But I am sustained," said Mr. Horace, "by the knowledge of the integrity of my motives. Miss Lucy is of age, and if she chooses my home it is not the affair of William's wife, or even of William, for whom I have a sincere regard. But I am inclined to think, ma'am, that it will perhaps be wise to—to bring this matter to a head—if I may so express it, before they have a chance to interfere. I will communicate with William and his wife; but before they can remonstrate we will take steps, we will take steps! What do you think of that, ma'am?"

"Admirable!" said Miss Murray. "Admirable!"

"However," said Mr. Horace, blinking his eyes suddenly, as though something cold had been thrown in his face, "it will be very unexpected in Old Chester!"

It was unexpected. Old Chester, too, gasped and blinked as though it had a cold douch.

Willy King was angry; but Martha, very sensibly, said that it was foolish to be angry. "But I am mortified," she said, "and I don't understand it."

Old Chester, when it heard the news, nearly went out of its mind with agitation and disapproval—"and sorrow," Mrs. Drayton said, "that the dead were soon forgotten!" Mrs. Dale said that Mr. Horace had taken advantage of that poor, poor child's youth. Mrs. Wright, on the contrary, felt that it was really disgusting to see a girl so mercenary as to marry an old man for a home. Mrs. Ezra Barkley said, gently, that he had been so lonely, poor Mr. Horace! no doubt he just couldn't stand the desolation of his life.

"But that doesn't explain the other fool," her sister-in-law interrupted, with a snort.

"Do you know what Dr. Lavendar said when he heard it?" Rose Knight asked, suddenly. "He said, 'Hooray for Horace!'"

"Dr. Lavendar is getting very old," said Mrs. Dale, sternly.

After the first excitement of it was over, it came to Martha King's ears that Lucy had married to escape living with her. (Those things always leak out; some friend, with a frankness as conscientious probably as Martha's own, "thought Lucy's sister should be told.")

When poor Martha heard why Lucy had committed this extraordinary folly, she turned white, smitten into silence. "I tried to do my duty," she said, painfully, and made no reproaches. But she suffered. "I did everything I could for her best good," she said to herself, as she sat alone working; then she wiped her eyes furtively on the unbleached cotton shirt she was hemming for the missionary barrel. "Lucy doesn't love me," she thought, sadly; "nobody does but William. But I've always tried to do my duty." Once, blunderingly, looking down at her fingers trembling in her lap, she said something like this to Dr. Lavendar.

"Martha, my dear," he said, gravely, "*love more, and do*

less. Do you remember Isaiah (and he was a pretty energetic old fellow, too) says, 'Their strength is to sit still'? Our Heavenly Father is just as anxious to improve things as we are; but if you'll notice, He lets us make our blunders and learn our lesson. And He works by love oftener than by the thunders of Sinai. But come, come! We all love you, and Lucy will know that she does, too, one of these days."

But how happily it did turn out! Mr. Horace lived more than the five years he had allowed himself; and no wonder, with the affection his little girl gave him, and the need there was to take care of her, and keep her happy; a man really can't die, no matter how good his intentions are, when he is needed. And, besides that, Lucy's eager, child-like sympathy was like some pure and healing touch. Gradually he took up old interests, and liked to meet old friends. His grief for his brother passed down through the ruined habits of living into the depths of life, and after a while settled into a habit of its own. Then the old interests closed in upon him—just as a ruffled pool smooths and closes over the crash that has shattered its even silver; though all the while the weight is buried in its heart.

It was a sunny, placid, happy old house in those days, though nobody could say it was sensible. Dick's cage hung in a south window, and the little yellow creature splashed about in his china bath, and scattered millet seeds, and shouted his little songs all day long. Lucy used to come and sit in the shop while she shelled the peas for dinner, or did her bit of worsted-work. And she kept things dusted; perhaps not quite as Martha would have done; the backs of the pictures may have left something to be desired. But so long as nobody knew it, what difference did it make? This lack of principle must make the

conscientious grieve; but Lucy and old Mr. Horace were just as happy as though their principles were good. They talked a great deal of Mr. Jim. In the evenings they sat up-stairs in the big, bare parlor—a little less bare now, because Lucy made gay worsted covers for all the chairs; and Mr. Horace tried to teach her how to play chess. To be sure, the fool's or scholar's mate might end the game every night, but it gave him a chance to tell her of Jim's prowess. He gave her Jim's books to read, and though she did not know enough to laugh at the right places in Mr. Jim's beloved *Shandy*, she felt a breathless interest in *The Three Musketeers*; and old Mr. Horace annotated it with Jim's comments.

They used to read over those letters of sympathy, too, which suggested so many stories of the big, generous, rollicking old man who had died young, that little by little, as Mr. Horace told this, or remembered that, or laughed at the other, James came back into his life. But there was never any misery in the thought of him; only acceptance, and patience, and an understanding which mere death could never shake or break. James was dead; but what was death between him and James?

So they went on being happy. And on winter evenings, or when the summer dusk shut down, and Lucy sat playing foolish tunes on a little old jingling piano, it was surprising how often a certain admirer of common-sense came poking in to smoke with Mr. Horace, and listen to Lucy's chatter, or maybe take a hand at cribbage.

In fact, Martha King said that never since they had been married had William had so many night-calls.

IV

THE ADVENTURE OF THE SPECKLED
BAND

BY

A. Conan Doyle

THE ADVENTURE OF THE SPECKLED BAND¹

A. Conan Doyle

IN glancing over my notes of the seventy-odd cases in which I have during the last eight years studied the methods of my friend Sherlock Holmes, I find many tragic, some comic, a large number merely strange, but none commonplace; for, working as he did rather for the love of his art than for the acquirement of wealth, he refused to associate himself with any investigation which did not tend toward the unusual, and even the fantastic. Of all these varied cases, however, I cannot recall any which presented more singular features than that which was associated with the well-known Surrey family of the Roylotts of Stoke Moran. The events in question occurred in the early days of my association with Holmes, when we were sharing rooms as bachelors in Baker Street. It is possible that I might have placed them upon record before, but a promise of secrecy was made at the time, from which I have only been freed during the last month by the untimely death of the lady to whom the pledge was given. It is perhaps as well that the facts should now come to light, for I have reasons to know that there are wide-spread rumors as to the death of Dr. Grimesby Roylott which tend to make the matter even more terrible than the truth.

It was early in April in the year '83 that I woke one

¹From *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*. Copyright, 1892, by Harper & Brothers.

morning to find Sherlock Holmes standing, fully dressed, by the side of my bed. He was a late riser as a rule, and as the clock on the mantel-piece showed me that it was only a quarter past seven, I blinked up at him in some surprise, and perhaps just a little resentment, for I was myself regular in my habits.

"Very sorry to knock you up, Watson," said he, "but it's the common lot this morning. Mrs. Hudson has been knocked up, she retorted upon me, and I on you."

"What is it, then—a fire?"

"No; a client. It seems that a young lady has arrived in a considerable state of excitement, who insists upon seeing me. She is waiting now in the sitting-room. Now, when young ladies wander about the metropolis at this hour of the morning, and knock sleepy people up out of their beds, I presume that it is something very pressing which they have to communicate. Should it prove to be an interesting case, you would, I am sure, wish to follow it from the outset. I thought, at any rate, that I should call you and give you the chance."

"My dear fellow, I would not miss it for anything."

I had no keener pleasure than in following Holmes in his professional investigations, and in admiring the rapid deductions, as swift as intuitions, and yet always founded on a logical basis, with which he unravelled the problems which were submitted to him. I rapidly threw on my clothes, and was ready in a few minutes to accompany my friend down to the sitting-room. A lady dressed in black and heavily veiled, who had been sitting in the window, rose as we entered.

"Good-morning, madam," said Holmes, cheerily. "My name is Sherlock Holmes. This is my intimate friend and associate, Dr. Watson, before whom you can speak as freely as before myself. Ha! I am glad to see that Mrs.

Hudson has had the good sense to light the fire. Pray draw up to it, and I shall order you a cup of hot coffee, for I observe that you are shivering."

"It is not cold which makes me shiver," said the woman, in a low voice, changing her seat as requested.

"What, then?"

"It is fear, Mr. Holmes. It is terror." She raised her veil as she spoke, and we could see that she was indeed in a pitiable state of agitation, her face all drawn and gray, with restless, frightened eyes, like those of some hunted animal. Her features and figure were those of a woman of thirty, but her hair was shot with premature gray, and her expression was weary and haggard. Sherlock Holmes ran her over with one of his quick, all-comprehensive glances.

"You must not fear," said he, soothingly, bending forward and patting her forearm. "We shall soon set matters right, I have no doubt. You have come in by train this morning, I see."

"You know me, then?"

"No, but I observe the second half of a return ticket in the palm of your left glove. You must have started early, and yet you had a good drive in a dog-cart, along heavy roads, before you reached the station."

The lady gave a violent start, and stared in bewilderment at my companion.

"There is no mystery, my dear madam," said he, smiling. "The left arm of your jacket is spattered with mud in no less than seven places. The marks are perfectly fresh. There is no vehicle save a dog-cart which throws up mud in that way, and then only when you sit on the left-hand side of the driver."

"Whatever your reasons may be, you are perfectly correct," said she. "I started from home before six, reached

Leatherhead at twenty past, and came in by the first train to Waterloo. Sir, I can stand this strain no longer; I shall go mad if it continues. I have no one to turn to—none, save only one, who cares for me, and he, poor fellow, can be of little aid. I have heard of you, Mr. Holmes; I have heard of you from Mrs. Farintosh, whom you helped in the hour of her sore need. It was from her that I had your address. Oh, sir, do you not think that you could help me, too, and at least throw a little light through the dense darkness which surrounds me? At present it is out of my power to reward you for your services, but in a month or six weeks I shall be married, with the control of my own income, and then at least you shall not find me ungrateful.”

Holmes turned to his desk, and unlocking it, drew out a small case-book, which he consulted.

“Farintosh,” said he. “Ah yes, I recall the case; it was concerned with an opal tiara. I think it was before your time, Watson. I can only say, madam, that I shall be happy to devote the same care to your case as I did to that of your friend. As to reward, my profession is its own reward; but you are at liberty to defray whatever expenses I may be put to, at the time which suits you best. And now I beg that you will lay before us everything that may help us in forming an opinion upon the matter.”

“Alas!” replied our visitor, “the very horror of my situation lies in the fact that my fears are so vague, and my suspicions depend so entirely upon small points, which might seem trivial to another, that even he to whom of all others I have a right to look for help and advice looks upon all that I tell him about it as the fancies of a nervous woman. He does not say so, but I can read it from his soothing answers and averted eyes. But I have heard,

Mr. Holmes, that you can see deeply into the manifold wickedness of the human heart. You may advise me how to walk amid the dangers which encompass me."

"I am all attention, madam."

"My name is Helen Stoner, and I am living with my step-father, who is the last survivor of one of the oldest Saxon families in England, the Royslotts of Stoke Moran, on the western border of Surrey."

Holmes nodded his head. "The name is familiar to me," said he.

"The family was at one time among the richest in England, and the estates extended over the borders into Berkshire in the north and Hampshire in the west. In the last century, however, four successive heirs were of a dissolute and wasteful disposition, and the family ruin was eventually completed by a gambler in the days of the Regency. Nothing was left save a few acres of ground, and the two-hundred-year-old house, which is itself crushed under a heavy mortgage. The last squire dragged out his existence there, living the horrible life of an aristocratic pauper; but his only son, my step-father, seeing that he must adapt himself to the new conditions, obtained an advance from a relative, which enabled him to take a medical degree, and went out to Calcutta, where, by his professional skill and his force of character, he established a large practice. In a fit of anger, however, caused by some robberies which had been perpetrated in the house, he beat his native butler to death, and narrowly escaped a capital sentence. As it was, he suffered a long term of imprisonment, and afterward returned to England a morose and disappointed man. .

"When Dr. Royslott was in India he married my mother, Mrs. Stoner, the young widow of Major-General Stoner, of the Bengal Artillery. My sister Julia and I were twins,

and we were only two years old at the time of my mother's remarriage. She had a considerable sum of money—not less than £1000 a year—and this she bequeathed to Dr. Roylott entirely while we resided with him, with a provision that a certain annual sum should be allowed to each of us in the event of our marriage. Shortly after our return to England my mother died—she was killed eight years ago in a railway accident near Crewe. Dr. Roylott then abandoned his attempts to establish himself in practice in London, and took us to live with him in the old ancestral house at Stoke Moran. The money which my mother had left was enough for all our wants, and there seemed to be no obstacle to our happiness.

“But a terrible change came over our step-father about this time. Instead of making friends and exchanging visits with our neighbors, who had at first been overjoyed to see a Roylott of Stoke Moran back in the old family seat, he shut himself up in his house, and seldom came out save to indulge in ferocious quarrels with whoever might cross his path. Violence of temper approaching to mania has been hereditary in the men of the family, and in my step-father's case it had, I believe, been intensified by his long residence in the tropics. A series of disgraceful brawls took place, two of which ended in the police-court, until at last he became the terror of the village, and the folks would fly at his approach, for he is a man of immense strength, and absolutely uncontrollable in his anger.

“Last week he hurled the local blacksmith over a parapet into a stream, and it was only by paying over all the money which I could gather together that I was able to avert another public exposure. He had no friends at all save the wandering gypsies, and he would give these vagabonds leave to encamp upon the few acres of bramble-covered land which represent the family estate, and would accept

in return the hospitality of their tents, wandering away with them sometimes for weeks on end. He has a passion also for Indian animals, which are sent over to him by a correspondent, and he has at this moment a cheetah and a baboon, which wander freely over his grounds, and are feared by the villagers almost as much as their master.

"You can imagine from what I say that my poor sister Julia and I had no great pleasure in our lives. No servant would stay with us, and for a long time we did all the work of the house. She was but thirty at the time of her death, and yet her hair had already begun to whiten, even as mine has."

"Your sister is dead, then?"

"She died just two years ago, and it is of her death that I wish to speak to you. You can understand that, living the life which I have described, we were little likely to see any one of our own age and position. We had, however, an aunt, my mother's maiden sister, Miss Honoria Westphail, who lives near Harrow, and we were occasionally allowed to pay short visits at this lady's house. Julia went there at Christmas two years ago, and met there a half-pay major of marines, to whom she became engaged. My step-father learned of the engagement when my sister returned, and offered no objection to the marriage; but within a fortnight of the day which had been fixed for the wedding, the terrible event occurred which has deprived me of my only companion."

Sherlock Holmes had been leaning back in his chair with his eyes closed and his head sunk in a cushion, but he half opened his lids now and glanced across at his visitor.

"Pray be precise as to details," said he.

"It is easy for me to be so, for every event of that dreadful time is seared into my memory. The manor-house is, as I have already said, very old, and only one wing is now

inhabited. The bedrooms in this wing are on the ground floor, the sitting-rooms being in the central block of the buildings. Of these bedrooms the first is Dr. Roylott's, the second my sister's, and the third my own. There is no communication between them, but they all open out into the same corridor. Do I make myself plain?"

"Perfectly so."

"The windows of the three rooms open out upon the lawn. That fatal night Dr. Roylott had gone to his room early, though we knew that he had not retired to rest, for my sister was troubled by the smell of the strong Indian cigars which it was his custom to smoke. She left her room, therefore, and came into mine, where she sat for some time, chatting about her approaching wedding. At eleven o'clock she rose to leave me, but she paused at the door and looked back.

"‘Tell me, Helen,’ said she, ‘have you ever heard any one whistle in the dead of the night?’

"‘Never,’ said I.

"‘I suppose that you could not possibly whistle, yourself, in your sleep?’

"‘Certainly not. But why?’

"‘Because during the last few nights I have always, about three in the morning, heard a low, clear whistle. I am a light sleeper, and it has awakened me. I cannot tell where it came from—perhaps from the next room, perhaps from the lawn. I thought that I would just ask you whether you had heard it.’

"‘No, I have not. It must be those wretched gypsies in the plantation.’

"‘Very likely. And yet if it were on the lawn, I wonder that you did not hear it also.’

"‘Ah, but I sleep more heavily than you.’

"‘Well, it is of no great consequence, at any rate.’ She

smiled back at me, closed my door, and a few moments later I heard her key turn in the lock."

"Indeed," said Holmes. "Was it your custom always to lock yourselves in at night?"

"Always."

"And why?"

"I think that I mentioned to you that the doctor kept a cheetah and a baboon. We had no feeling of security unless our doors were locked."

"Quite so. Pray proceed with your statement."

"I could not sleep that night. A vague feeling of impending misfortune impressed me. My sister and I, you will recollect, were twins, and you know how subtle are the links which bind two souls which are so closely allied. It was a wild night. The wind was howling outside, and the rain was beating and splashing against the windows. Suddenly, amid all the hubbub of the gale, there burst forth the wild scream of a terrified woman. I knew that it was my sister's voice. I sprang from my bed, wrapped a shawl round me, and rushed into the corridor. As I opened my door I seemed to hear a low whistle, such as my sister described, and a few moments later a clanging sound, as if a mass of metal had fallen. As I ran down the passage my sister's door was unlocked, and revolved slowly upon its hinges. I stared at it horror-stricken, not knowing what was about to issue from it. By the light of the corridor-lamp I saw my sister appear at the opening, her face blanched with terror, her hands groping for help, her whole figure swaying to and fro like that of a drunkard. I ran to her and threw my arms round her, but at that moment her knees seemed to give way and she fell to the ground. She writhed as one who is in terrible pain, and her limbs were dreadfully convulsed. At first I thought that she had not recognized me, but as I

bent over her she suddenly shrieked out, in a voice which I shall never forget: 'Oh, my God! Helen! It was the band! The speckled band!' There was something else which she would fain have said, and she stabbed with her finger into the air in the direction of the doctor's room, but a fresh convulsion seized her and choked her words. I rushed out, calling loudly for my step-father, and I met him hastening from his room in his dressing-gown. When he reached my sister's side she was unconscious, and though he poured brandy down her throat and sent for medical aid from the village, all efforts were in vain, for she slowly sank and died without having recovered her consciousness. Such was the dreadful end of my beloved sister."

"One moment," said Holmes; "are you sure about this whistle and metallic sound? Could you swear to it?"

"That was what the county coroner asked me at the inquiry. It is my strong impression that I heard it, and yet, among the crash of the gale and the creaking of an old house, I may possibly have been deceived."

"Was your sister dressed?"

"No, she was in her night-dress. In her right hand was found the charred stump of a match, and in her left a match-box."

"Showing that she had struck a light and looked about her when the alarm took place. That is important. And what conclusions did the coroner come to?"

"He investigated the case with great care, for Dr. Roylott's conduct had long been notorious in the county, but he was unable to find any satisfactory cause of death. My evidence showed that the door had been fastened upon the inner side, and the windows were blocked by old-fashioned shutters with broad iron bars, which were secured every night. The walls were carefully sounded,

and were shown to be quite solid all round, and the flooring was also thoroughly examined, with the same result. The chimney is wide, but is barred up by four large staples. It is certain, therefore, that my sister was quite alone when she met her end. Besides, there were no marks of any violence upon her."

"How about poison?"

"The doctors examined her for it, but without success."

"What do you think that this unfortunate lady died of, then?"

"It is my belief that she died of pure fear and nervous shock, though what it was that frightened her I cannot imagine."

"Were there gypsies in the plantation at the time?"

"Yes, there are nearly always some there."

"Ah, and what did you gather from this allusion to a band—a speckled band?"

"Sometimes I have thought that it was merely the wild talk of delirium, sometimes that it may have referred to some band of people, perhaps to these very gypsies in the plantation. I do not know whether the spotted handkerchiefs which so many of them wear over their heads might have suggested the strange adjective which she used."

Holmes shook his head like a man who is far from being satisfied.

"These are very deep waters," said he; "pray go on with your narrative."

"Two years have passed since then, and my life has been until lately lonelier than ever. A month ago, however, a dear friend, whom I have known for many years, has done me the honor to ask my hand in marriage. His name is Armitage—Percy Armitage—the second son of Mr. Armitage, of Crane Water, near Reading. My stepfather has offered no opposition to the match, and we are

to be married in the course of the spring. Two days ago some repairs were started in the west wing of the building, and my bedroom wall has been pierced, so that I have had to move into the chamber in which my sister died, and to sleep in the very bed in which she slept. Imagine, then, my thrill of terror when last night, as I lay awake, thinking over her terrible fate, I suddenly heard in the silence of the night the low whistle which had been the herald of her own death. I sprang up and lit the lamp, but nothing was to be seen in the room. I was too shaken to go to bed again, however, so I dressed, and as soon as it was daylight I slipped down, got a dog-cart at the 'Crown Inn,' which is opposite, and drove to Leatherhead, from whence I have come on this morning with the one object of seeing you and asking your advice."

"You have done wisely," said my friend. "But have you told me all?"

"Yes, all."

"Miss Roylott, you have not. You are screening your step-father."

"Why, what do you mean?"

For answer Holmes pushed back the frill of black lace which fringed the hand that lay upon our visitor's knee. Five little livid spots, the marks of four fingers and a thumb, were printed upon the white wrist.

"You have been cruelly used," said Holmes.

The lady colored deeply and covered over her injured wrist. "He is a hard man," she said, "and perhaps he hardly knows his own strength."

There was a long silence, during which Holmes leaned his chin upon his hands and stared into the crackling fire.

"This is a very deep business," he said, at last. "There are a thousand details which I should desire to know before I decide upon our course of action. Yet we have not

a moment to lose. If we were to come to Stoke Moran to-day, would it be possible for us to see over these rooms without the knowledge of your step-father?"

"As it happens, he spoke of coming into town to-day upon some most important business. It is probable that he will be away all day, and that there would be nothing to disturb you. We have a housekeeper now, but she is old and foolish, and I could easily get her out of the way."

"Excellent. You are not averse to this trip, Watson?"

"By no means."

"Then we shall both come. What are you going to do yourself?"

"I have one or two things which I would wish to do now that I am in town. But I shall return by the twelve-o'clock train, so as to be there in time for your coming."

"And you may expect us early in the afternoon. I have myself some small business matters to attend to. Will you not wait and breakfast?"

"No, I must go. My heart is lightened already since I have confided my trouble to you. I shall look forward to seeing you again this afternoon." She dropped her thick black veil over her face and glided from the room.

"And what do you think of it all, Watson?" asked Sherlock Holmes, leaning back in his chair.

"It seems to me to be a most dark and sinister business."

"Dark enough and sinister enough."

"Yet if the lady is correct in saying that the flooring and walls are sound, and that the door, window, and chimney are impassable, then her sister must have been undoubtedly alone when she met her mysterious end."

"What becomes, then, of these nocturnal whistles, and what of the very peculiar words of the dying woman?"

"I cannot think."

"When you combine the ideas of whistles at night, the

presence of a band of gypsies who are on intimate terms with this old doctor, the fact that we have every reason to believe that the doctor has an interest in preventing his step-daughter's marriage, the dying allusion to a band, and, finally, the fact that Miss Helen Stoner heard a metallic clang, which might have been caused by one of those metal bars which secured the shutters falling back into its place, I think that there is good ground to think that the mystery may be cleared along those lines."

"But what, then, did the gypsies do?"

"I cannot imagine."

"I see many objections to any such theory."

"And so do I. It is precisely for that reason that we are going to Stoke Moran this day. I want to see whether the objections are fatal, or if they may be explained away. But what in the name of the devil!"

The ejaculation had been drawn from my companion by the fact that our door had been suddenly dashed open, and that a huge man had framed himself in the aperture. His costume was a peculiar mixture of the professional and of the agricultural, having a black top-hat, a long frock-coat, and a pair of high gaiters, with a hunting-crop swinging in his hand. So tall was he that his hat actually brushed the cross-bar of the doorway, and his breadth seemed to span it across from side to side. A large face, seared with a thousand wrinkles, burned yellow with the sun, and marked with every evil passion, was turned from one to the other of us, while his deep-set, bile-shot eyes, and his high, thin, fleshless nose, gave him somewhat the resemblance to a fierce old bird of prey.

"Which of you is Holmes?" asked this apparition.

"My name, sir; but you have the advantage of me," said my companion, quietly.

"I am Dr. Grimesby Roylott, of Stoke Moran."

"Indeed, doctor," said Holmes, blandly. "Pray take a seat."

"I will do nothing of the kind. My step-daughter has been here. I have traced her. What has she been saying to you?"

"It is a little cold for the time of the year," said Holmes.

"What has she been saying to you?" screamed the old man, furiously.

"But I have heard that the crocuses promise well," continued my companion, imperturbably.

"Ha! You put me off, do you?" said our new visitor, taking a step forward and shaking his hunting-crop. "I know you, you scoundrel! I have heard of you before. You are Holmes, the meddler."

My friend smiled.

"Holmes, the busybody!"

His smile broadened.

"Holmes, the Scotland-yard Jack-in-office!"

Holmes chuckled heartily. "Your conversation is most entertaining," said he. "When you go out close the door, for there is a decided draught."

"I will go when I have said my say. Don't you dare to meddle with my affairs. I know that Miss Stoner has been here. I traced her! I am a dangerous man to fall foul of! See here." He stepped swiftly forward, seized the poker, and bent it into a curve with his huge brown hands.

"See that you keep yourself out of my grip," he snarled; and hurling the twisted poker into the fireplace, he strode out of the room.

"He seems a very amiable person," said Holmes, laughing. "I am not quite so bulky, but if he had remained I might have shown him that my grip was not much more feeble than his own." As he spoke he picked up the steel poker, and with a sudden effort straightened it out again.

"Fancy his having the insolence to confound me with the official detective force! This incident gives zest to our investigation, however, and I only trust that our little friend will not suffer from her imprudence in allowing this brute to trace her. And now, Watson, we shall order breakfast, and afterward I shall walk down to Doctors' Commons, where I hope to get some data which may help us in this matter."

It was nearly one o'clock when Sherlock Holmes returned from his excursion. He held in his hand a sheet of blue paper, scrawled over with notes and figures.

"I have seen the will of the deceased wife," said he. "To determine its exact meaning I have been obliged to work out the present prices of the investments with which it is concerned. The total income, which at the time of the wife's death was little short of £1100, is now, through the fall in agricultural prices, not more than £750. Each daughter can claim an income of £250, in case of marriage. It is evident, therefore, that if both girls had married, this beauty would have had a mere pittance, while even one of them would cripple him to a very serious extent. My morning's work has not been wasted, since it has proved that he has the very strongest motives for standing in the way of anything of the sort. And now, Watson, this is too serious for dawdling, especially as the old man is aware that we are interesting ourselves in his affairs; so if you are ready, we shall call a cab and drive to Waterloo. I should be very much obliged if you would slip your revolver into your pocket. An Eley's No. 2 is an excellent argument with gentlemen who can twist steel pokers into knots. That and a tooth-brush are, I think, all that we need."

At Waterloo we were fortunate in catching a train for

Leatherhead, where we hired a trap at the station inn, and drove for four or five miles through the lovely Surrey lanes. It was a perfect day, with a bright sun and a few fleecy clouds in the heavens. The trees and wayside hedges were just throwing out their first green shoots, and the air was full of the pleasant smell of the moist earth. To me at least there was a strange contrast between the sweet promise of the spring and this sinister quest upon which we were engaged. My companion sat in front of the trap, his arms folded, his hat pulled down over his eyes, and his chin sunk upon his breast, buried in the deepest thought. Suddenly, however, he started, tapped me on the shoulder, and pointed over the meadows.

"Look there!" said he.

A heavily timbered park stretched up in a gentle slope, thickening into a grove at the highest point. From amid the branches there jutted out the gray gables and high roof-tree of a very old mansion.

"Stoke Moran?" said he.

"Yes, sir, that be the house of Dr. Grimesby Roylott," remarked the driver.

"There is some building going on there," said Holmes; "that is where we are going."

"There's the village," said the driver, pointing to a cluster of roofs some distance to the left; "but if you want to get to the house, you'll find it shorter to get over this stile, and so by the foot-path over the fields. There it is, where the lady is walking."

"And the lady, I fancy, is Miss Stoner," observed Holmes, shading his eyes. "Yes, I think we had better do as you suggest."

We got off, paid our fare, and the trap rattled back on its way to Leatherhead.

"I thought it as well," said Holmes, as we climbed the

stile, "that this fellow should think we had come here as architects or on some definite business. It may stop his gossip. Good-afternoon, Miss Stoner. You see that we have been as good as our word."

Our client of the morning had hurried forward to meet us with a face which spoke her joy. "I have been waiting so eagerly for you!" she cried, shaking hands with us warmly. "All has turned out splendidly. Dr. Roylott has gone to town, and it is unlikely that he will be back before evening."

"We have had the pleasure of making the doctor's acquaintance," said Holmes, and in a few words he sketched out what had occurred. Miss Stoner turned white to the lips as she listened.

"Good heavens!" she cried, "he has followed me, then."

"So it appears."

"He is so cunning that I never know when I am safe from him. What will he say when he returns?"

"He must guard himself, for he may find that there is some one more cunning than himself upon his track. You must lock yourself up from him to-night. If he is violent, we shall take you away to your aunt's at Harrow. Now, we must make the best use of our time, so kindly take us at once to the rooms which we are to examine."

The building was of gray, lichen-blotched stone, with a high central portion, and two curving wings, like the claws of a crab, thrown out on each side. In one of these wings the windows were broken, and blocked with wooden boards, while the roof was partly caved in, a picture of ruin. The central portion was in little better repair, but the right-hand block was comparatively modern, and the blinds in the windows, with the blue smoke curling up from the chimneys, showed that this was where the family resided. Some scaffolding had been erected against the

end wall, and the stone-work had been broken into, but there were no signs of any workmen at the moment of our visit. Holmes walked slowly up and down the ill-trimmed lawn, and examined with deep attention the outsides of the windows.

"This, I take it, belongs to the room in which you used to sleep, the centre one to your sister's, and the one next to the main building to Dr. Roylott's chamber?"

"Exactly so. But I am now sleeping in the middle one."

"Pending the alterations, as I understand. By-the-way, there does not seem to be any very pressing need for repairs at that end wall."

"There were none. I believe that it was an excuse to move me from my room."

"Ah! that is suggestive. Now, on the other side of this narrow wing runs the corridor from which these three rooms open. There are windows in it, of course?"

"Yes, but very small ones. Too narrow for any one to pass through."

"As you both locked your doors at night, your rooms were unapproachable from that side. Now, would you have the kindness to go into your room and bar your shutters."

Miss Stoner did so, and Holmes, after a careful examination through the open window, endeavored in every way to force the shutter open, but without success. There was no slit through which a knife could be passed to raise the bar. Then with his lens he tested the hinges, but they were of solid iron, built firmly into the massive masonry. "Hum!" said he, scratching his chin in some perplexity; "my theory certainly presents some difficulties. No one could pass these shutters if they were bolted. Well, we shall see if the inside throws any light upon the matter."

A small side door led into the whitewashed corridor from which the three bedrooms opened. Holmes refused to examine the third chamber, so we passed at once to the second, that in which Miss Stoner was now sleeping, and in which her sister had met with her fate. It was a homely little room, with a low ceiling and a gaping fireplace, after the fashion of old country-houses. A brown chest of drawers stood in one corner, a narrow white-counterpaned bed in another, and a dressing-table on the left-hand side of the window. These articles, with two small wicker-work chairs, made up all the furniture in the room, save for a square of Wilton carpet in the centre. The boards round and the panelling of the walls were of brown, worm-eaten oak, so old and discolored that it may have dated from the original building of the house. Holmes drew one of the chairs into a corner and sat silent, while his eyes travelled round and round and up and down, taking in every detail of the apartment.

"Where does that bell communicate with?" he asked, at last, pointing to a thick bell-rope which hung down beside the bed, the tassel actually lying upon the pillow.

"It goes to the housekeeper's room."

"It looks newer than the other things?"

"Yes, it was only put there a couple of years ago."

"Your sister asked for it, I suppose?"

"No, I never heard of her using it. We used always to get what we wanted for ourselves."

"Indeed, it seemed unnecessary to put so nice a bell-pull there. You will excuse me for a few minutes while I satisfy myself as to this floor." He threw himself down upon his face with his lens in his hand, and crawled swiftly backward and forward, examining minutely the cracks between the boards. Then he did the same with the wood-work with which the chamber was panelled. Finally he

walked over to the bed, and spent some time in staring at it, and in running his eye up and down the wall. Finally he took the bell-rope in his hand and gave it a brisk tug.

"Why, it's a dummy," said he.

"Won't it ring?"

"No, it is not even attached to a wire. This is very interesting. You can see now that it is fastened to a hook just above where the little opening for the ventilator is."

"How very absurd! I never noticed that before."

"Very strange!" muttered Holmes, pulling at the rope. "There are one or two very singular points about this room. For example, what a fool a builder must be to open a ventilator into another room, when, with the same trouble, he might have communicated with the outside air!"

"That is also quite modern," said the lady.

"Done about the same time as the bell-rope?" remarked Holmes.

"Yes, there were several little changes carried out about that time."

"They seem to have been of a most interesting character—dummy bell-ropes, and ventilators which do not ventilate. With your permission, Miss Stoner, we shall now carry our researches into the inner apartment."

Dr. Grimesby Roylott's chamber was larger than that of his step-daughter, but was as plainly furnished. A camp-bed, a small wooden shelf full of books, mostly of a technical character, an arm-chair beside the bed, a plain wooden chair against the wall, a round table, and a large iron safe were the principal things which met the eye. Holmes walked slowly round and examined each and all of them with the keenest interest.

"What's in here?" he asked, tapping the safe.

"My step-father's business papers."

"Oh! you have seen inside, then?"

"Only once, some years ago. I remember that it was full of papers."

"There isn't a cat in it, for example?"

"No. What a strange idea!"

"Well, look at this!" He took up a small saucer of milk which stood on the top of it.

"No; we don't keep a cat. But there is a cheetah and a baboon."

"Ah, yes, of course! Well, a cheetah is just a big cat, and yet a saucer of milk does not go very far in satisfying its wants, I dare say. There is one point which I should wish to determine." He squatted down in front of the wooden chair, and examined the seat of it with the greatest attention.

"Thank you. That is quite settled," said he, rising and putting his lens in his pocket. "Hello! Here is something interesting!"

The object which had caught his eye was a small dog-lash hung on one corner of the bed. The lash, however, was curled upon itself, and tied so as to make a loop of whip-cord.

"What do you make of that, Watson?"

"It's a common enough lash. But I don't know why it should be tied."

"That is not quite so common, is it? Ah, me! it's a wicked world, and when a clever man turns his brains to crime it is the worst of all. I think that I have seen enough now, Miss Stoner, and with your permission we shall walk out upon the lawn."

I had never seen my friend's face so grim or his brow so dark as it was when we turned from the scene of this investigation. We had walked several times up and down the lawn, neither Miss Stoner nor myself liking to

break in upon his thoughts before he roused himself from his reverie.

"It is very essential, Miss Stoner," said he, "that you should absolutely follow my advice in every respect."

"I shall most certainly do so."

"The matter is too serious for any hesitation. Your life may depend upon your compliance."

"I assure you that I am in your hands."

"In the first place, both my friend and I must spend the night in your room."

Both Miss Stoner and I gazed at him in astonishment.

"Yes, it must be so. Let me explain. I believe that that is the village inn over there?"

"Yes, that is the 'Crown.'"

"Very good. Your windows would be visible from there?"

"Certainly."

"You must confine yourself to your room, on pretence of a headache, when your step-father comes back. Then when you hear him retire for the night, you must open the shutters of your window, undo the hasp, put your lamp there as a signal to us, and then withdraw quietly with everything which you are likely to want into the room which you used to occupy. I have no doubt that, in spite of the repairs, you could manage there for one night."

"Oh yes, easily."

"The rest you will leave in our hands."

"But what will you do?"

"We shall spend the night in your room, and we shall investigate the cause of this noise which has disturbed you."

"I believe, Mr. Holmes, that you have already made up your mind," said Miss Stoner, laying her hand upon my companion's sleeve.

"Perhaps I have."

"Then, for pity's sake, tell me what was the cause of my sister's death."

"I should prefer to have clearer proofs before I speak."

"You can at least tell me whether my own thought is correct, and if she died from some sudden fright."

"No, I do not think so. I think that there was probably some more tangible cause. And now, Miss Stoner, we must leave you, for if Dr. Roylott returned and saw us, our journey would be in vain. Good-bye, and be brave, for if you will do what I have told you, you may rest assured that we shall soon drive away the dangers that threaten you."

Sherlock Holmes and I had no difficulty in engaging a bedroom and sitting-room at the "Crown Inn." They were on the upper floor, and from our window we could command a view of the avenue gate, and of the inhabited wing of Stoke Moran Manor-House. At dusk we saw Dr. Grimesby Roylott drive past, his huge form looming up beside the little figure of the lad who drove him. The boy had some slight difficulty in undoing the heavy iron gates, and we heard the hoarse roar of the doctor's voice, and saw the fury with which he shook his clinched fists at him. The trap drove on, and a few minutes later we saw a sudden light spring up among the trees as the lamp was lit in one of the sitting-rooms.

"Do you know, Watson," said Holmes, as we sat together in the gathering darkness, "I have really some scruples as to taking you to-night. There is a distinct element of danger."

"Can I be of assistance?"

"Your presence might be invaluable."

"Then I shall certainly come."

"It is very kind of you."

"You speak of danger. You have evidently seen more in these rooms than was visible to me."

"No, but I fancy that I may have deduced a little more. I imagine that you saw all that I did."

"I saw nothing remarkable save the bell-rope, and what purpose that could answer I confess is more than I can imagine."

"You saw the ventilator, too?"

"Yes, but I do not think that it is such a very unusual thing to have a small opening between two rooms. It was so small that a rat could hardly pass through."

"I knew that we should find a ventilator before ever we came to Stoke Moran."

"My dear Holmes!"

"Oh yes, I did. You remember in her statement she said that her sister could smell Dr. Roylott's cigar. Now, of course that suggested at once that there must be a communication between the two rooms. It could only be a small one, or it would have been remarked upon at the coroner's inquiry. I deduced a ventilator."

"But what harm can there be in that?"

"Well, there is at least a curious coincidence of dates. A ventilator is made, a cord is hung, and a lady who sleeps in the bed dies. Does not that strike you?"

"I cannot as yet see any connection."

"Did you observe anything very peculiar about that bed?"

"No."

"It was clamped to the floor. Did you ever see a bed fastened like that before?"

"I cannot say that I have."

"The lady could not move her bed. It must always be in the same relative position to the ventilator and to the rope—for so we may call it, since it was clearly never meant for a bell-pull."

"Holmes," I cried, "I seem to see dimly what you are hinting at! We are only just in time to prevent some subtle and horrible crime."

"Subtle enough and horrible enough. When a doctor does go wrong, he is the first of criminals. He has nerve and he has knowledge. Palmer and Pritchard were among the heads of their profession. This man strikes even deeper; but I think, Watson, that we shall be able to strike deeper still. But we shall have horrors enough before the night is over; for goodness' sake let us have a quiet pipe, and turn our minds for a few hours to something more cheerful."

About nine o'clock the light among the trees was extinguished, and all was dark in the direction of the Manor-House. Two hours passed slowly away, and then, suddenly, just at the stroke of eleven, a single bright light shone out in front of us.

"That is our signal," said Holmes, springing to his feet; "it comes from the middle window."

As we passed out he exchanged a few words with the landlord, explaining that we were going on a late visit to an acquaintance, and that it was possible that we might spend the night there. A moment later we were out on the dark road, a chill wind blowing in our faces, and one yellow light twinkling in front of us through the gloom to guide us on our sombre errand.

There was little difficulty in entering the grounds, for unrepaired breaches gaped in the old park wall. Making our way among the trees, we reached the lawn, crossed it, and were about to enter through the window, when out from a clump of laurel-bushes there darted what seemed to be a hideous and distorted child, who threw itself upon the grass with writhing limbs, and then ran swiftly across the lawn into the darkness.

"My God!" I whispered; "did you see it?"

Holmes was for the moment as startled as I. His hand closed like a vice upon my wrist in his agitation. Then he broke into a low laugh, and put his lips to my ear.

"It is a nice household," he murmured. "That is the baboon."

I had forgotten the strange pets which the doctor affected. There was a cheetah, too; perhaps we might find it upon our shoulders at any moment. I confess that I felt easier in my mind when, after following Holmes's example and slipping off my shoes, I found myself inside the bedroom. My companion noiselessly closed the shutters, moved the lamp onto the table, and cast his eyes round the room. All was as we had seen it in the daytime. Then creeping up to me and making a trumpet of his hand, he whispered into my ear again so gently that it was all that I could do to distinguish the words:

"The least sound would be fatal to our plans."

I nodded to show that I had heard.

"We must sit without light. He would see it through the ventilator."

I nodded again.

"Do not go asleep; your very life may depend upon it. Have your pistol ready in case we should need it. I will sit on the side of the bed, and you in that chair."

I took out my revolver and laid it on the corner of the table.

Holmes had brought up a long, thin cane, and this he placed upon the bed beside him. By it he laid the box of matches and the stump of a candle. Then he turned down the lamp, and we were left in darkness.

How shall I ever forget that dreadful vigil? I could not hear a sound, not even the drawing of a breath, and yet I knew that my companion sat open-eyed, within a few feet

of me, in the same state of nervous tension in which I was myself. The shutters cut off the least ray of light, and we waited in absolute darkness. From outside came the occasional cry of a night-bird, and once at our very window a long-drawn, cat-like whine, which told us that the cheetah was indeed at liberty. Far away we could hear the deep tones of the parish clock, which boomed out every quarter of an hour. How long they seemed, those quarters! Twelve struck, and one and two and three, and still we sat waiting silently for whatever might befall.

Suddenly there was the momentary gleam of a light up in the direction of the ventilator, which vanished immediately, but was succeeded by a strong smell of burning oil and heated metal. Some one in the next room had lit a dark-lantern. I heard a gentle sound of movement, and then all was silent once more, though the smell grew stronger. For half an hour I sat with straining ears. Then suddenly another sound became audible—a very gentle, soothing sound, like that of a small jet of steam escaping continually from a kettle. The instant that we heard it, Holmes sprang from the bed, struck a match, and lashed furiously with his cane at the bell-pull.

“You see it, Watson?” he yelled. “You see it?”

But I saw nothing. At the moment when Holmes struck the light I heard a low, clear whistle, but the sudden glare flashing into my weary eyes made it impossible for me to tell what it was at which my friend lashed so savagely. I could, however, see that his face was deadly pale, and filled with horror and loathing.

He had ceased to strike, and was gazing up at the ventilator, when suddenly there broke from the silence of the night the most horrible cry to which I have ever listened. It swelled up louder and louder, a hoarse yell of pain and fear and anger all mingled in the one dreadful shriek. They

say that away down in the village, and even in the distant parsonage, that cry raised the sleepers from their beds. It struck cold to our hearts, and I stood gazing at Holmes, and he at me, until the last echoes of it had died away into the silence from which it rose.

"What can it mean?" I gasped.

"It means that it is all over," Holmes answered. "And perhaps, after all, it is for the best. Take your pistol, and we will enter Dr. Roylott's room."

With a grave face he lit the lamp and led the way down the corridor. Twice he struck at the chamber door without any reply from within. Then he turned the handle and entered, I at his heels, with the cocked pistol in my hand.

It was a singular sight which met our eyes. On the table stood a dark-lantern with the shutter half open, throwing a brilliant beam of light upon the iron safe, the door of which was ajar. Beside this table, on the wooden chair, sat Dr. Grimesby Roylott, clad in a long gray dressing-gown, his bare ankles protruding beneath, and his feet thrust into red heelless Turkish slippers. Across his lap lay the short stock with the long lash which we had noticed during the day. His chin was cocked upward and his eyes were fixed in a dreadful, rigid stare at the corner of the ceiling. Round his brow he had a peculiar yellow band, with brownish speckles, which seemed to be bound tightly round his head. As we entered he made neither sound nor motion.

"The band! the speckled band!" whispered Holmes.

I took a step forward. In an instant his strange head-gear began to move, and there reared itself from among his hair the squat diamond-shaped head and puffed neck of a loathsome serpent.

"It is a swamp adder!" cried Holmes; "the deadliest

snake in India. He has died within ten seconds of being bitten. Violence does, in truth, recoil upon the violent, and the schemer falls into the pit which he digs for another. Let us thrust this creature back into its den, and we can then remove Miss Stoner to some place of shelter, and let the county police know what has happened."

As he spoke he drew the dog-whip swiftly from the dead man's lap, and throwing the noose round the reptile's neck, he drew it from its horrid perch, and carrying it at arm's-length, threw it into the iron safe, which he closed upon it.

Such are the true facts of the death of Dr. Grimesby Roylott, of Stoke Moran. It is not necessary that I should prolong a narrative which has already run to too great a length, by telling how we broke the sad news to the terrified girl, how we conveyed her by the morning train to the care of her good aunt at Harrow, of how the slow process of official inquiry came to the conclusion that the doctor met his fate while indiscreetly playing with a dangerous pet. The little which I had yet to learn of the case was told me by Sherlock Holmes as we travelled back next day.

"I had," said he, "come to an entirely erroneous conclusion, which shows, my dear Watson, how dangerous it always is to reason from insufficient data. The presence of the gypsies, and the use of the word 'band,' which was used by the poor girl, no doubt to explain the appearance which she had caught a hurried glimpse of by the light of her match, were sufficient to put me upon an entirely wrong scent. I can only claim the merit that I instantly reconsidered my position when, however, it became clear to me that whatever danger threatened an occupant of the room could not come either from the window or the door. My attention was speedily drawn, as I have al-

ready remarked to you, to this ventilator, and to the bell-rope which hung down to the bed. The discovery that this was a dummy, and that the bed was clamped to the floor, instantly gave rise to the suspicion that the rope was there as bridge for something passing through the hole and coming to the bed. The idea of a snake instantly occurred to me, and when I coupled it with my knowledge that the doctor was furnished with a supply of creatures from India, I felt that I was probably on the right track. The idea of using a form of poison which could not possibly be discovered by any chemical test was just such a one as would occur to a clever and ruthless man who had had an Eastern training. The rapidity with which such a poison would take effect would also, from his point of view, be an advantage. It would be a sharp-eyed coroner, indeed, who could distinguish the two little dark punctures which would show where the poison fangs had done their work. Then I thought of the whistle. Of course he must recall the snake before the morning light revealed it to the victim. He had trained it, probably by the use of the milk which we saw, to return to him when summoned. He would put it through this ventilator at the hour that he thought best, with the certainty that it would crawl down the rope and land on the bed. It might or might not bite the occupant, perhaps she might escape every night for a week, but sooner or later she must fall a victim.

"I had come to these conclusions before ever I had entered his room. An inspection of his chair showed me that he had been in the habit of standing on it, which of course would be necessary in order that he should reach the ventilator. The sight of the safe, the saucer of milk, and the loop of whip-cord were enough to finally dispel any doubts which may have remained. The metallic clang heard by Miss Stoner was obviously caused by her step-

father hastily closing the door of his safe upon its terrible occupant. Having once made up my mind, you know the steps which I took in order to put the matter to the proof. I heard the creature hiss, as I have no doubt that you did also, and I instantly lit the light and attacked it."

"With the result of driving it through the ventilator."

"And also with the result of causing it to turn upon its master at the other side. Some of the blows of my cane came home, and roused its snakish temper, so that it flew upon the first person it saw. In this way I am no doubt indirectly responsible for Dr. Grimesby Roylott's death, and I cannot say that it is likely to weigh very heavily upon my conscience."

V

THE RUINOUS FACE

BY

Maurice Hewlett

THE RUINOUS FACE¹

Maurice Hewlett

WHEN the siege of Troy had been ten years doing, and most of the chieftains were dead, both of those afield and those who held the walls; and some had departed in their ships, and all who remained were leaden-hearted; there was one who felt the rage of war insatiate in his bowels: Menelaus, yellow-haired King of the Argives. He, indeed, rested not day or night, but knew the fever fretting at his members, and the burning in his heart. And when he scanned the windy plain about the city, and the desolation of it; and when he saw the huts of the Achæans, and the furrows where the chariots ploughed along the lines, and the charred places of camp-fires, smoke-blackened trees, and puddled waters of Scamander, and corn-lands and pastures which for ten years had known neither plough nor deep-breathed cattle, nor querulous sheep; even then in the heart of Menelaus was no pity for Dardan nor Greek, but only for himself and what he had lost—white-bosomed Helen, darling of Gods and men, and golden treasure of the house.

The vision of her glowing face and veiled eyes came to him in the night-season to make him mad, and in dreams he saw her, as once and many times he had seen her, lie

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supine. There as she lay in his dreams, all white and gold, thinner than the mist-wreath upon a mountain, he would cry aloud for his loss, and throw his arms out over the empty bed, and feel his eye-sockets smart for lack of tears; for tears came not to him, but his fever made his skin quite dry, and so were his eyes dry. Therefore, when the chiefs of the Achæans in Council, seeing how their strength was wearing down like a snowbank under the sun, looked reproachfully upon him, and thought of Hector slain, and of dead Achilles who slew him, of Priam, and of Diomedes, and of tall Patroclus, he, Menelaus, took no heed at all, but sat in his place, and said: "There is no mercy for robbers of the house. Starve whom we cannot put to the sword. Lay closer leaguer. So shall I win my wife again and have honor among the Kings, my fellows." So he spake, for it was so he thought day and night; and Agamemnon, King of Men, bore with him, and carried the voices of all the Achæans. For since the death of Achilles there was no man stout enough to gainsay him, or deny him anything.

In those days there was little war, since every man outside the walls was sick of strife, and consumed with longing for his home, and wife and children there. And one told another, "My son will be a grown man in his first beard," and one, "My daughter will be a wife." As for the men of Troy, it was well for them that their foes were spent; for Hector was dead, and Agenor, and Troilus; and King Priam, the old, was fallen into dotage, which deprived him of counsel. He loved Alexandros only, whom men called Paris. On which account Æneas, the wise prince, stood apart, and kept himself within the walls of his house. There remained only that beauteous Paris, the ravisher. Him Helen held fast enchained by her white arms and slow, sweet smile, and by the shafts of light from her kind

eyes. All the compliance of a fair woman made for love lay in her; she could refuse nothing that was asked of her by him who had her. And she was gentle and very modest, and never dejected or low of heart; but when comfort was asked of her she gave it, and when solace, solace; and when he cried, "O for a deep draught of thee!" she gave him his desire. In these days he seldom left his hall, where she sat at the loom with her maids, or had them comb and braid her long hair. But of other women, wives and widows of heroes, Andromache mourned Hector dead and outraged, and Cassandra the wrath to come. Through the halls of the King's house came little sound but of women weeping loss; therefore, if love made Helen laugh sometimes, she laughed low and softly, lest some other should be offended. The streets were all silent, and the dogs ate one another. In the temples of the Gods they neglected the sacrifice, and what little might be offered was eaten by clouds of birds. Anniversaries and feasts were like common days. If the Gods were offended with Troy, there was no help for it. Men must live first, before they can serve God.

Now the tenth year was come to the Spring, when young men and virgins worship Artemis the Bright; and abroad on the plains the crocus was aflower, and the anemone; and the blades of the iris were like swords stuck hilt downward in the earth. A green veil spread lightly over the land, and men might see a tree scorched black upon one side and budded with gold upon the other. Melted snow brimmed Simois and Scamander; cranes and storks built their nests, and one stood sentinel while his mate sat close, watchful in the reeds. On the mild, westerly airs came tenderness to bedew the hearts of men war-weary. They stepped carefully lest they should crush young flowers,

thinking in their minds: "God's pity must restrain me. If so fair a thing can thrive in place so foul, who am I to mar it?" But upon Menelaus, the King, the season worked like a ferment, so that he could never stay long in one place. All night long he turned and stretched himself out; but in the gray of the morning he would rise, and walk abroad by himself over the silent land, and about the sleeping walls of the city. So found he balm for his ache, and so he did every day.

The house of Paris stood by the wall, and the garden upon the roof of the women's side was there upon it, and stretched far along the ramparts of Troy. King Menelaus knew it very well, for he had often seen Helen there with her maids when, with a veil to cover her face up to the eyes, she had stood there to watch the fighting, or the games about the pyre of some chieftain dead, or the manège of the ships lying off Tenedos. Indeed, when he had been there in his chariot, urging an attack upon the gate, he had seen Paris come out of the house to Helen where she stood in the garden; and he saw that deceiver take the lovely woman in his arm, and with his hand withdraw the veil from her mouth that he might look at it. The maids were all about her, and below raged a battle among men; but he cared nothing for these. No, but he lifted up her face by the chin, and stooped his head, and kissed her twice; and would have kissed her a third time, but that by chance he saw King Menelaus below him, who stood up in his chariot and watched. Then he turned lightly and left her, and went in, and so presently she too, with her veil in her hand, not yet over her mouth, looked down from the wall and saw the King, her husband. Long and deeply looked she; and he looked up at her; and so they stood, gazing each at the other. Then came women

from the house and veiled her mouth, and took her away. Other times, too, he had seen her there, but she not him; and now, at this turn of the year, the memory of her came bright and hard before him; and he walked under the wall of the house in the gray of the morning. And as he walked there fiercely on a day, behold she stood above him on the wall, veiled, and in a brown robe, looking down at him. And they looked at each other for a space of time. And nobody was by.

Shaking, he said, "O Ruinous Face, art thou so early from the wicked bed?"

She said low, "Yea, my lord, I am so early."

"These ten long years," he said then, "I have walked here at this hour, but never yet saw I thee."

She answered: "But I have seen my lord, for at this hour my lord Alexandros is accustomed to sleep and I to wake. And so I take the air, and am by myself."

"O God!" he said, "would that I could come at thee, lady." She replied him nothing. So, after a little while of looking, he spoke to her again, saying: "Is this true which thou makest me to think, that thou walkest here in order that thou mayst be by thyself? Is it true, O thou God-begotten?"

She said, smiling a little, "Is it so wonderful a thing that I should desire to be alone?"

"By my fathers," he said, "I think it wonderful. And more wonderful is it to me that it should be allowed thee." And then he looked earnestly at her, and asked her this: "Dost thou, therefore, desire that I should leave thee?"

"Nay," said she slowly, "I said not so."

"Ask me to stay, and I stay," he said. But she made no answer to that; but looked down to the earth at her feet. "Behold," said the King presently, "ten years and more since I have known my wife. Now if I were to cast

my spear at thee and rive open thy golden side, what wonder were it? Answer me that."

She looked long at him, that he saw the deep gray of her eyes. And he heard the low voice answer him, "I know that my lord would never do it." And he knew it better than she, and the reason as well as she.

A little while more they talked together, alone in the sunless light; and she was in a gentle mood, as indeed she always was, and calmed the fret in him, so that he could keep still and take long breaths, and look at her without burning in his heart. She asked him of their child, and when he told her it was well, stood thoughtful and silent. "Here," said she, presently, "I have no child"; and it seemed to him that she sighed.

"O Lady," he said, "dost thou regret nothing of all these ten long years?"

Her answer was to look long at him without speech. And then again she veiled her eyes with her eyelids and hung her head. He dared say nothing.

Paris came out of the house, fresh from the bath, rosy and beautiful, and whistled a low clear note, like the call of a bird at evening. Then he called upon Helen.

"Where is my love? Where is the Desire of the World?"

She looked up quickly at King Menelaus, and smiled half, and moved her hand; and she went to Paris. Then the King groaned, and rent himself. But he would not stay, nor look up, lest he should see what he dared not see.

Next day, very early, and every day after, those two, long-severed, kept a tryst: so in time she came to be there first, and a strife grew between them which should watch for the other. And after a little she would sit upon the

wall and speak happily to him without disguise. So happiness came to him, too, and he ceased to reproach her. For she reasoned very gently with him of her own case, urging him not to be angry with her. Defending herself, she said: "Thou shouldst not reproach me, husband, nor wouldst thou in thy heart if thou knewest what is in mine, or what my portion has been since with fair words in many-mansioned Sparta he did beguile me. With words smoother than honey, and sweeter than the comb of it he did beguile me, and with false words made me believe that I was forsaken and betrayed; and urged me to take ship with him in search of thee. Nor ever once did he reveal himself until we touched Cranæ in the ship. Then he showed me all his power, and declared his purpose with me. And I could do nothing against him; and so he brought me to Troy and kept me there. All these years he has loved, and still loves me in his fashion: and art thou angry with me, my lord, that I do not forever reproach him, or spend myself in tears, and fast, and go like one distraught, holding myself aloof from all his house? Nay, but of what avail would that be, or what reward to many that treat me well here in Troy? For King Priam, the old king, is good to me, and the Queen also; and my lord Hector was above all men good to me, and defended me always against scorn and evil report. True it is that I have been the reproach of men, both Trojans and Achæans; and all the woes of the years have been laid to me who am most guiltless of offence. For all my sin has been that I have been gentle with those who hold me here; and have not denied them that which cannot be denied, but have given what I must with fair-seeming."

And another time she said: "What mercy have men for a woman whom they desire and cannot have? And

what face have women for her who is more sought than them? And what of such a woman, O lord Menelaus, what of her in her misery? Is it true, thinkest thou, because she is good to look upon and is desired by men, that she should have no desires of her own? And must she have pleasure only in that which men seek of her, and none in her house and child overseas? Is my face, then, and are these my breasts all that I have? And is my mind nothing at all, nor the kindness in my heart, nor the joy I have in the busy world? My face has been ruin unto many, and many have sought my breasts; but to me it has been misery and shame, and my milk a bitter gall."

Thus spake Helen of the fair girdle; and he saw her eyes filled with tears, and pure sorrow upon her face; and he held up his arms to her, crying, "O my dear one, wilt thou not come back to me?" She could not speak for crying; but nodded her head often between her covering hands.

Then he, seeing how her thoughts lay, gently toward home, and desiring to please her now more than anything in the world, spake of the child, swearing by the Gods of Lacedæmon that she was not forgotten. "Nay," he said, "but still she talks of her mother, and every day would know of her return. And those about her in our house, faithful ones, say, 'The King thy father has gone to bring our lady back; and all will be happy again.' And so," said he, "it shall be, beloved, if thou wilt but come." Then Helen lifted up her face from her covering hands, and showed him her eyes. And he said, "O Wonder of the World, shall I come for thee?"

And her words were sped down the wall, soft as dropping rose-leaves: "Come soon." And King Menelaus returned to his quarters, glorying in his strength.

This day he took counsel with King Agamemnon his brother, and with Odysseus, wisest of the Achæans, and told them all. And while they pondered what the news might mean he declared his purpose, which was to have Helen again by all means, and to enter Troy disguised by night, and in the morning to drop with her in his arms over the wall, from the garden of Paris' house. But Odysseus dissuaded him, and so did the King his brother; for they knew very well that Troy must be sacked, and the Achæans satisfied with plunder, and death, and women. For after ten years of strife men raven for such things, and will not give over until they have them. Also it was written in the heart of Hera that the walls of Troy must be cast down, and the pride thereof made a byword. So it was that the counsel of King Menelaus was overpassed, and that of Odysseus prevailed. And with him lay the word that he should make his plan, and tell it over to Menelaus, that he might tell it again to Helen when he saw her on the wall.

At this time a great heart was in Helen, and strong purpose. And it was so that while Paris marvelled to see her beauty wax ever the clearer, and while he loved her more than ever he had, and found her compliance the sweeter, he guessed nothing of what spirit it was that possessed her, nor of what she did when she was by herself. Nor could he guess, since she refused him never what he asked of her, how she weighed him lightly beside Menelaus her husband; nor, while she let herself be loved, what soft desires were astir in her heart to be cherished as a wife, sharer of a man's hearth, partaker of his counsels, comforter in his troubles, and mother of his sons. But it came to pass that the only joy of her life was in the seeing King Menelaus in the morning, and in the reading in his

gaze the assurance of that peace which she longed for. And, again, her pride lay in fitting herself for it when it should come. Now, therefore, she forsook the religion of Aphrodite, to whom all her duty had been before, and in a grove of olive-trees in the garden of the house had built an altar to Artemis Aristoboulé. There offered she incense daily, and paid tribute of wheaten cakes kneaded with honey, and little figures of bears such as virgins offer to the Pure in Heart in Athens. And she would have whipped herself as they do in Sparta had she not feared discovery by him who still had her. So every day after speech with Menelaus the King about companionship and the sanctities of the wedded hearth, she prayed to the Goddess, saying: "O Chaste and Fair, by that pure face of thine and by thy untouched zone; by thy proud eyes and curving lip, and thy bow and scornful bitter arrows, aid thou me unhappy. Lo, now, Maid and Huntress, I make a vow. I will lay up in thy temple a fair wreath of box-leaves made of beaten gold on that day when my lord brings me home to my hearth and child, to be his friend and faithful companion, sharer of his joys and sorrows, and when he loves my proved and constant mind better than the bounty of my body. Hear me and fail me not, Lady of Grace." So prayed Helen, and then went back to the house, and suffered her lot, and cherished in her heart her high hope. †

When all was in order in the plans of the Achæans, King Menelaus told everything to Helen his wife; and how Odysseus was to come disguised into the city and seek speech with her. To the which she listened, marking every word; and bowed her head in sign of agreement; and at the end was silent, looking down at her lap and deeply blushing. And at last she lifted her eyes and showed them

to the King, her husband, who marked them and her burning color, and knew that she had given him her heart again. So he returned that day to his quarters, glorifying and praising God. Immediately he went over to the tents of Odysseus, and sought out the prince, and said: "Go in, thou, this night, and the gray-eyed Goddess, the Maiden, befriend thee! This I know, Helen my wife shall be mine again before the moon have waned."

Odysseus nodded his head. "Enough said, Son of Atreus," said he. "I go in this night."

Now, in these days of weariness of strife, when the leaguer was not strict, the gates of Troy were often opened, now this one, now that, to let in fugitives from the hill-country. Odysseus, therefore, disguised himself as one of these, in sheepskin coat and swathes of rushes round his legs; and he stood with wounded feet, leaning upon a holly staff, as one of a throng. White dust was upon his beard, and sweat had made seams in the dust of his face and neck. Then, when they asked him at the gate, "Whence and what art thou, friend?" he answered: "I am a shepherd of the hills, named Glykon, whose store of sheep the Achæans have reived, whose wife stolen away, whose little ones put to the sword and fire. Me only have they left alive; and where should I come if not here?" So they let him in, and he came and stood in the hall of Paris with many other wretches. Then presently came Helen of the starry eyes and sweet pale face, she and her women to minister. And she knelt down with ewer and basin and a napkin to wash the feet of the poor. To whom, as she knelt at the feet of Odysseus, and rinsed his wounds and wiped away the dry blood, spake that crafty one in her ear, saying: "There are other wounds than mine for thy washing, lady, and deeper. For they are in the heart of King Menelaus, and in thy daughter's heart."

She kept her face hidden from him, bending to his feet; but he saw that she trembled and moved her shoulders. So then he said again: "I know that thou art pitiful. I know that thou wilt wash his wounds."

She answered him, whispering, "Yes; oh yes."

He said, "Let me have speech with thee, lady, when may be."

And she: "It shall be when my lord sleepeth toward morning. Watch thou for me here, before the sun rise." And he was satisfied with what she said.

Now, it was toward morning; and Odysseus watched in the hall of Paris. Then came Helen in, and stepped lightly over the bodies of sleeping men, and touched him on the shoulder where he sat by the wall with his chin upon his knees. Over her head was the hood of a dark-blue cloak; and the cloak fell to her feet. Her face was covered, not so but that he could see the good intention of her eyes. And he arose and stood beside her, and she beckoned him to follow after. Then she took him to the grove of olive-trees in the garden, and burned incense upon the altar she had set up, and laid her hand upon the altar of Artemis the Bright. "So do that quick Avenger to me," she said, "as she did to Amphion's wife, whenas her nostrils were filled with the wind of her rage, if I play false to thee, Odysseus." And Odysseus praised her. Then stooping, with her finger she traced the lines of Troy in the sand, and all the gates of it; and told over the number of the guard at each; and revealed the houses of the chiefs, where they stood, and the watches set.

Odysseus marked all in his heart. But he asked, "And which is the golden house of King Priam?"

She said: "Nay, but that I will not tell thee. For he has been always kind to me from the very first; and even

when Hector, his beloved, was slain, he had no ill words for me, though all Troy hissed me in the shrines of the Gods, and women spat upon the doors of Paris' house as they passed by. Him, an old man, thou shalt spare for my sake who am about to betray him."

Odysseus said: "Be it so. One marvel I have, lady, and it is this: If now, in these last days, thou wilt help thy people, why didst thou not before?"

She was silent for a while. Then she said, "I knew not then what now I know, that my lord, the King, loves me."

Odysseus marvelled. "Why," said he, "when all the hosts of the Achæans were gathered at his need, and out of all the nations of Hellas arose the cry of women bereaved and children fatherless, so that he might have thee again! And thou sayest, 'He loved thee not!'"

"Nay," said she quickly, "not so. But I knew very well that he desired me for his solace and delight, as other men have done and still do: but to be craved is one thing and to be loved is another thing. I am not all fair flesh, Odysseus: I am wife and mother, and I would be companion and comforter of a man. Now I know of a truth that my husband loveth me dearly; and I sicken of Paris, who maketh me his delight. Hateful to me are the ways of men with women. Have I not cause enough to hate them, these long years a plaything for his arms, and a fruit to allay the drouth of his eyes? Am I less a woman in that I am fair, or less woman grown because I can never be old? Now I loathe the sweet lore of Aphrodite, which she taught me too well; and all my hope is in that Blessed One whom men call Of Good Counsel. For, behold, love is a cruel thing of unending strife and wasting thought; but the ways of Artemis are ways of peace, and they shall be my ways."

A little longer he reasoned with her, and appointed a

day when the entry should be made; but then afterward, when light filled the earth and the coming of the sun was beacons upon the tops of the mountains, she arose and said:

"My husband awaits me. I must go to him," and left Odysseus, and went to the wall to talk with Menelaus below it. In her hand was a yellow crocus, sacred to Artemis the Bright. And Helen put it to her lips, and touched her eyes with it, and dropped it down the wall to Menelaus her husband.

Then the Greeks fashioned a great horse out of wood, and set the images of two young kings upon it, with spears of gold, and stars upon their foreheads made of gold. And they caused it to be drawn to the Skæan Gate in the night-time, and left it there for the Trojans to see. Dolon made it; but Odysseus devised the images of the two kings. And his craft was justified of itself. For the Trojans hailed in the images the twin-brothers of Helen, even Castor and Polydeuces, come to save the state for their sister's sake; and opened wide their gates, and drew in the horse, and set it upon the porch of the temple of Zeus the Thunder. There it stood for all to see. And King Priam was carried down in his litter to behold it; and with him came Hecabe the Queen, and Paris, and Æneas, and Helen, with Cassandra the King's daughter.

Then King Priam lifted up his hands and blessed the horse and the riders thereof. And he said: "Hail to ye, great pair of brothers! Be favorable to us now, and speedy in your mercy."

But Cassandra wailed and tore at the covering of her breast, and cried out: "Ah, and they shall be speedy! Here is a woe come upon us which shall be mercy indeed to some of you. But for me there is no mercy."

Now was Helen, with softly shining eyes, close to the

horse; and she laid her hand upon its belly and stroked it. And Cassandra saw her and reviled her, saying: "Thou shame to Ilium, and thou curse! The Ruinous Face, the Ruinous Face! Cried I not so in the beginning when they praised thy low voice and soft beguiling ways? But thou too, thou shalt rue this night!"

But Helen laughed softly to herself, and stroked the smooth belly of the horse where her promise lay hidden. And they led Cassandra away, blind with weeping. And Helen returned to Paris' house and sought out Eutyches, a slave of the door, who loved her. Of him by gentle words and her slow sweet smile she besought arms: a sword, breastplate, shield, and helmet. And when he gave them her, unable to deny her anything, she hid them under the hangings of the bed.

That night Paris came to her where she lay bathed and anointed, and sought her in love; and she denied him nothing. He thought such joy had never been his since first he held her in his arms in Cranæ. Deeply and long he loved; and in the middle of the night a great horn blew afar off, and there came the sound of men in the streets, running. That was the horn which they kept in the temple of Showery Zeus, to summon all Troy when needs were. Paris, at the sound thereof, lifted up his head from Helen's fair breast, listening. And again the great horn blew a long blast, and he said: "O bride, I must leave thee. Behold, they call from the temple of the God." But she took his face in her two hands and turned it about to look at her; and he saw love in her eyes and the dew of it upon her mouth, and kissed her, and stayed. So by and by the horn blew a third time, and there arose a great shout; and he started away from her, and stepped down from the bed, and stood beside it, unresolved. Then Helen

put her arms about his body and urged herself toward him till her face touched his flank. And she clung to him, and looked up at him, and he stayed.

Now did rumor break out all at once, about the house and in the city afar off. Men cried, "The fire, the fire!" and "Save yourselves!" and "Oh, the Achæans!" and Paris tore himself away, and made haste to arm himself by the light of the fire in the city, which made the room as bright as day. And he put on all his harness, and took his sword and buckler, and ran out of the chamber and down the stairs, crying, "Arm ye, arm ye, and follow me!" Then Helen arose and swiftly withdrew the arms from below the bed, and called Eutyches to her from the gallery, and made him fasten the breastplate about her, and gird the thongs of the shield to her white arm, and fix the helmet of bronze upon her head. So he did, and trembled as he touched her; for he loved her out of measure and without hope. Then said she to Eutyches, "Arm thyself and follow me." And together, armed, they went down the stair.

There was a great press of men fighting about the doors of Paris' house, and loud rumor. But beyond in the city the Achæans in a multitude carried fire and sword from house to house. And there was the noise of women crying mercy, and calling their children's names. And the flames leaped roaring to heaven; and the Gods turned away their faces; and Troy was down.

Now Paris, fighting, came backward into the hall where Helen was; and Menelaus came fiercely after him, and in the doorway drove a spear at him that went through the leather of his shield, through all the folds of it and ran deep into the flesh of his throat where it fastens to the shoulder. Then Paris groaned and bent his knees, and

fell, calling Helen by her name. Then came she in her bright harness, with a burning face, and stood over the body of Paris, and held out her arms to the King, saying, "Husband, lord, behold, here am I, by your side!" Eutyches came after her, armed also.

Then Menelaus, with the bloody spear in his hand newly plucked from the neck of Paris, gazed at his wife, not knowing her. So presently he said, weak-voiced, "What is this, O loveliest in the world?" But he knew Eutyches again, who had been with him and her in Sparta, and said to him, "Disarm her, but with care, lest the bronze bruise her fair flesh." So Eutyches, trembling, disarmed her, that she stood a lovely woman before the King. And Menelaus, with a shout, took her in his arms and cried out above the fire and dust and shrieking in the street, "Come, come, my treasure and desire! Love me now or I die!"

But she clung to him, imploring. "Not here," she said, "not here, Menelaus. Take me hence; let me fare by thy side this night."

But he pressed her the closer, saying, "Come, thou must love me now," and lifted her in his arms and ran up the stair and through the gallery of the house to the great chamber where of late she had lain. And he called her women to disrobe her; and Helen fell to crying bitterly, and said, "Oh, I am a slave, I am a slave: I am bought and sold and handed about." And she could not be comforted or stayed from weeping. But nothing recked King Menelaus for that.

When the walls of wide-wayed Troy were cast down, and of the towers and houses of the chiefs nothing stood but staring walls and rafters charred by fire; and when the temples of the Dardan Gods had been sacked, and scorn done to the body of Priam the Old; and Cassandra

in the tent of King Agamemnon shuddered and rocked herself about; and when dogs had eaten the fair body of Paris, then the Achæans turned their eyes with longing to their homesteads. So there was a great ship-building and launching of keels; and at last King Menelaus embarked for peopled Lacedæmon, and took his lovely wife with him in the ship, and stayed his course at Rhodes for certain days, resting there with Helen. There he set a close guard about her all day; and as Paris had loved her, so loved he. But she was wretched, and spent her days in weeping; and grew pale and thin, and was forever scheming shifts how she might be delivered from such a life as she led. Ever by the door of the chamber stood Eutyches, and watched her closely, marking her distress. And she knew that he knew it; for what woman does not know the secret mind of a man with regard to her?

So, on a day, sat Helen by the window with her needlework in her lap, and looked out over the sea. Eutyches came into the room where she was, silently, through the hangings of the door, and kneeling to her, kissed her knee. She turned to him her sad face, saying, "What wouldst thou of me, Eutyches?"

"Lady," he said, "thy pardon first of all."

She smiled upon him. "Thou hast it," she said; "what then?"

He said to her: "Lady, I have served thee these many years, and no man knows thy mind better than I do, who know it only from thy face. For I have been but a house-dog in thy sight. But I have never read it wrongly; and now I know that thou art unhappy."

"Yes," she said, "it is true. I am very unhappy, and with reason."

Eutyches drew from his bosom a sharp sword and laid

it upon her knees. "Take this sovereign remedy from thy servant," he said. "No ills can withstand it, so sharp it is." And he left her with the bare sword upon her knees. She hid it in the coverings of the bed.

Now, when King Menelaus had feasted in the hall, he came immediately after into the Queen's chamber. And he said to her, "Hail, loveliest of women born!" and again, "Hail, thou Rose of the World!"

She answered him nothing, but went to her women and suffered herself to be made ready. Then came the King in to her and began to woo her; but she, looking strangely upon him by the light of the torch in the wall, sat up and held him off with her hand. "Touch me not, Menelaus," she said, "touch me no more until I know whether thou art true or false."

He was astonished at her, saying: "What is this, dear love? Dost thou call me false who for ten bitter years have striven to have thee again; and have forsworn all other women for thy sake?"

But her eyes were hard upon him, glittering. "Ay," she said, "and I do. For to thee, through those bitter years, I was faithful in heart, and utterly; and that which thou lovest is the bounty of my body, the which if I should mar it, thou wouldst spurn me as horrible. And now I will prove thee and my words together." So, while he gazed at her in wonder, she drew out the sword. "With this sword," she said, "I will do one of two things. Choose thou."

The King said, hollow-voiced, "What wilt thou do?"

She said, "With the sword I will lay open this poisonous face of mine"; and she touched her right cheek; "or with it I will cut off this my wicked breast"; and she put her hand upon her left breast, and said again, "Choose thou."

But Menelaus with a loud cry threw himself upon her,

and took each of her wrists in a hand, and held her down on the bed. The sword dropped out and fell to the floor; but he let it lie. Now his love waxed the greater for the danger she had been in. And in the morning, when as she lay as one dead, he picked up the sword and brake it, and threw it out of the window. Also before he left her he gave straight order that she should be watched throughout the day. But he gave the order to Eutyches, believing him to be faithful for his former and latter service.

By and by came Eutyches and spoke again with her, saying, "Lady, I fear me thou didst not use my remedy aright."

She heard him in a stare, and answered in a dry voice, "I fear so too."

Then said Eutyches: "There is but one way to use it. So shalt thou be free from pain and sorrow of heart." She would not look at him, but he knew that she understood his thought. "If thou wilt swear to me by Artemis the Bright," he said, "that thou wilt never use it against thyself, I will put another remedy on thy knees, lady."

She swore it; and he fetched her a sword, and put it on her knees. That night, in the dark, she slew her husband Menelaus, as he lay asleep by her side; and she knew that he was dead because, after groaning once, he neither moved nor stirred, and because his foot which was upon her ankle was heavy as lead.

Then came Eutyches in with a torch, and asked her if all was well. She told him what she had done; and Eutyches came close with the torch and saw that the King was dead. Then he said, "Before dawn we must depart, thou and I."

She said: "Where can I go? What will become of me?"

He gazed upon her, saying, "I will love thee forever, as I have these twelve years and more."

She said to him, "I will go now if thou wilt help me, Eutyches."

He said, "I will help thee when I can."

Then Helen looked at him, and saw his eyes, and was horribly afraid. She said, "I know not whether I can trust thee"; but he answered her:

"Have I not proved that to thee? Did I not give thee the sword with which to free thyself?"

"Yea," she said, "but have I freed myself indeed?"

He stretched out his arms to her, saying: "Free? Yes, thou art free, most glorious one. And now I too am free to love thee."

But she used craft in her fear, saying: "I am soiled with wicked blood. Stay thou here, Eutyches, and I will purify myself, and be as thou wouldst have me."

And he let her go with a kiss, saying: "Be quick. Have I not waited twelve years?"

Then Helen arose and went out of the chamber, and out of the house into the garden. And she stood before the altar of Artemis Eileithyia, and prayed before it, saying, "O Holy One, I give thee thanks indeed that now I know the way of peace."

And then she went farther into the grove of ilex-trees where the altar and the image stood, and took off her girdle and bound it straightly round her neck. And she clomb the tree, and tied the end of the girdle about the branch thereof; and afterward cast herself down, and hung there quite still. And the cord which she used was of silk, and had girt her raiment about her, below her fair breasts.

VI

A NEW ENGLAND NUN

BY

Mary E. Wilkins

A NEW ENGLAND NUN¹

Mary E. Wilkins

IT was late in the afternoon, and the light was waning. There was a difference in the look of the tree shadows out in the yard. Somewhere in the distance cows were lowing and a little bell was tinkling; now and then a farm-wagon tilted by, and the dust flew; some blue-shirted laborers with shovels over their shoulders plodded past; little swarms of flies were dancing up and down before the people's faces in the soft air. There seemed to be a gentle stir arising over everything for the mere sake of subsidence—a very premonition of rest and hush and night.

This soft diurnal commotion was over Louisa Ellis also. She had been peacefully sewing at her sitting-room window all the afternoon. Now she quilted her needle carefully into her work, which she folded precisely, and laid in a basket with her thimble and thread and scissors. Louisa Ellis could not remember that ever in her life she had mislaid one of these little feminine appurtenances, which had become, from long use and constant association, a very part of her personality.

Louisa tied a green apron round her waist, and got out a flat straw hat with a green ribbon. Then she went into the garden with a little blue crockery bowl, to pick some currants for her tea. After the currants were picked she

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sat on the back door-step and stemmed them, collecting the stems carefully in her apron, and afterward throwing them into the hen-coop. She looked sharply at the grass beside the step to see if any had fallen there.

Louisa was slow and still in her movements; it took her a long time to prepare her tea; but when ready it was set forth with as much grace as if she had been a veritable guest to her own self. The little square table stood exactly in the centre of the kitchen, and was covered with a starched linen cloth whose border pattern of flowers glistened. Louisa had a damask napkin on her tea-tray, where were arranged a cut-glass tumbler full of teaspoons, a silver cream-pitcher, a china sugar-bowl, and one pink china cup and saucer. Louisa used china every day—something which none of her neighbors did. They whispered about it among themselves. Their daily tables were laid with common crockery, their sets of best china stayed in the parlor closet, and Louisa Ellis was no richer nor better bred than they. Still she would use the china. She had for her supper a glass dish full of sugared currants, a plate of little cakes, and one of light white biscuits. Also a leaf or two of lettuce, which she cut up daintily. Louisa was very fond of lettuce, which she raised to perfection in her little garden. She ate quite heartily, though in a delicate, pecking way; it seemed almost surprising that any considerable bulk of the food should vanish.

After tea she filled a plate with nicely baked thin corn-cakes, and carried them out into the back-yard.

"Cæsar!" she called. "Cæsar! Cæsar!"

There was a little rush, and the clank of a chain, and a large yellow-and-white dog appeared at the door of his tiny hut, which was half hidden among the tall grasses and flowers. Louisa patted him and gave him the corn-cakes. Then she returned to the house and washed the tea-things,

polishing the china carefully. The twilight had deepened; the chorus of the frogs floated in at the open window wonderfully loud and shrill, and once in a while a long sharp drone from a tree-toad pierced it. Louisa took off her green gingham apron, disclosing a shorter one of pink-and-white print. She lighted her lamp, and sat down again with her sewing.

In about half an hour Joe Dagget came. She heard his heavy step on the walk, and rose and took off her pink-and-white apron. Under that was still another—white linen with a little cambric edging on the bottom; that was Louisa's company apron. She never wore it without her calico sewing-apron over it unless she had a guest. She had barely folded the pink-and-white one with methodical haste and laid it in a table-drawer when the door opened and Joe Dagget entered.

He seemed to fill up the whole room. A little yellow canary that had been asleep in his green cage at the south window woke up and fluttered wildly, beating his little yellow wings against the wires. He always did so when Joe Dagget came into the room.

"Good-evening," said Louisa. She extended her hand with a kind of solemn cordiality.

"Good-evening, Louisa," returned the man, in a loud voice.

She placed a chair for him, and they sat facing each other, with the table between them. He sat bolt-upright, toeing out his heavy feet squarely, glancing with a good-humored uneasiness around the room. She sat gently erect, folding her slender hands in her white-linen lap.

"Been a pleasant day," remarked Dagget.

"Real pleasant," Louisa assented, softly. "Have you been haying?" she asked, after a little while.

"Yes, I've been haying all day, down in the ten-acre lot. Pretty hot work."

"It must be."

"Yes, it's pretty hot work in the sun."

"Is you mother well to-day?"

"Yes, mother's pretty well."

"I suppose Lily Dyer's with her now?"

Dagget colored. "Yes, she's with her," he answered, slowly.

He was not very young, but there was a boyish look about his large face. Louisa was not quite as old as he, her face was fairer and smoother, but she gave people the impression of being older.

"I suppose she's a good deal of help to your mother," she said, further.

"I guess she is; I don't know how mother 'd get along without her," said Dagget, with a sort of embarrassed warmth.

"She looks like a real capable girl. She's pretty-looking too," remarked Louisa.

"Yes, she is pretty fair-looking."

Presently Dagget began fingering the books on the table. There was a square red autograph album, and a Young Lady's Gift-Book which had belonged to Louisa's mother. He took them up one after the other and opened them; then laid them down again, the album on the Gift-Book.

Louisa kept eying them with mild uneasiness. Finally she rose and changed the position of the books, putting the album underneath. That was the way they had been arranged in the first place.

Dagget gave an awkward little laugh. "Now what difference did it make which book was on top?" said he.

Louisa looked at him with a deprecating smile. "I always keep them that way," murmured she.

"You do beat everything," said Dagget, trying to laugh again. His large face was flushed.

He remained about an hour longer, then rose to take leave. Going out, he stumbled over a rug, and, trying to recover himself, hit Louisa's work-basket on the table, and knocked it on the floor.

He looked at Louisa, then at the rolling spools; he ducked himself awkwardly toward them, but she stopped him. "Never mind," said she; "I'll pick them up after you're gone."

She spoke with a mild stiffness. Either she was a little disturbed, or his nervousness affected her, and made her seem constrained in her effort to reassure him.

When Joe Dagget was outside he drew in the sweet evening air with a sigh, and felt much as an innocent and perfectly well-intentioned bear might after his exit from a china shop.

Louisa, on her part, felt much as the kind-hearted, long-suffering owner of the china shop might have done after the exit of the bear.

She tied on the pink, then the green apron, picked up all the scattered treasures and replaced them in her work-basket, and straightened the rug. Then she set the lamp on the floor, and began sharply examining the carpet. She even rubbed her fingers over it, and looked at them.

"He's tracked in a good deal of dust," she murmured. "I thought he must have."

Louisa got a dust-pan and brush, and swept Joe Dagget's track carefully.

If he could have known it, it would have increased his perplexity and uneasiness, although it would not have disturbed his loyalty in the least. He came twice a week to see Louisa Ellis, and every time, sitting there in her delicately sweet room, he felt as if surrounded by a hedge of lace. He was afraid to stir lest he should put a clumsy foot or hand through the fairy web, and he had always the

consciousness that Louisa was watching fearfully lest he should.

Still the lace and Louisa commanded perforce his perfect respect and patience and loyalty. They were to be married in a month, after a singular courtship which had lasted for a matter of fifteen years. For fourteen out of the fifteen years the two had not once seen each other, and they had seldom exchanged letters. Joe had been all those years in Australia, where he had gone to make his fortune, and where he had stayed until he made it. He would have stayed fifty years if it had taken so long, and come home feeble and tottering, or never come home at all, to marry Louisa.

But the fortune had been made in the fourteen years, and he had come home now to marry the woman who had been patiently and unquestioningly waiting for him all that time.

Shortly after they were engaged he had announced to Louisa his determination to strike out into new fields, and secure a competency before they should be married. She had listened and assented with the sweet serenity which never failed her, not even when her lover set forth on that long and uncertain journey. Joe, buoyed up as he was by his sturdy determination, broke down a little at the last, but Louisa kissed him with a mild blush, and said good-bye.

"It won't be for long," poor Joe had said, huskily; but it was for fourteen years.

In that length of time much had happened. Louisa's mother and brother had died, and she was all alone in the world. But greatest happening of all—a subtle happening which both were too simple to understand—Louisa's feet had turned into a path, smooth maybe under a calm, serene sky, but so straight and unswerving that it could only meet a check at her grave, and so narrow that there was no room for any one at her side.

Louisa's first emotion when Joe Dagget came home (he had not apprised her of his coming) was consternation, although she would not admit it to herself, and he never dreamed of it. Fifteen years ago she had been in love with him,—at least she considered herself to be. Just at that time, gently acquiescing with and falling into the natural drift of girlhood, she had seen marriage ahead as a reasonable feature and a probable desirability of life. She had listened with calm docility to her mother's views upon the subject. Her mother was remarkable for her cool sense and sweet, even temperament. She talked wisely to her daughter when Joe Dagget presented himself, and Louisa accepted him with no hesitation. He was the first lover she had ever had.

She had been faithful to him all these years. She had never dreamed of the possibility of marrying any one else. Her life, especially for the last seven years, had been full of a pleasant peace, she had never felt discontented nor impatient over her lover's absence; still she had always looked forward to his return and their marriage as the inevitable conclusion of things. However, she had fallen into a way of placing it so far in the future that it was almost equal to placing it over the boundaries of another life.

When Joe came she had been expecting him, and expecting to be married for fourteen years, but she was as much surprised and taken aback as if she had never thought of it.

Joe's consternation came later. He eyed Louisa with an instant confirmation of his old admiration. She had changed but little. She still kept her pretty manner and soft grace, and was, he considered, every whit as attractive as ever. As for himself, his stent was done; he had turned his face away from fortune-seeking, and the old winds of

romance whistled as loud and sweet as ever through his ears. All the song which he had been wont to hear in them was Louisa; he had for a long time a loyal belief that he heard it still, but finally it seemed to him that although the winds sang always that one song, it had another name. But for Louisa the wind had never more than murmured; now it had gone down, and everything was still. She listened for a little while with half-wistful attention; then she turned quietly away and went to work on her wedding-clothes.

Joe had made some extensive and quite magnificent alterations in his house. It was the old homestead; the newly married couple would live there, for Joe could not desert his mother, who refused to leave her old home. So Louisa must leave hers. Every morning, rising and going about among her neat maidenly possessions, she felt as one looking her last upon the faces of dear friends. It was true that in a measure she could take them with her, but, robbed of their old environments, they would appear in such new guises that they would almost cease to be themselves. Then there were some peculiar features of her happy solitary life which she would probably be obliged to relinquish altogether. Sterner tasks than these graceful but half-needless ones would probably devolve upon her. There would be a large house to care for; there would be company to entertain; there would be Joe's rigorous and feeble old mother to wait upon; and it would be contrary to all thrifty village traditions for her to keep more than one servant. Louisa had a little still, and she used to occupy herself pleasantly in summer weather with distilling the sweet and aromatic essences from roses and peppermint and spearmint. By-and-by her still must be laid away. Her store of essences was already considerable, and there would be no time for her to distil for the mere

pleasure of it. Then Joe's mother would think it foolishness; she had already hinted her opinion in the matter. Louisa dearly loved to sew a linen seam, not always for use, but for the simple, mild pleasure which she took in it. She would have been loath to confess how more than once she had ripped a seam for the mere delight of sewing it together again. Sitting at her window during long sweet afternoons, drawing her needle gently through the dainty fabric, she was peace itself. But there was small chance of such foolish comfort in the future. Joe's mother, domineering, shrewd old matron that she was even in her old age, and very likely even Joe himself, with his honest masculine rudeness, would laugh and frown down all these pretty but senseless old-maiden ways.

Louisa had almost the enthusiasm of an artist over the mere order and cleanliness of her solitary home. She had throbs of genuine triumph at the sight of the window-panes which she had polished until they shone like jewels. She gloated gently over her orderly bureau-drawers, with their exquisitely folded contents redolent with lavender and sweet clover and very purity. Could she be sure of the endurance of even this? She had visions, so startling that she half repudiated them as indelicate, of coarse masculine belongings strewn about in endless litter; of dust and disorder arising necessarily from a coarse masculine presence in the midst of all this delicate harmony.

Among her forebodings of disturbance, not the least was with regard to Cæsar. Cæsar was a veritable hermit of a dog. For the greater part of his life he had dwelt in his secluded hut, shut out from the society of his kind and all innocent canine joys. Never had Cæsar since his early youth watched at a woodchuck's hole; never had he known the delights of a stray bone at a neighbor's kitchen door. And it was all on account of a sin committed when hardly

out of his puppyhood. No one knew the possible depth of remorse of which this mild-visaged, altogether innocent-looking old dog might be capable; but whether or not he had encountered remorse, he had encountered a full measure of righteous retribution. Old Cæsar seldom lifted up his voice in a growl or a bark; he was fat and sleepy; there were yellow rings which looked like spectacles around his dim old eyes; but there was a neighbor who bore on his hand the imprint of several of Cæsar's sharp, white, youthful teeth, and for that he had lived at the end of a chain, all alone in a little hut, for fourteen years. The neighbor, who was choleric and smarting with the pain of his wound, had demanded either Cæsar's death or complete ostracism. So Louisa's brother, to whom the dog had belonged, had built him his little kennel and tied him up. It was now fourteen years since, in a flood of youthful spirits, he had inflicted that memorable bite, and with the exception of short excursions, always at the end of the chain, under the strict guardianship of his master or Louisa, the old dog had remained a close prisoner. It is doubtful if, with his limited ambition, he took much pride in the fact, but it is certain that he was possessed of considerable cheap fame. He was regarded by all the children in the village and by many adults as a very monster of ferocity. St. George's dragon could hardly have surpassed in evil repute Louisa Ellis's old yellow dog. Mothers charged their children with solemn emphasis not to go too near to him, and the children listened and believed greedily, with a fascinated appetite for terror, and ran by Louisa's house stealthily, with many sidelong and backward glances at the terrible dog. If perchance he sounded a hoarse bark, there was a panic. Wayfarers chancing into Louisa's yard eyed him with respect, and inquired if the chain were stout. Cæsar at large might have seemed a very ordinary

dog, and excited no comment whatever; chained, his reputation overshadowed him, so that he lost his own proper outlines and looked darkly vague and enormous. Joe Dagget, however, with his good-humored sense and shrewdness, saw him as he was. He strode valiantly up to him and patted him on the head, in spite of Louisa's soft clamor of warning, and even attempted to set him loose. Louisa grew so alarmed that he desisted, but kept announcing his opinion in the matter quite forcibly at intervals. "There ain't a better-natured dog in town," he would say, "and it's downright cruel to keep him tied up there. Some day I'm going to take him out."

Louisa had very little hope that he would not, one of these days, when their interests and possessions should be more completely fused in one. She pictured to herself Cæsar on the rampage through the quiet and unguarded village. She saw innocent children bleeding in his path. She was herself very fond of the old dog, because he had belonged to her dead brother, and he was always very gentle with her; still she had great faith in his ferocity. She always warned people not to go too near him. She fed him on ascetic fare of corn-mush and cakes, and never fired his dangerous temper with heating and sanguinary diet of flesh and bones. Louisa looked at the old dog munching his simple fare, and thought of her approaching marriage and trembled. Still no anticipation of disorder and confusion in lieu of sweet peace and harmony, no forebodings of Cæsar on the rampage, no wild fluttering of her little yellow canary, were sufficient to turn her a hair's-breadth. Joe Dagget had been fond of her and working for her all these years. It was not for her, whatever came to pass, to prove untrue and break his heart. She put the exquisite little stitches into her wedding-garments, and the time went on until it was only a week before her

wedding-day. It was a Tuesday evening, and the wedding was to be a week from Wednesday.

There was a full moon that night. About nine o'clock Louisa strolled down the road a little way. There were harvest-fields on either hand, bordered by low stone walls. Luxuriant clumps of bushes grew beside the wall, and trees—wild cherry and old apple trees—at intervals. Presently Louisa sat down on the wall and looked about her with mildly sorrowful reflectiveness. Tall shrubs of blueberry and meadow-sweet, all woven together and tangled with blackberry vines and horsebriers, shut her in on either side. She had a little clear space between them. Opposite her, on the other side of the road, was a spreading tree; the moon shone between its boughs, and the leaves twinkled like silver. The road was bespread with a beautiful shifting dapple of silver and shadow; the air was full of a mysterious sweetness. "I wonder if it's wild grapes?" murmured Louisa. She sat there some time. She was just thinking of rising, when she heard footsteps and low voices, and remained quiet. It was a lonely place, and she felt a little timid. She thought she would keep still in the shadow and let the persons, whoever they might be, pass her.

But just before they reached her the voices ceased, and the footsteps. She understood that their owners had also found seats upon the stone wall. She was wondering if she could not steal away unobserved, when the voice broke the stillness. It was Joe Dagget's. She sat still and listened.

The voice was announced by a loud sigh, which was as familiar as itself. "Well," said Dagget, "you've made up your mind, then, I suppose?"

"Yes," returned another voice; "I'm going day after to-morrow."

"That's Lily Dyer," thought Louisa to herself. The

voice embodied itself in her mind. She saw a girl tall and full-figured, with a firm, fair face, looking fairer and firmer in the moonlight, her strong yellow hair braided in a close knot. A girl full of a calm rustic strength and bloom, with a masterful way which might have beseemed a princess. Lily Dyer was a favorite with the village folk; she had just the qualities to arouse the admiration. She was good and handsome and smart. Louisa had often heard her praises sounded.

"Well," said Joe Dagget, "I ain't got a word to say."

"I don't know what you could say," returned Lily Dyer.

"Not a word to say," repeated Joe, drawing out the words heavily. Then there was a silence. "I ain't sorry," he began at last, "that that happened yesterday—that we kind of let on how we felt to each other. I guess it's just as well we knew. Of course, I can't do anything any different. I'm going right on an' get married next week. I ain't going back on a woman that's waited for me fourteen years, an' break her heart."

"If you should jilt her to-morrow, I wouldn't have you," spoke up the girl, with sudden vehemence.

"Well, I ain't going to give you the chance," said he; "but I don't believe you would, either."

"You'd see I wouldn't. Honor's honor, an' right's right. An' I'd never think anything of any man that went against 'em for me or any other girl; you'd find that out, Joe Dagget."

"Well, you'll find out fast enough that I ain't going against 'em for you or any other girl," returned he. Their voices sounded almost as if they were angry with each other. Louisa was listening eagerly.

"I'm sorry you feel as if you must go away," said Joe, "but I don't know but it's best,"

"Of course it's best. I hope you and I have got common-sense."

"Well, I suppose you're right." Suddenly Joe's voice got an undertone of tenderness. "Say, Lily," said he, "I'll get along well enough myself, but I can't bear to think—You don't suppose you're going to fret much over it?"

"I guess you'll find out I sha'n't fret much over a married man."

"Well, I hope you won't—I hope you won't, Lily. God knows I do. And—I hope—one of these days—you'll—come across somebody else—"

"I don't see any reason why I shouldn't." Suddenly her tone changed. She spoke in a sweet, clear voice, so loud that she could have been heard across the street. "No, Joe Dagget," said she, "I'll never marry any other man as long as I live. I've got good sense, an' I ain't going to break my heart nor make a fool of myself; but I'm never going to be married, you can be sure of that. I ain't that sort of a girl to feel this way twice."

Louisa heard an exclamation and a soft commotion behind the bushes; then Lily spoke again—the voice sounded as if she had risen. "This must be put a stop to," said she. "We've stayed here long enough. I'm going home."

Louisa sat there in a daze, listening to their retreating steps. After a while she got up and slunk softly home herself. The next day she did her housework methodically; that was as much a matter of course as breathing; but she did not sew on her wedding-clothes. She sat at her window and meditated. In the evening Joe came. Louisa Ellis had never known that she had any diplomacy in her, but when she came to look for it that night she found it, although meek of its kind, among her little feminine weapons. Even now she could hardly believe that she had heard aright, and that she would not do Joe

a terrible injury should she break her troth-plight. She wanted to sound him without betraying too soon her own inclinations in the matter. She did it successfully, and they finally came to an understanding; but it was a difficult thing, for he was as afraid of betraying himself as she.

She never mentioned Lily Dyer. She simply said that while she had no cause of complaint against him, she had lived so long in one way that she shrank from making a change.

"Well, I never shrank, Louisa," said Dagget. "I'm going to be honest enough to say that I think maybe it's better this way; but if you'd wanted to keep on, I'd have stuck to you till my dying day. I hope you know that."

"Yes, I do," said she.

That night she and Joe parted more tenderly than they had done for a long time. Standing in the door, holding each other's hands, a last great wave of regretful memory swept over them.

"Well, this ain't the way we've thought it was all going to end, is it, Louisa?" said Joe.

She shook her head. There was a little quiver on her placid face.

"You let me know if there's ever anything I can do for you," said he. "I ain't ever going to forget you, Louisa." Then he kissed her, and went down the path.

Louisa, all alone by herself that night, wept a little, she hardly knew why; but the next morning, on waking, she felt like a queen who, after fearing lest her domain be wrested away from her, sees it firmly insured in her possession.

Now the tall weeds and grasses might cluster around Cæsar's little hermit hut, the snow might fall on its roof year in and year out, but he never would go on a rampage through the unguarded village. Now the little canary

might turn itself into a peaceful yellow ball night after night, and have no need to wake and flutter with wild terror against its bars. Louisa could sew linen seams, and distil roses, and dust and polish and fold away in lavender, as long as she listed. That afternoon she sat with her needle-work at the window, and felt fairly steeped in peace. Lily Dyer, tall and erect and blooming, went past; but she felt no qualm. If Louisa Ellis had sold her birthright she did not know it, the taste of the pottage was so delicious, and had been her sole satisfaction for so long. Serenity and placid narrowness had become to her as the birthright itself. She gazed ahead through a long reach of future days strung together like pearls in a rosary, every one like the others, and all smooth and flawless and innocent, and her heart went up in thankfulness. Outside was the fervid summer afternoon; the air was filled with the sounds of the busy harvest of men and birds and bees; there were halloos, metallic clatterings, sweet calls, and long hummings. Louisa sat, prayerfully numbering her days, like an uncloistered nun.

VII

A PRAIRIE VAGABOND

BY

Gilbert Parker

A PRAIRIE VAGABOND¹

Gilbert Parker

LITTLE HAMMER was not a success. He was a disappointment to the missionaries; the officials of the Hudson's Bay Company said he was "no good"; the Mounted Police kept an eye on him; the Crees and Blackfeet would have nothing to do with him; and the half-breeds were profane regarding him. But Little Hammer was oblivious to any depreciation of his merits, and would not be suppressed. He loved the Hudson's Bay Company's Post at Yellow Quill with an unwavering love; he ranged the half-breed hospitality of Red Deer River, regardless of it being thrown at him as he in turn threw it at his dog; he saluted Sergeant Gellatly with a familiar *How!* whenever he saw him; he borrowed *tabac* of the half-breed women, and, strange to say, paid it back—with other *tabac* got by daily petition, until his prayer was granted, at the H. B. C. Post. He knew neither shame nor defeat, but where women were concerned he kept his word, and was singularly humble. It was a woman that induced him to be baptized. The day after the ceremony he begged "the loan of a dollar for the love of God" from the missionary; and being refused, straightway, and for the only time it was known of him, delivered a rumbling torrent of half-breed profanity, mixed with the unusual oaths of the bar-

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racks. Then he walked away with great humility. There was no swagger about Little Hammer. He was simply unquenchable and continuous. He sometimes got drunk; but on such occasions he sat down, or lay down, in the most convenient place, and, like Cæsar beside Pompey's statue, wrapped his mantle about his face and forgot the world. He was a vagabond Indian, abandoned yet self-contained, outcast yet gregarious. No social ostracism unnerved him, no threats of the H. B. C. officials moved him; and when in the winter of 1876 he was driven from one place to another, starving and homeless, and came at last emaciated and nearly dead to the Post at Yellow Quill, he asked for food and shelter as if it were his right, and not as a mendicant.

One night, shortly after his reception and restoration, he was sitting in the store, silently smoking the Company's *tabac*. Sergeant Gellatly entered. Little Hammer rose, offered his hand, and muttered, "*How!*"

The Sergeant thrust his hand aside, and said sharply: "Whin I take y'r hand, Little Hammer, it 'll be to put a grip on y'r wrists that 'll stay there till y'are in quarters out of which y'll come nayther winter nor summer. Put that in y'r pipe and smoke it, y' scamp!"

Little Hammer had a bad time at the Post that night. Lounging half-breeds reviled him; the H. B. C. officials rebuked him; and travellers who were coming and going shared in the derision, as foolish people do where one is brow-beaten by many. At last a trapper entered, whom seeing, Little Hammer drew his blanket up about his head. The trapper sat down very near Little Hammer, and began to smoke. He laid his *plug-tabac* and his knife on the counter beside him. Little Hammer reached over and took the knife, putting it swiftly within his blanket. The trapper saw the act, and, turning sharply on the Indian,

called him a thief. Little Hammer chuckled strangely and said nothing; but his eyes peered sharply above the blanket. A laugh went round the store. In an instant the trapper, with a loud oath, caught at the Indian's throat; but as the blanket dropped back he gave a startled cry. There was the flash of a knife, and he fell back dead. Little Hammer stood above him, smiling, for a moment, and then, turning to Sergeant Gellatly, held out his arms silently for the handcuffs.

The next day two men were lost on the prairies. One was Sergeant Gellatly; the other was Little Hammer. The horses they rode travelled so close that the leg of the Indian crowded the leg of the white man; and the wilder the storm grew, the closer still they rode. A *poudre* day, with its steely air and fatal frost, was an ill thing in the world; but these entangling blasts, these wild curtains of snow, were desolating even unto death. The sun above was smothered; the earth beneath was trackless; the compass stood for loss all round.

What could Sergeant Gellatly expect, riding with a murderer on his left hand: a heathen that had sent a knife through the heart of one of the lords of the North? What should the gods do but frown, or the elements be at, but howling on their path? What should one hope for but that vengeance should be taken out of the hands of mortals, and be delivered to the angry spirits?

But if the gods were angry at the Indian, why should Sergeant Gellatly only sway to and fro, and now laugh recklessly, and now fall sleepily forward on the neck of his horse; while the Indian rode straight, and neither wavered nor wandered in mind, but at last slipped from his horse and walked beside the other? It was at this moment that the soldier heard, "Sergeant Gellatly, Sergeant Gellatly," called through the blast; and he thought

it came from the skies, or from some other world. "Me darlin'," he said, "have y' come to me?" But the voice called again: "Sergeant Gellatly, keep awake! keep awake! You sleep, you die; that's it. Holy. Yes. *How!*" Then he knew that it was Little Hammer calling in his ear, and shaking him; that the Indian was dragging him from his horse . . . his revolver, where was it? he had forgotten . . . he nodded . . . nodded. But little Hammer said: "Walk, hell! you walk, yes"; and Little Hammer struck him again and again; but one arm of the Indian was under his shoulder and around him, and the voice was anxious and kind. Slowly it came to him that Little Hammer was keeping him alive against the will of the spirits—but why should they strike him instead of the Indian? Was there any sun in the world? Had there ever been? or fire or heat anywhere, or anything but wind and snow in all God's universe? . . . Yes, there were bells ringing—soft bells of a village church; and there was incense burning—most sweet it was! and the coals in the censer—how beautiful! how comforting! He laughed with joy again, and he forgot how cold, how maliciously cold, he had been; he forgot how dreadful that hour was before he became warm; when he was pierced by myriad needles through the body, and there was an incredible aching at his heart.

And yet something kept thundering on his body, and a harsh voice shrieked at him, and there were many lights dancing over his shut eyes; and then curtains of darkness were dropped, and centuries of oblivion came, and his eyes opened to a comforting silence, and some one was putting brandy between his teeth, and after a time he heard a voice say: "*Bien*, you see he was a murderer, but he save his captor. *Voilà*, such a heathen! But you will, all the same, bring him to justice—you call it that. But we shall see."

Then some one replied, and the words passed through an outer web of darkness and an inner haze of dreams. "The feet of Little Hammer were like wood on the floor when you brought the two in, Pretty Pierre—and lucky for them you found them. . . . The thing would read right in a book, but it's not according to the run of things up here, not by a damned sight!"

"Private Bradshaw," said the first voice again, "you do not know Little Hammer, nor that story of him. You wait for the trial. I have something to say. You think Little Hammer care for the prison, the rope?—Ah, when a man wait five years to kill—so! and it is done, he is glad sometimes when it is all over. Sergeant Gellatly there will wish he went to sleep forever in the snow, if Little Hammer come to the rope. Yes, I think."

And Sergeant Gellatly's brain was so numbed that he did not grasp the meaning of the words, though he said them over and over again. . . . Was he dead? No, for his body was beating, beating . . . well, it didn't matter . . . nothing mattered . . . he was sinking to forgetfulness . . . sinking.

So, for hours, for weeks—it might have been for years—and then he woke, clear and knowing, to "the unnatural, intolerable day"—it was that to him, with Little Hammer in prison. It was March when his memory and vigor vanished; it was May when he grasped the full remembrance of himself, and of that fight for life on the prairie; of the hands that smote him that he should not sleep; of Little Hammer the slayer, who had driven death back discomfited, and brought his captor safe to where his own captivity and punishment awaited him.

When Sergeant Gellatly appeared in court at the trial he refused to bear witness against Little Hammer. "D'ye think—does wan av y' think—that I'll spake a word agin

the man—haythen or no haythen—that pulled me out of me tomb and put me betune the barrack quilts? Here's the stripes aff me arm, and to jail I'll go; but for what wint before I clapt the iron on his wrists, good or avil, divil a word will I say. An' here's me left hand, and there's me right fut, and an eye of me too, that I'd part with, for the cause of him that's done a trick that your honor wouldn't do—an' no shame to y' aither—an' y'd been where Little Hammer was with me."

His honor did not reply immediately, but he looked meditatively at Little Hammer before he said quietly,—
"Perhaps not, perhaps not."

And Little Hammer, thinking he was expected to speak, drew his blanket up closely about him and grunted, "*How!*"

Pretty Pierre, the notorious half-breed, was then called. He kissed the Book, making the sign of the Cross swiftly as he did so, and unheeding the ironical, if hesitating, laughter in the court. Then he said: "*Bien*, I will tell you the story: the whole truth. I was in the Stony Plains. Little Hammer was 'good Injin' then. . . . Yes, *sacré!* it is a fool who smiles at that. I have kissed the Book. Dam! . . . He would be chief soon when old Two Tails die. He was proud, then, Little Hammer. He go not to the Post for drink; he sell not next year's furs for this year's rations; he shoot straight."

Here Little Hammer stood up and said: "There is too much talk. Let me be. It is all done. The sun is set—I care not—I have killed him"; and then he drew his blanket about his face and sat down.

But Pierre continued: "Yes, you killed him—quick, after five years—that is so; but you will not speak to say why. Then, I will speak. The Injins say Little Hammer will be great man; he will bring the tribes together; and all the time Little Hammer was strong and silent and wise.

Then Brigley the trapper—well, he was a thief and coward. He come to Little Hammer and say: ‘I am hungry and tired.’ Little Hammer give him food and sleep. He go away. *Bien*, he come back and say,—‘It is far to go; I have no horse.’ So Little Hammer give him a horse too. Then he come back once again in the night when Little Hammer was away, and before morning he go; but when Little Hammer return, there lay his bride—only an Injin girl, but his bride—dead! You see? Eh? No? Well, the Captain at the Post he says it was the same as Lucrece. —I say it was like hell. It is not much to kill or to die—that is in the game; but that other, *mon Dieu!* Little Hammer, you see how he hide his head: not because he kill the Tarquin, that Brigley, but because he is a poor *vaurien* now, and he once was happy and had a wife. . . . What would you do, judge honorable? . . . Little Hammer, I shake your hand—so!—*How!*”

But Little Hammer made no reply.

The judge sentenced Little Hammer to one month in jail. He might have made it one thousand months—it would have been the same; for when, on the last morning of that month, they opened the door to set him free, he was gone! That is, the Little Hammer whom the high gods knew was gone; though an ill-nourished, self-strangled body was upright by the wall. The vagabond had paid his penalty, but desired no more of earth.

Upon the door was scratched the one word:

How!

VIII

THE HOUSE OPPOSITE

BY

Anthony Hope

THE HOUSE OPPOSITE ¹

Anthony Hope

WE were talking over the sad case of young Algy Groom; I was explaining to Mrs. Hilary exactly what had happened.

"His father gave him," said I, "a hundred pounds, to keep him for three months in Paris while he learnt French."

"And very liberal too," said Mrs. Hilary.

"It depends where you dine," said I. "However, that question did not arise, for Algy went to the Grand Prix the day after he arrived—"

"A *horse-race*?" asked Mrs. Hilary, with great contempt.

"Certainly the competitors are horses," I rejoined.

"And there he, most unfortunately, lost the whole sum, without learning any French to speak of."

"How disgusting!" exclaimed Mrs. Hilary, and little Miss Phyllis gasped in horror.

"Oh, well," said Hilary, with much bravery (as it struck me), "his father's very well off."

"That doesn't make it a bit better," declared his wife.

"There's no mortal sin in a little betting, my dear. Boys will be boys—"

"And even that," I interposed, "wouldn't matter if we could only prevent girls from being girls."

Mrs. Hilary, taking no notice whatever of me, pro-

¹ From *The Dolly Dialogues*. Copyright, 1901, by Robert Howard Russell. Harper & Brothers, publishers.

nounced sentence. "He grossly deceived his father," she said, and took up her embroidery.

"Most of us have grossly deceived our parents before now," said I. "We should all have to confess to something of the sort."

"I hope you're speaking for your own sex," observed Mrs. Hilary.

"Not more than yours," said I. "You used to meet Hilary on the pier when your father wasn't there—you told me so."

"Father had authorized my acquaintance with Hilary."

"I hate quibbles," said I.

There was a pause. Mrs. Hilary stitched: Hilary observed that the day was fine.

"Now," I pursued carelessly, "even Miss Phyllis here has been known to deceive her parents."

"Oh, let the poor child alone, anyhow," said Mrs. Hilary.

"Haven't you?" said I to Miss Phyllis.

I expected an indignant denial. So did Mrs. Hilary, for she remarked with a sympathetic air:

"Never mind his folly, Phyllis dear."

"Haven't you, Miss Phyllis?" said I.

Miss Phyllis grew very red. Fearing that I was causing her pain, I was about to observe on the prospects of a Dissolution when a shy smile spread over Miss Phyllis's face.

"Yes, once," said she, with a timid glance at Mrs. Hilary, who immediately laid down her embroidery.

"Out with it!" I cried triumphantly. "Come along, Miss Phyllis. We won't tell, honor bright!"

Miss Phyllis looked again at Mrs. Hilary. Mrs. Hilary is human.

"Well, Phyllis dear," said she, "after all this time I shouldn't think it my duty—"

"It only happened last summer," said Miss Phyllis. Mrs. Hilary looked rather put out.

"Still," she began.

"We must have the story," said I.

Little Miss Phyllis put down the sock she had been knitting.

"I was very naughty," she remarked. "It was my last term at school."

"I know that age," said I to Hilary.

"My window looked out toward the street. You're sure you won't tell? Well, there was a house opposite—"

"And a young man in it," said I.

"How did you know that?" asked Miss Phyllis, blushing immensely.

"No girls' school can keep up its numbers without one," I explained.

"Well, there was, anyhow," said Miss Phyllis. "And I and two other girls went to a course of lectures at the Town Hall on literature or something of that kind. We used to have a shilling given us for our tickets."

"Precisely," said I. "A hundred pounds!"

"No, a shilling," corrected Miss Phyllis. "A hundred pounds! How absurd, Mr. Carter! Well, one day I—I—"

"You're sure you wish to go on, Phyllis?" asked Mrs. Hilary.

"You're afraid, Mrs. Hilary," said I, severely.

"Nonsense, Mr. Carter. I thought Phyllis might—"

"I don't mind going on," said Miss Phyllis, smiling.

"One day I—I lost the other girls."

"The other girls are always easy to lose," I observed.

"And on the way there,—oh, you know, he went to the lectures."

"The young dog," said I, nudging Hilary. "I should think he did!"

"On the way there it became rather—rather foggy."

"Blessings on it!" I cried; for little Miss Phyllis's demure but roguish expression delighted me.

"And he—he found me in the fog."

"What are you doing, Mr. Carter?" cried Mrs. Hilary, angrily.

"Nothing, nothing," said I. I believe I had winked at Hilary.

"And—and we couldn't find the Town Hall."

"Oh, Phyllis!" groaned Mrs. Hilary.

Little Miss Phyllis looked alarmed for a moment. Then she smiled.

"But we found the confectioner's," said she.

"The *Grand Prix*," said I, pointing my forefinger at Hilary.

"He had no money at all," said Miss Phyllis.

"It's ideal!" said I.

"And—and we had tea on—on—"

"The shilling?" I cried in rapture.

"Yes," said little Miss Phyllis, "on the shilling. And he saw me home."

"Details, please," said I.

Little Miss Phyllis shook her head.

"And left me at the door."

"Was it still foggy?" I asked.

"Yes. Or he wouldn't have—"

"Now what did he—?"

"Come to the door, Mr. Carter," said Miss Phyllis, with obvious wariness. "Oh, it was such fun!"

"I'm sure it was."

"No, I mean when we were examined in the lectures. I bought the local paper, you know, and read it up, and I got top marks easily, and Miss Green wrote to mother to say how well I had done."

"It all ends most satisfactorily," I observed.

"Yes, didn't it?" said little Miss Phyllis.

Mrs. Hilary was grave again.

"And you never told your mother, Phyllis!" she asked.

"N-no, Cousin Mary," said Miss Phyllis.

I rose and stood with my back to the fire. Little Miss Phyllis took up her sock again, but a smile still played about the corners of her mouth.

"I wonder," said I, looking up at the ceiling, "what happened at the door." Then, as no one spoke, I added:

"Pooh! I know what happened at the door."

"I'm not going to tell you anything more," said Miss Phyllis.

"But I should like to hear it in your own—"

Miss Phyllis was gone! She had suddenly risen and run from the room.

"It did happen at the door," said I.

"Fancy Phyllis!" mused Mrs. Hilary.

"I hope," said I, "that it will be a lesson to you."

"I shall have to keep my eye on her," said Mrs. Hilary.

"You can't do it," said I, in easy confidence. I had no fear of little Miss Phyllis being done out of her recreations. "Meanwhile," I pursued, "the important thing is this: my parallel is obvious and complete."

"There's not the least likeness," said Mrs. Hilary, sharply.

"As a hundred pounds are to a shilling, so is the Grand Prix to the young man opposite," I observed, taking my hat, and holding out my hand to Mrs. Hilary.

"I am very angry with you," she said. "You've made the child think there was nothing wrong in it."

"Oh! nonsense," said I. "Look how she enjoyed telling it."

Then, not heeding Mrs. Hilary, I launched into an apostrophe.

"O divine House Opposite!" I cried. "Charming House Opposite! What is a man's own dull uneventful home compared with that Glorious House Opposite! If only I might dwell forever in the House Opposite!"

"I haven't the least notion what you mean," remarked Mrs. Hilary, stiffly. "I suppose it's something silly—or worse."

I looked at her in some puzzle.

"Have you no longing for the House Opposite?" I asked.

Mrs. Hilary looked at me. Her eyes ceased to be absolutely blank. She put her arm through Hilary's and answered gently:

"I don't want the House Opposite."

"Ah," said I, giving my hat a brush, "but maybe you remember the House—when it was Opposite?"

Mrs. Hilary, one arm still in Hilary's, gave me her hand. She blushed and smiled.

"Well," said she, "it was your fault: so I won't scold Phyllis."

"No, don't, my dear," said Hilary, with a laugh.

As for me, I went down-stairs, and, in absence of mind, bade my cabman drive to the House Opposite. But I have never got there.

IX

THE DRAWN BLIND

BY

A. T. Quiller-Couch

THE DRAWN BLIND¹

A. T. Quiller-Couch

SILVER trumpets sounded a flourish, and the javelin-men came pacing down Tregarriek Fore Street, with the sheriff's coach swinging behind them, its panels splendid with fresh blue paint and florid blazonry. Its wheels were picked out with yellow, and this scheme of color extended to the coachman and the two lackeys, who held on at the back by leathern straps. Each wore a coat and breeches of electric blue, with a canary waistcoat, and was toned off with powder and flesh-colored stockings at the extremities. Within the coach, and facing the horses, sat the two judges of the Crown Court and *Nisi Prius*, both in scarlet, with full wigs and little round patches of black plaster, like ventilators, on top; facing their lordships sat Sir Felix Felix-Williams, the sheriff, in a tightish uniform of the yeomanry with a great shako nodding on his knees, and a chaplain bolt upright by his side. Behind trooped a rabble of loafers and small boys, who shouted, "Who bleeds bran?" till the lackeys' calves itched with indignation.

I was standing in the archway of the Packhorse Inn, among the maids and stable-boys gathered to see the pageant pass on its way to hear the Assize sermon. And standing there, I was witness of a little incident that seemed to escape the rest.

¹ From *The Delectable Duchy*. Copyright, 1898, by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

At the moment when the trumpets rang out, a very old woman, in a blue camlet cloak, came hobbling out of a grocer's shop some twenty yards up the pavement, and tottered down ahead of the procession as fast as her decrepit legs would move. There was no occasion for hurrying to avoid the crowd; for the javelin-men had barely rounded the corner of the long street, and were taking the goose-step very seriously and deliberately. But she went by the Packhorse doorway as if swift horsemen were after her, clutching the camlet cloak across her bosom, glancing over her shoulder, and working her lips inaudibly. I could not help remarking the position of her right arm. She held it bent exactly as though she held an infant to her old breast, and shielded it while she ran.

A few paces beyond the inn-door she halted on the edge of the kerb, flung another look up the street, and darted across the roadway. There stood a little shop—a watch-maker's—just opposite, and next to the shop a small ope with one dingy window over it. She vanished up the passage, at the entrance of which I was still staring idly, when, half a minute later, a skinny trembling hand appeared at the window and drew down the blind.

I looked round at the men and maids; but their eyes were all for the pageant, now not a stone's-throw away.

"Who is that old woman?" I asked, touching Caleb, the head ostler, on the shoulder.

Caleb—a small bandy-legged man, with a chin full of furrows, and the furrows full of gray stubble—withdrew his gaze grudgingly from the sheriff's coach.

"What woman?"

"She that went by a moment since."

"She in the blue cloak, d'ee mean?—an old, ancient, wisht-lookin' body?"

"Yes."

"A timmersome woman, like?"

"That's it."

"Well, her name's Cordely Pinsent."

The procession reclaimed his attention. He received a passing wink from the charioteer, caught it on the volley and returned it with a solemn face; or, rather, the wink seemed to rebound as from a blank wall. As the crowd closed in upon the circumstance of Justice, he turned to me again, spat, and went on—

"—Cordely Pinsent, widow of old Key Pinsent, that was tailor to all the grandees in the county so far back as I can mind. She's eighty-odd; eighty-five if a day. I can just mind Key Pinsent—a great, red, rory-cum-tory chap, with a high stock and a wig like King George—'my royal patron' he called 'en, havin' by some means got leave to hoist the king's arms over his door. Such mighty portly manners, too—Oh, very spacious, I assure 'ee! Simme I can see the old Trojan now, with his white weskit bulgin' out across his doorway like a shop-front hung wi' jewels. Gout killed 'en. I went to his buryin'; such a stretch of experience does a young man get by time he reaches my age. God bless your heart alive, I can mind when they were hung for forgery!"

"Who were hung?"

"People," he answered vaguely; "and young Willie Pinsent."

"This woman's son?"

"Ay, her son—her ewe-lamb of a child. 'Tis very seldom brought up agen her now, poor soul! She's so very old that folks forgits about it. Do 'ee see her window yonder, over the ope?"

He was pointing across to the soiled white blind that still looked blankly over the street, its lower edge caught up at one corner by a dusty geranium.

"I saw her pull it down."

"Ah, you would if you was lookin' that way. I've a-seed her do 't a score o' times. Well, when the gout reached Key Pinsent's stomach and he went off like the snuff of a candle at the age of forty-two, she was left unprovided, with a son of thirteen to maintain or go 'pon the parish. She was a Menhennick, tho', from t'other side o' the Duchy—a very proud family—and didn't mean to dip the knee to nobody, and all the less because she'd demeaned hersel', to start with, by wedding a tailor. But Key Pinsent by all allowance was handsome as blazes, and well-informed up to a point that he read Shakespeare for the mere pleasure o't.

"Well, she sold up the stock-in-trade an' hired a couple o' rooms—the self-same rooms you see: and then she ate less'n a mouse an' took in needle-work, plain an' fancy: for a lot o' the gentry's wives round the neighborhood befriended her—though they had to be sly an' hide that they meant it for a favor, or she'd ha' snapped their heads off. An' all the while, she was teachin' her boy and tellin' 'en, whatever happened, to remember he was a gentleman, an' lovin' 'en with all the strength of a desolate woman.

"This Willie Pinsent was a comely boy, too: handsome as old Key, an' quick at his books. He'd a bold masterful way, bein' proud as ever his mother was, an' well knowin' there wasn' his match in Tregarrick for head-work. Such a beautiful hand he wrote! When he was barely turned sixteen they gave 'en a place in Gregory's bank—Wilkins an' Gregory it was in those aged times. He still lived home wi' his mother, rentin' a room extra out of his earnin's, and turnin' one of the bedrooms into a parlor. That's the very room you're lookin' at. And when any father in Tregarrick had a bone to pick with his sons, he'd advise 'em to take example by young Pinsent—'so clever and

good, too, there was no tellin' what he mightn't come to in time.'

"Well-a-well, to cut it short, the lad was too clever. It came out, after, that he'd took to bettin' his employers' money agen the rich men up at the Royal Exchange. An' the upshot was that one evenin', while he was drinkin' tea with his mother in his lovin', light-hearted way, in walks a brace o' constables, an' says, 'William Pinsent, young chap, I arrest thee upon a charge o' counterfeitin' old Gregory's handwritin', which is a hangin' matter!'

"An' now, sir, comes the cur'ous part o' the tale; for, if you'll believe *me*, this poor woman wouldn't listen to it—wouldn't hear a word o't. 'What! my son Willie,' she flames, hot as Lucifer—'my son Willie a forger! My boy, that I've nussed, an' reared up, an' studied, markin' all his pretty takin' ways since he learn'd to crawl! Gentlemen,' she says, standin' up an' facin' 'em down, 'what mother knows her son, if not I? I give you my word it's all a mistake.'

"Ay, an' she would have it no other. While her son was waitin' his trial in jail, she walked the streets with her head high, scornin' the folk as she passed. Not a soul dared to speak pity; an' one afternoon, when old Gregory hisselt met her and began to mumble that 'he trusted,' an' 'he had little doubt,' an' 'nobody would be gladder than he if it proved to be a mistake,' she held her skirt aside an' went by with a look that turned 'en to dirt, as he said. 'Gad!' said he, 'she couldn't ha' looked at me worse if I'd been a tab!' meanin' to say 'instead o' the richest man in Tregarrick.'

"But her greatest freak was seen when th' Assizes came. Sir, she wouldn't even go to the trial. She disdained it. An' when, that mornin', the judges had driven by her window, same as they drove to-day, what d'ee think she did?

"She began to lay the cloth up in the parlor yonder, an' there set out the rarest meal, ready for her boy. There was meats, roasted chickens, an' a tongue, an' a great ham. There was cheese-cakes that she made after a little secret of her own; an' a bowl o' junket, an inch deep in cream, that bein' his pet dish; an' all kind o' knick-knacks, wi' grapes an' peaches, an' apricots, an' decanters o' wine, white an' red. Ay, sir, there was even crackers for mother an' son to pull together, with scraps o' poetry inside. An' flowers—the table was bloomin' with flowers. For weeks she'd been plannin' it: an' all the forenoon she moved about an' around that table, givin' it a touch here an' a touch there, an' takin' a step back to see how beautiful it looked. An' then, as the day wore on, she pulled a chair over by the window, an' sat down, an' waited.

"In those days a capital trial was kept up till late into the night, if need were. By-an'-by she called up her little servin' gal that was then (she's a gran'mother now), an' sends her down to the court-house to learn how far the trial had got, an' run back with the news.

"Down runs Selina Mary, an' back with word—

"'They're a-summin'-up,' says she.

"Then Mrs. Pinsent went an' lit eight candles. Four she set 'pon the table, an' four 'pon the mantel-shelf. You could see the blaze out in the street, an' the room lit up, wi' the flowers, an' fruit, an' shinin' glasses—red and yellow dahlias the flowers were, that bein' the time o' year. An' over each candle she put a little red silk shade. You never saw a place look cosier. Then she went back an' waited: but in half an hour calls to Selina Mary agen:

"'Selina Mary, run you back to the court-house, an' bring word how far they've got.'

"So the little slip of a maid ran back, and this time 'twas:

“‘Missis, the judge has done; an’ now they’re considerin’ about Master Willie.’

“So the poor woman sat a while longer, an’ then she calls:

“‘Selina Mary, run down agen, an’ as he comes out, tell ’en to hurry. They must be finished by now.’

“The maid was gone twenty minutes this time. The evenin’ was hot an’ the window open; an’ now all the town that wasn’ listenin’ to the trial was gathered in front, gazin’ cur’ously at the woman inside. She was tittivatin’ the table for the fiftieth time, an’ touchin’ up the flowers that had drooped a bit i’ the bowls.

“But after twenty minutes Selina Mary came runnin’ up the street, an’ fetched her breath at the front door, and went up-stairs slowly and ’pon tiptoe. Her face at the parlor door was white as paper; an’ while she stood there the voices o’ the crowd outside began to take all one tone, and beat into the room like the sound o’ waves ’pon a beach.

“‘Oh, missis—’ she begins.

“‘Have they finished?’

“The poor cheald was only able to nod.

“‘Then, where’s Willie? Why isn’t he here?’

“‘Oh, missis, they’re goin’ to hang ’en!’

“Mrs. Pinsent moved across the room, took her by the arm, led her down-stairs, an’ gave her a little push out into the street. Not a word did she say, but shut the door ’pon her, very gentle-like. Then she went back an’ pulled the blind down slowly. The crowd outside watched her do it. Her manner was quite ord’nary. They stood there for a minute or so, an’ behind the blind the eight candles went out, one by one. By the time the judges passed homeward ’twas all dark, only the blind showin’ white by the street-lamp opposite. From that year to this she has pulled it down whenever a judge drives by.”

X

THE EXILES

BY

Richard Harding Davis

THE EXILES¹

Richard Harding Davis

I

THE greatest number of people in the world prefer the most highly civilized places of the world, because they know what sort of things are going to happen there, and because they also know by experience that those are the sort of things they like. A very few people prefer barbarous and utterly uncivilized portions of the globe for the reason that they receive while there new impressions, and because they like the unexpected better than a routine of existence, no matter how pleasant that routine may be. But the most interesting places of all to study are those in which the savage and the cultivated man lie down together and try to live together in unity. This is so because we can learn from such places just how far a man of cultivation lapses into barbarism when he associates with savages, and how far the remnants of his former civilization will have influence upon the barbarians among whom he has come to live.

There are many such colonies as these, and they are the most picturesque plague-spots on the globe. You will find them in New Zealand and at Yokohama, in Algiers, Tunis, and Tangier, and scattered thickly all along the South

¹From *The Exiles and Other Stories*. Copyright, 1894, by Harper & Brothers.

American coast-line wherever the law of extradition obtains not, and where public opinion, which is one of the things a colony can do longest without, is unknown. These are the unofficial Botany Bays and Melillas of the world, where the criminal goes of his own accord, and not because his government has urged him to do so and paid his passage there.

This is the story of a young man who went to such a place for the benefit he hoped it would be to his health, and not because he had robbed any one or done a young girl an injury. He was the only son of Judge Henry Howard Holcombe, of New York. That was all that it was generally considered necessary to say of him. It was not, however, quite enough, for, while his father had had nothing but the right and the good of his State and country to think about, the son was further occupied by trying to live up to his father's name. Young Holcombe was impressed by this fact from his earliest childhood. It rested upon him while at Harvard and during his years at the law school, and it went with him into society and into the courts of law. When he rose to plead a case he did not forget, nor did those present forget, that his father while alive had crowded those same halls with silent, earnest listeners; and when he addressed a mass-meeting at Cooper Union, or spoke from the back of a cart in the East Side, some one was sure to refer to the fact that this last speaker was the son of the man who was mobbed because he had dared to be an abolitionist, and who later had received the veneration of a great city for his bitter fight against Tweed and his followers.

Young Holcombe was an earnest member of every reform club and citizen's league, and his distinguished name gave weight as a director to charitable organizations and free kindergartens. He had inherited his hatred of Tam-

many Hall, and was unrelenting in his war upon it and its handiwork, and he spoke of it and of its immediate downfall with the bated breath of one who, though amazed at the wickedness of the thing he fights, is not discouraged nor afraid. And he would listen to no half-measures. Had not his grandfather quarrelled with Henry Clay, and so shaken the friendship of a lifetime, because of a great compromise which he could not countenance? And was his grandson to truckle and make deals with this hideous octopus that was sucking the life-blood from the city's veins? Had he not but yesterday distributed six hundred circulars, calling for honest government, to six hundred possible voters, all the way up Fourth Avenue?—and when some flippant one had said that he might have hired a messenger-boy to have done it for him and so saved his energies for something less mechanical, he had rebuked the speaker with a reproachful stare and turned away in silence.

Life was terribly earnest to young Holcombe, and he regarded it from the point of view of one who looks down upon it from the judge's bench, and listens with a frown to those who plead its cause. He was not fooled by it: he was alive to its wickedness and its evasions. He would tell you that he knew for a fact that the window man in his district was a cousin of the Tammany candidate, and that the contractor who had the cleaning of the streets to do was a brother-in-law of one of the Hall's sachems, and that the policeman on his beat had not been in the country eight months. He spoke of these damning facts with the air of one who simply tells you that much, that you should see how terrible the whole thing really was, and what he could tell if he wished.

In his own profession he recognized the trials of law-breakers only as experiments, which went to establish and

explain a general principle. And prisoners were not men to him, but merely the exceptions that proved the excellence of a rule. Holcombe would defend the lowest creature or the most outrageous of murderers, not because the man was a human being fighting for his liberty or life, but because he wished to see if certain evidence would be admitted in the trial of such a case. Of one of his clients the judge, who had a daughter of his own, said, when he sentenced him, "Were there many more such men as you in the world, the women of this land would pray to God to be left childless." And when some one asked Holcombe, with ill-concealed disgust, how he came to defend the man, he replied: "I wished to show the unreliability of expert testimony from medical men. Yes; they tell me the man was a very bad lot."

It was measures, not men, to Holcombe, and law and order were his twin goddesses, and "no compromise" his watchword.

"You can elect your man if you'll give me two thousand dollars to refit our club-room with," one of his political acquaintances once said to him. "We've five hundred voters on the rolls now, and the members vote as one man. You'd be saving the city twenty times that much if you keep Croker's man out of the job. You know *that* as well as I do."

"The city can better afford to lose twenty thousand dollars," Holcombe answered, "than we can afford to give a two-cent stamp for corruption."

"All right," said the heeler; "all right, Mr. Holcombe. Go on. Fight 'em your own way. If they'd agree to fight you with pamphlets and circulars you'd stand a chance, sir; but as long as they give out money and you give out reading-matter to people that can't read, they'll win, and I naturally want to be on the winning side."

When the club to which Holcombe belonged finally succeeded in getting the Police Commissioners indicted for blackmailing gambling-houses, Holcombe was, as a matter of course and of public congratulation, on the side of the law; and as Assistant District Attorney—a position given him on account of his father's name and in the hope that it would shut his mouth—distinguished himself nobly.

Of the four commissioners, three were convicted—the fourth, Patrick Meakim, with admirable foresight having fled to that country from which few criminals return, and which is vaguely set forth in the newspapers as “parts unknown.”

The trial had been a severe one upon the zealous Mr. Holcombe, who found himself at the end of it in a very bad way, with nerves unstrung and brain so fagged that he assented without question when his doctor exiled him from New York by ordering a sea voyage, with change of environment and rest at the other end of it. Some one else suggested the northern coast of Africa and Tangier, and Holcombe wrote minute directions to the secretaries of all of his reform clubs urging continued efforts on the part of his fellow-workers, and sailed away one cold winter's morning for Gibraltar. The great sea laid its hold upon him, and the winds from the south thawed the cold in his bones, and the sun cheered his tired spirit. He stretched himself at full length reading those books which one puts off reading until illness gives one the right to do so, and so far as in him lay obeyed his doctor's first command, that he should forget New York and all that pertained to it. By the time he had reached the Rock he was up and ready to drift farther into the lazy irresponsible life of the Mediterranean coast, and he had forgotten his struggles against municipal misrule, and was at times for hours together utterly oblivious of his own personality.

A dumpy, fat little steamer rolled itself along like a sailor on shore from Gibraltar to Tangier, and Holcombe, leaning over the rail of its quarter-deck, smiled down at the chattering group of Arabs and Moors stretched on their rugs beneath him. A half-naked negro, pulling at the dates in the basket between his bare legs, held up a handful to him with a laugh, and Holcombe laughed back and emptied the cigarettes in his case on top of him, and laughed again as the ship's crew and the deck passengers scrambled over one another and shook out their voluminous robes in search of them. He felt at ease with the world and with himself, and turned his eyes to the white walls of Tangier with a pleasure so complete that it shut out even the thought that it was a pleasure.

The town seemed one continuous mass of white stucco, with each flat low-lying roof so close to the other that the narrow streets left no trace. To the left of it the yellow coast-line and the green olive-trees and palms stretched up against the sky, and beneath him scores of shrieking blacks fought in their boats for a place beside the steamer's companionway. He jumped into one of these open wherries and fell sprawling among his baggage, and laughed lightly as a boy as the boatman set him on his feet again, and then threw them from under him with a quick stroke of the oars. The high, narrow pier was crowded with excited customs officers in ragged uniforms and dirty turbans, and with a few foreign residents looking for arriving passengers. Holcombe had his feet on the upper steps of the ladder, and was ascending slowly. There was a fat, heavily built man in blue serge leaning across the railing of the pier. He was looking down, and as his eyes met Holcombe's face his own straightened into lines of amazement and most evident terror. Holcombe stopped at the sight, and stared back wondering. And then the lapping

waters beneath him and the white town at his side faded away, and he was back in the hot, crowded court-room with this man's face before him. Meakim, the fourth of the Police Commissioners, confronted him, and saw in his presence nothing but a menace to himself.

Holcombe came up the last steps of the stairs, and stopped at their top. His instinct and life's tradition made him despise the man, and to this was added the selfish disgust that his holiday should have been so soon robbed of its character by this reminder of all that he had been told to put behind him.

Meakim swept off his hat as though it were hurting him, and showed the great drops of sweat on his forehead.

"For God's sake!" the man panted, "you can't touch me here, Mr. Holcombe. I'm safe here; they told me I'd be. You can't take me. You can't touch me."

Holcombe stared at the man coldly, and with a touch of pity and contempt. "That is quite right, Mr. Meakim," he said. "The law cannot reach you here."

"Then what do you want with me?" the man demanded, forgetful in his terror of anything but his own safety.

Holcombe turned upon him sharply. "I am not here on your account, Mr. Meakim," he said. "You need not feel the least uneasiness, and," he added, dropping his voice as he noticed that others were drawing near, "if you keep out of my way, I shall certainly keep out of yours."

The Police Commissioner gave a short laugh, partly of bravado and partly at his own sudden terror. "I didn't know," he said, breathing with relief. "I thought you'd come after me. You don't wonder you give me a turn, do you? I *was* scared." He fanned himself with his straw hat, and ran his tongue over his lips. "Going to be here some time, Mr. District Attorney?" he added, with grave politeness.

Holcombe could not help but smile at the absurdity of it. It was so like what he would have expected of Meakim and his class to give every office-holder his full title. "No, Mr. Police Commissioner," he answered, grimly, and, nodding to his boatmen, pushed his way after them and his trunks along the pier.

Meakim was waiting for him as he left the custom-house. He touched his hat, and bent the whole upper part of his fat body in an awkward bow. "Excuse me, Mr. District Attorney," he began.

"Oh, drop that, will you?" snapped Holcombe. "Now, what is it you want, Meakim?"

"I was only going to say," answered the fugitive, with some offended dignity, "that as I've been here longer than you, I could perhaps give you pointers about the hotels. I've tried 'em all, and they're no good, but the Albion's the best."

"Thank you, I'm sure," said Holcombe. "But I have been told to go to the Isabella."

"Well, that's pretty good, too," Meakim answered, "if you don't mind the tables. They keep you awake most of the night, though, and—"

"The tables? I beg your pardon," said Holcombe, stiffly.

"Not the eatin' tables; the roulette tables," corrected Meakim. "Of course," he continued, grinning, "if you're fond of the game, Mr. Holcombe, it's handy having them in the same house, but I can steer you against a better one back of the French Consulate. Those at the Hôtel Isabella's crooked."

Holcombe stopped uncertainly. "I don't know just what to do," he said. "I think I shall wait until I can see our consul here."

"Oh, he'll send you to the Isabella," said Meakim, cheer-

fully. "He gets two hundred dollars a week for protecting the proprietor, so he naturally caps for the house."

Holcombe opened his mouth to express himself, but closed it again, and then asked, with some misgivings, of the hotel of which Meakim had first spoken.

"Oh, the Albion. Most all the swells go there. It's English, and they cook you a good beefsteak. And the boys generally drop in for table d'hôte. You see, that's the worst of this place, Mr. Holcombe; there's nowhere to go evenings—no club-rooms nor theatre nor nothing; only the smoking-room of the hotel or that gambling-house; and they spring a double nought on you if there's more than a dollar up."

Holcombe still stood irresolute, his porters eying him from under their burdens, and the runners from the different hotels plucking at his sleeve.

"There's some very good people at the Albion," urged the Police Commissioner, "and three or four of 'em's New-Yorkers. There's the Morrisises and Ropes, the Consul-General, and Lloyd Carroll—"

"Lloyd Carroll!" exclaimed Holcombe.

"Yes," said Meakim, with a smile, "he's here." He looked at Holcombe curiously for a moment, and then exclaimed, with a laugh of intelligence: "Why, sure enough, you were Mr. Thatcher's lawyer in that case, weren't you? It was you got him his divorce?"

Holcombe nodded.

"Carroll was the man that made it possible, wasn't he?"

Holcombe chafed under this catechism. "He was one of a dozen, I believe," he said; but as he moved away he turned and asked: "And Mrs. Thatcher. What has become of her?"

The Police Commissioner did not answer at once, but glanced up at Holcombe from under his half-shut eyes

with a look in which there was a mixture of curiosity and of amusement. "You don't mean to say, Mr. Holcombe," he began, slowly, with the patronage of the older man and with a touch of remonstrance in his tone, "that you're *still* with the husband in that case?"

Holcombe looked coldly over Mr. Meakim's head. "I have only a purely professional interest in any one of them," he said. "They struck me as a particularly nasty lot. Good-morning, sir."

"Well," Meakim called after him, "you needn't see nothing of them if you don't want to. You can get rooms to yourself."

Holcombe did get rooms to himself, with a balcony overlooking the bay, and arranged with the proprietor of the Albion to have his dinner served at a separate table. As others had done this before, no one regarded it as an affront upon his society, and several people in the hotel made advances to him, which he received politely but coldly. For the first week of his visit the town interested him greatly, increasing its hold upon him unconsciously to himself. He was restless and curious to see it all, and rushed his guide from one of the few show-places to the next with an energy which left that fat Oriental panting.

But after three days Holcombe climbed the streets more leisurely, stopping for half-hours at a time before a bazaar, or sent away his guide altogether, and stretched himself luxuriously on the broad wall of the fortifications. The sun beat down upon him, and wrapped him into drowsiness. From far afield came the unceasing murmur of the market-place and the bazaars, and the occasional cries of the priests from the minarets; the dark-blue sea danced and flashed beyond the white margin of the town and its protecting reef of rocks where the seaweed rose and fell, and above his head the buzzards swept heavily, and called

to one another with harsh, frightened cries. At his side lay the dusty road, hemmed in by walls of cactus, and along its narrow length came lines of patient little donkeys with jangling necklaces, led by wild-looking men from the farm-lands and the desert, and women muffled and shapeless, with only their bare feet showing, who looked at him curiously or meaningly from over the protecting cloth, and passed on, leaving him startled and wondering. He began to find that the books he had brought wearied him. The sight of the type alone was enough to make him close the covers and start up restlessly to look for something less absorbing. He found this on every hand, in the lazy patience of the bazaars and of the markets, where the chief service of all was that of only standing and waiting, and in the farm-lands behind Tangier, where half-naked slaves drove great horned buffalo, and turned back the soft, chocolate-colored sod with a wooden plough. But it was a solitary, selfish holiday, and Holcombe found himself wanting certain ones at home to bear him company, and was surprised to find that of these none were the men nor the women with whom his interests in the city of New York were the most closely connected. They were rather foolish people, men at whom he had laughed and whom he had rather pitied for having made him do so, and women he had looked at distantly as of a kind he might understand when his work was over and he wished to be amused. The young girls to whom he was in the habit of pouring out his denunciations of evil, and from whom he was accustomed to receive advice and moral support, he could not place in this landscape. He felt uneasily that they would not allow him to enjoy it his own way; they would consider the Moor historically as the invader of Catholic Europe, and would be shocked at the lack of proper sanitation, and would see the mud. As for himself, he had risen

above seeing the mud. He looked up now at the broken line of the roof-tops against the blue sky, and when a hooded figure drew back from his glance he found himself murmuring the words of an Eastern song he had read in a book of Indian stories:

“Alone upon the housetops, to the north
I turn and watch the lightning in the sky,—
The glamour of thy footsteps in the north.
Come back to me, Beloved, or I die!

“Below my feet the still bazaar is laid.
Far, far below, the weary camels lie—”

Holcombe laughed and shrugged his shoulders. He had stopped half-way down the hill on which stands the Bashaw's palace, and the whole of Tangier lay below him like a great cemetery of white marble. The moon was shining clearly over the town and the sea, and a soft wind from the sandy farm-lands came to him and played about him like the fragrance of a garden. Something moved in him that he did not recognize, but which was strangely pleasant, and which ran to his brain like the taste of a strong liqueur. It came to him that he was alone among strangers, and that what he did now would be known but to himself and to these strangers. What it was that he wished to do he did not know, but he felt a sudden lifting up and freedom from restraint. The spirit of adventure awoke in him and tugged at his sleeve, and he was conscious of a desire to gratify it and to put it to the test.

“‘Alone upon the housetops,’” he began. Then he laughed and clambered hurriedly down the steep hillside. “It's the moonlight,” he explained to the blank walls and overhanging lattices, “and the place and the music of the song. It might be one of the Arabian nights, and I Haroun

al Raschid. *And* if I don't get back to the hotel I shall make a fool of myself."

He reached the Albion very warm and breathless, with stumbling and groping in the dark, and instead of going immediately to bed told the waiter to bring him some cool drink out on the terrace of the smoking-room. There were two men sitting there in the moonlight, and as he came forward one of them nodded to him silently.

"Oh, good-evening, Mr. Meakim!" Holcombe said, gayly, with the spirit of the night still upon him. "I've been having adventures." He laughed, and stooped to brush the dirt from his knickerbockers and stockings. "I went up to the palace to see the town by moonlight, and tried to find my way back alone, and fell down three times."

Meakim shook his head gravely. "You'd better be careful at night, sir," he said. "The governor has just said that the Sultan won't be responsible for the lives of foreigners at night 'unless accompanied by soldier and lantern.'"

"Yes, and the legations sent word that they wouldn't have it," broke in the other man. "They said they'd hold him responsible anyway."

There was a silence, and Meakim moved in some slight uneasiness. "Mr. Holcombe, do you know Mr. Carroll?" he said.

Carroll half rose from his chair, but Holcombe was dragging another toward him, and so did not have a hand to give him.

"How are you, Carroll?" he said, pleasantly.

The night was warm, and Holcombe was tired after his rambles, and so he sank back in the low wicker chair contentedly enough, and when the first cool drink was finished he clapped his hands for another, and then another, while the two men sat at the table beside him and avoided such topics as would be unfair to any of them.

"And yet," said Holcombe, after the first half-hour had passed, "there must be a few agreeable people here. I am sure I saw some very nice-looking women to-day coming in from the fox-hunt. And very well gotten up, too, in Karki habits. And the men were handsome, decent-looking chaps—Englishmen, I think."

"Who does he mean? Were you at the meet to-day?" asked Carroll.

The Tammany chieftain said no, that he did not ride—not after foxes, in any event. "But I saw Mrs. Hornby and her sister coming back," he said. "They had on those linen habits."

"Well, now, there's a woman who illustrates just what I have been saying," continued Carroll. "You picked her out as a self-respecting, nice-looking girl—and so she is—but she wouldn't like to have to tell all she knows. No, they are all pretty much alike. They wear low-neck frocks, and the men put on evening dress for dinner, and they ride after foxes, and they drop in to five-o'clock tea, and they all play that they're a lot of gilded saints, and it's one of the rules of the game that you must believe in the next man, so that he will believe in you. I'm breaking the rules myself now, because I say 'they' when I ought to say 'we.' We're none of us here for our health, Holcombe, but it pleases us to pretend we are. It's a sort of give and take. We all sit around at dinner-parties and smile and chatter, and those English talk about the latest news from 'town,' and how they mean to run back for the season or the hunting. But they know they don't dare go back, and they know that everybody at the table knows it, and that the servants behind them know it. But it's more easy that way. There's only a few of us here, and we've got to hang together or we'd go crazy."

"That's so," said Meakim, approvingly. "It makes it more sociable."

"It's a funny place," continued Carroll. The wine had loosened his tongue, and it was something to him to be able to talk to one of his own people again, and to speak from their point of view, so that the man who had gone through St. Paul's and Harvard with him would see it as such a man should. "It's a funny place, because, in spite of the fact that it's a prison, you grow to like it for its freedom. You can do things here you can't do in New York, and pretty much everything goes there, or it used to, where I hung out. But here you're just your own master, and there's no law and no religion and no relations nor newspapers to poke into what you do nor how you live. You can understand what I mean if you've ever tried living in the West. I used to feel the same way the year I was ranching in Texas. My family sent me out there to put me out of temptation; but I concluded I'd rather drink myself to death on good whiskey at Del's than on the stuff we got on the range, so I pulled my freight and came East again. But while I was there I was a little king. I was just as good as the next man, and he was no better than me. And though the life was rough, and it was cold and lonely, there was something in being your own boss that made you stick it out there longer than anything else did. It was like this, Holcombe." Carroll half rose from his chair and marked what he said with his finger. "Every time I took a step and my gun bumped against my hip, I'd straighten up and feel good and look for trouble. There was nobody to appeal to; it was just between me and him, and no one else had any say about it. Well, that's what it's like here. You see men come to Tangier on the run, flying from detectives or husbands or bank directors, men who have lived perfectly decent,

commonplace lives up to the time they made their one bad break—which," Carroll added, in polite parenthesis, with a deprecatory wave of his hand toward Meakim and himself, "we are *all* likely to do some time, aren't we?"

"Just so," said Meakim.

"Of course," assented the District Attorney.

"But as soon as he reaches this place, Holcombe," continued Carroll, "he begins to show just how bad he is. It all comes out—all his viciousness and rottenness and black-guardism. There is nothing to shame it, and there is no one to blame him, and no one is in a position to throw the first stone." Carroll dropped his voice and pulled his chair forward with a glance over his shoulder. "One of those men you saw riding in from the meet to-day. Now, he's a German officer, and he's here for forging a note or cheating at cards, or something quiet and gentlemanly, nothing that shows him to be a brute or a beast. But last week he had old Mulley Wazzam buy him a slave girl in Fez, and bring her out to his house in the suburbs. It seems that the girl was in love with a soldier in the Sultan's body-guard at Fez, and tried to run away to join him, and this man met her quite by accident as she was making her way south across the sand-hills. He was whip that day, and was hurrying out to the meet alone. He had some words with the girl first, and then took his whip—it was one of those with the long lash to it; you know what I mean—and cut her to pieces with it, riding her down on his pony when she tried to run, and heading her off and lashing her around the legs and body until she fell; then he rode on in his damn pink coat to join the ladies at Mango's Drift, where the meet was, and some Riffs found her bleeding to death behind the sand-hills. That man held a commission in the Emperor's own body-guard, and that's what Tangier did for *him*."

Holcombe glanced at Meakim to see if he would verify this, but Meakim's lips were tightly pressed around his cigar, and his eyes were half closed.

"And what was done about it?" Holcombe asked, hoarsely.

Carroll laughed, and shrugged his shoulders. "Why, I tell you, and you whisper it to the next man, and we pretend not to believe it, and call the Riffs liars. As I say, we're none of us here for our health, Holcombe, and a public opinion that's manufactured by *déclassée* women and men who have run off with somebody else's money and somebody else's wife isn't strong enough to try a man for beating his own slave."

"But the Moors themselves?" protested Holcombe. "And the Sultan? She's one of his subjects, isn't she?"

"She's a woman, and women don't count for much in the East, you know; and as for the Sultan, he's an ignorant black savage. When the English wanted to blow up those rocks off the western coast, the Sultan wouldn't let them. He said Allah had placed them there for some good reason of His own, and it was not for man to interfere with the works of God. That's the sort of a Sultan he is." Carroll rose suddenly and walked into the smoking-room, leaving the two men looking at each other in silence.

"That's right," said Meakim, after a pause. "He gave it to you just as it is, but I never knew him to kick about it before. We're a fair field for missionary work, Mr. Holcombe, all of us—at least, some of us are." He glanced up as Carroll came back from out of the lighted room with an alert, brisk step. His manner had changed in his absence.

"Some of the ladies have come over for a bit of supper," he said. "Mrs. Hornby and her sister and Captain Reese. The *chef's* got some birds for us, and I've put a couple of

bottles on ice. It will be like Del's—hey? A small hot bird and a large cold bottle. They sent me out to ask you to join us. They're in our rooms." Meakim rose leisurely and lit a fresh cigar, but Holcombe moved uneasily in his chair. "You'll come, won't you?" Carroll asked. "I'd like you to meet my wife."

Holcombe rose irresolutely and looked at his watch. "I'm afraid it's too late for me," he said, without raising his face. "You see, I'm here for my health. I—"

"I beg your pardon," said Carroll, sharply.

"Nonsense, Carroll!" said Holcombe. "I didn't mean *that*. I meant it literally. I can't risk midnight suppers yet. My doctor's orders are to go to bed at nine, and it's past twelve now. Some other time, if you'll be so good; but it's long after my bedtime, and—"

"Oh, certainly," said Carroll, quietly, as he turned away. "Are you coming, Meakim?"

Meakim lifted his half-empty glass from the table and tasted it slowly until Carroll had left them, then he put the glass down, and glanced aside to where Holcombe sat looking out over the silent city. Holcombe raised his eyes and stared at him steadily.

"Mr. Holcombe—" the fugitive began.

"Yes," replied the lawyer.

Meakim shook his head. "Nothing," he said. "Good-night, sir."

Holcombe's rooms were on the floor above Carroll's, and the laughter of the latter's guests and the tinkling of glasses and silver came to him as he stepped out upon his balcony. But for this the night was very still. The sea beat leisurely on the rocks, and the waves ran up the sandy coast with a sound as of some one sweeping. The music of women's laughter came up to him suddenly, and he wondered hotly if they were laughing at him. He assured

himself that it was a matter of indifference to him if they were. And with this he had a wish that they would not think of him as holding himself aloof. One of the women began to sing to a guitar, and to the accompaniment of this a man and a young girl came out upon the balcony below, and spoke to each other in low, earnest tones, which seemed to carry with them the feeling of a caress. Holcombe could not hear what they said, but he could see the curve of the woman's white shoulders and the light of her companion's cigar as he leaned upon the rail with his back to the moonlight and looked into her face. Holcombe felt a sudden touch of loneliness and of being very far from home. He shivered slightly as though from the cold, and stepping inside closed the window gently behind him.

Although Holcombe met Carroll several times during the following day, the latter obviously avoided him, and it was not until late in the afternoon that Holcombe was given a chance to speak to him again. Carroll was coming down the only street on a run, jumping from one rough stone to another, and with his face lighted up with excitement. He hailed Holcombe from a distance with a wave of the hand. "There's an American man-of-war in the bay," he cried; "one of the new ones. We saw her flag from the hotel. Come on!" Holcombe followed as a matter of course, as Carroll evidently expected that he would, and they reached the end of the landing-pier together, just as the ship of war ran up and broke the square red flag of Morocco from her mainmast and fired her salute.

"They'll be sending a boat in by-and-by," said Carroll, "and we'll have a talk with the men." His enthusiasm touched his companion also, and the sight of the floating atom of the great country that was his moved him strongly, as though it were a personal message from home. It came

to him like the familiar stamp, and a familiar handwriting on a letter in a far-away land, and made him feel how dear his own country was to him and how much he needed it. They were leaning side by side upon the rail watching the ship's screws turning the blue waters white, and the men running about the deck, and the blue-coated figures on the bridge. Holcombe turned to point out the vessel's name to Carroll, and found that his companion's eyes were half closed and filled with tears.

Carroll laughed consciously and coughed. "We kept it up a bit too late last night," he said, "and I'm feeling nervous this morning, and the sight of the flag and those boys from home knocked me out." He paused for a moment, frowning through his tears and with his brow drawn up into many wrinkles. "It's a terrible thing, Holcombe," he began again, fiercely, "to be shut off from all of that." He threw out his hand with a sudden gesture toward the man-of-war. Holcombe looked down at the water and laid his hand lightly on his companion's shoulder. Carroll drew away and shook his head. "I don't want any sympathy," he said, kindly. "I'm not crying the baby act. But you don't know, and I don't believe anybody else knows, what I've gone through and what I've suffered. You don't like me, Holcombe, and you don't like my class, but I want to tell you something about my coming here. I want you to set them right about it at home. And I don't care whether it interests you or not," he said, with quick offence; "I want you to listen. It's about my wife."

Holcombe bowed his head gravely.

"You got Thatcher his divorce," Carroll continued. "And you know that he would never have got it but for me, and that everybody expected that I would marry Mrs. Thatcher when the thing was over, And I didn't, and

everybody said I was a blackguard, and I was. It was bad enough before, but I made it worse by not doing the only thing that could make it any better. Why I didn't do it I don't know. I had some grand ideas of reform about that time, I think, and I thought I owed my people something, and that by not making Mrs. Thatcher my mother's daughter I would be saving her and my sisters. It was remorse, I guess, and I didn't see things straight. I know now what I should have done. Well, I left her and she went her own way, and a great many people felt sorry for her, and were good to her—not your people, nor my people; but enough were good to her to make her see as much of the world as she had used to. She never loved Thatcher, and she never loved any of the men you brought into that trial except one, and he treated her like a cur. That was myself. Well, what with trying to please my family, and loving Alice Thatcher all the time and not seeing her, and hating her too for bringing me into all that notoriety—for I blamed the woman, of course, as a man always will—I got to drinking, and then this scrape came and I had to run. I don't care anything about that row now, or what you believe about it. I'm here, shut off from my home, and that's a worse punishment than any damn lawyers can invent. And the man's well again. He saw I was drunk; but I wasn't so drunk that I didn't know he was trying to do me, and I pounded him just as they say I did, and I'm sorry now I didn't kill him."

Holcombe stirred uneasily, and the man at his side lowered his voice and went on more calmly:

"If I hadn't been a gentleman, Holcombe, or if it had been another cabman he'd fought with, there wouldn't have been any trouble about it. But he thought he could get big money out of me, and his friends told him to press it until he was paid to pull out, and I hadn't the money,

and so I had to break bail and run. Well, you've seen the place. You've been here long enough to know what it's like, and what I've had to go through. Nobody wrote me, and nobody came to see me; not one of my own sisters even, though they've been in the Riviera all this spring—not a day's journey away. Sometimes a man turned up that I knew, but it was almost worse than not seeing any one. It only made me more homesick when he'd gone. And for weeks I used to walk up and down that beach there alone late in the night, until I got to thinking that the waves were talking to me, and I got queer in my head. I had to fight it just as I used to have to fight against whiskey, and to talk fast so that I wouldn't think. And I tried to kill myself hunting, and only got a broken collar-bone for my pains. Well, all this time Alice was living in Paris and New York. I heard that some English captain was going to marry her, and then I read in the Paris *Herald* that she was settled in the American colony there, and one day it gave a list of the people who'd been to a reception she gave. She could go where she pleased, and she had money in her own right, you know; and she was being revenged on me every day. And I was here knowing it, and loving her worse than I ever loved anything on earth, and having lost the right to tell her so, and not able to go to her. Then one day some chap turned up from here and told her about me, and about how miserable I was, and how well I was being punished. He thought it would please her, I suppose. I don't know who he was, but I guess he was in love with her himself. And then the papers had it that I was down with the fever here, and she read about it. I *was* ill for a time, and I hoped it was going to carry me off decently, but I got up in a week or two, and one day I crawled down here where we're standing now to watch the boat come in. I was pretty weak from my illness, and

I was bluer than I had ever been, and I didn't see anything but blackness and bitterness for me anywhere. I turned around when the passengers reached the pier, and I saw a woman coming up those stairs. Her figure and her shoulders were so like Alice's that my heart went right up into my throat, and I couldn't breathe for it. I just stood still staring, and when she reached the top of the steps she looked up, breathing with the climb, and laughing; and she says, 'Lloyd, I've come to see you.' And I—I was that lonely and weak that I grabbed her hand, and leaned back against the railing, and cried there before the whole of them. I don't think she expected it exactly, because she didn't know what to do, and just patted me on the shoulder, and said, 'I thought I'd run down to cheer you up a bit; and I've brought Mrs. Scott with me to chaperone us.' And I said, without stopping to think: 'You wouldn't have needed any chaperone, Alice, if I hadn't been a cur and a fool. If I had only asked what I can't ask of you now'; and, Holcombe, she flushed just like a little girl, and laughed, and said, 'Oh, will you, Lloyd?' And you see that ugly iron chapel up there, with the corrugated zinc roof and the wooden cross on it, next to the mosque? Well, that's where we went first, right from this wharf before I let her go to a hotel, and old Ridley, the English rector, he married us, and we had a civil marriage too. That's what she did for me. She had the whole wide globe to live in, and she gave it up to come to Tangier, because I had no other place but Tangier, and she's made my life for me, and I'm happier here than I ever was before anywhere, and sometimes I think—I hope—that she is, too." Carroll's lips moved slightly, and his hands trembled on the rail. He coughed, and his voice was gentler when he spoke again. "And so," he added, "that's why I felt it last night when you refused to meet her.

You were right, I know, from your way of thinking, but we've grown careless down here, and we look at things differently."

Holcombe did not speak, but put his arm across the other's shoulder, and this time Carroll did not shake it off. Holcombe pointed with his hand to a tall, handsome woman with heavy yellow hair who was coming toward them, with her hands in the pockets of her reefer. "There is Mrs. Carroll now," he said. "Won't you present me, and then we can row out and see the man-of-war?"

II

The officers returned their visit during the day, and the American Consul-General asked them all to a reception the following afternoon. The entire colony came to this, and Holcombe met many people, and drank tea with several ladies in riding-habits, and iced drinks with all of the men. He found it very amusing, and the situation appealed strongly to his somewhat latent sense of humor. That evening in writing to his sister he told of his rapid recovery in health, and of the possibility of his returning to civilization.

"There was a reception this afternoon at the Consul-General's," he wrote, "given to the officers of our man-of-war, and I found myself in some rather remarkable company. The consul himself has become rich by selling his protection for two hundred dollars to every wealthy Moor who wishes to escape the forced loans which the Sultan is in the habit of imposing on the faithful. For five hundred dollars he will furnish any one of them with a piece of stamped paper accrediting him as minister plenipotentiary from the United States to the Sultan's court. Of course the Sultan never receives them, and whatever

object they may have had in taking the long journey to Fez is never accomplished. Some day some one of them will find out how he has been tricked, and will return to have the consul assassinated. This will be a serious loss to our diplomatic service. The consul's wife is a fat German woman who formerly kept a hotel here. Her brother has it now, and runs it as an annex to a gambling-house. Pat Meakim, the police commissioner that I indicted, but who jumped his bail, introduced me at the reception to the men, with apparently great self-satisfaction, as 'the pride of the New York Bar,' and Mrs. Carroll, for whose husband I obtained a divorce, showed her gratitude by presenting me to the ladies. It was a distinctly Gilbertian situation, and the people to whom they introduced me were quite as picturesquely disreputable as themselves. So you see—"

Holcombe stopped here and read over what he had written, and then tore up the letter. The one he sent in its place said he was getting better, but that the climate was not so mild as he had expected it would be.

Holcombe engaged the entire first floor of the hotel the next day, and entertained the officers and the residents at breakfast, and the Admiral made a speech and said how grateful it was to him and to his officers to find that wherever they might touch, there were some few Americans ready to welcome them as the representatives of the flag they all so unselfishly loved, and of the land they still so proudly called "home." Carroll, turning his wine-glass slowly between his fingers, raised his eyes to catch Holcombe's, and winked at him from behind the curtain of the smoke of his cigar, and Holcombe smiled grimly, and winked back, with the result that Meakim, who had intercepted the signalling, choked on his champagne, and had to be pounded violently on the back. Holcombe's break-

fast established him as a man of means and one who could entertain properly, and after that his society was counted upon for every hour of the day. He offered money as prizes for the ship's crew to row and swim after, he gave a purse for a cross-country pony-race, open to members of the Calpe and Tangier hunts, and organized picnics and riding parties innumerable. He was forced at last to hire a soldier to drive away the beggars when he walked abroad. He found it easy to be rich in a place where he was giving over two hundred copper coins for an English shilling, and he distributed his largesses recklessly and with a lack of discrimination entirely opposed to the precepts of his organized charities at home. He found it so much more amusing to throw a handful of coppers to a crowd of fat naked children than to write a check for the Society of Suppression of Cruelty to the same beneficiaries.

"You shouldn't give those fellows money," the Consul-General once remonstrated with him; "the fact that they're blind is only a proof that they have been thieves. When they catch a man stealing here they hold his head back, and pass a hot iron in front of his eyes. That's why the lids are drawn taut that way. You shouldn't encourage them."

"Perhaps they're not *all* thieves," said the District Attorney, cheerfully, as he hit the circle around him with a handful of coppers; "but there is no doubt about it that they're all blind. Which is the more to be pitied," he asked the Consul-General, "the man who has still to be found out and who can see, or the one who has been exposed and who is blind?"

"How should he know?" said Carroll, laughing. "He's never been blind, and he still holds his job."

"I don't think that's very funny," said the Consul-General.

A week of pig-sticking came to end Holcombe's stay in Tangier, and he threw himself into it and into the freedom of its life with a zest that made even the Englishman speak of him as a good fellow. He chanced to overhear this, and stopped to consider what it meant. No one had ever called him a good fellow at home, but then his life had not offered him the chance to show what sort of a good fellow he might be, and as Judge Holcombe's son certain things had been debarred him. Here he was only the richest tourist since Farwell, the diamond smuggler from Amsterdam, had touched there in his yacht.

The week of boar-hunting was spent out-of-doors, on horseback, and in tents; the women in two wide circular ones, and the men in another, with a mess tent, which they shared in common, pitched between them. They had only one change of clothes each, one wet and one dry, and they were in the saddle from nine in the morning until late at night, when they gathered in a wide circle around the wood-fire and played banjoes and listened to stories. Holcombe grew as red as a sailor, and jumped his horse over gaping crevasses in the hard sun-baked earth as recklessly as though there were nothing in this world so well worth sacrificing one's life for as to be the first in at a dumb brute's death. He was on friendly terms with them all now—with Miss Terrill, the young girl who had been awakened by night and told to leave Monte Carlo before daybreak, and with Mrs. Darhah, who would answer to Lady Taunton, if so addressed, and with Andrews, the Scotch bank clerk, and Ollid, the boy officer from Gibraltar, who had found some difficulty in making the mess account balance. They were all his very good friends, and he was especially courteous and attentive to Miss Terrill's wants and interests, and fixed her stirrup and once let her pass him to charge the boar in his place. She was a silently

distant young woman, and strangely gentle for one who had had to leave a place, and such a place, between days; and her hair, which was very fine and light, ran away from under her white helmet in disconnected curls. At night, Holcombe used to watch her from out of the shadow when the firelight lit up the circle and the tips of the palms above them, and when the story-teller's voice was accompanied by bursts of occasional laughter from the dragomen in the grove beyond, and the stamping and neighing of the horses at their pickets, and the unceasing chorus of the insect life about them. She used to sit on one of the rugs with her hands clasped about her knees, and with her head resting on Mrs. Hornby's broad shoulder, looking down into the embers of the fire, and with the story of her life written on her girl's face as irrevocably as though old age had set its seal there. Holcombe was kind to them all now, even to Meakim, when that gentleman rode leisurely out to the camp with the mail and the latest *Paris Herald*, which was their one bond of union with the great outside world.

Carroll sat smoking his pipe one night, and bending forward over the fire to get its light on the pages of the latest copy of this paper. Suddenly he dropped it between his knees. "I say, Holcombe," he cried, "here's news! Winthrop Allen has absconded with three hundred thousand dollars, and no one knows where."

Holcombe was sitting on the other side of the fire, prying at the rowel of his spur with a hunting-knife. He raised his head and laughed. "Another good man gone wrong, hey?" he said.

Carroll lowered the paper slowly to his knee and stared curiously through the smoky light to where Holcombe sat intent on the rowel of his spur. It apparently absorbed his entire attention, and his last remark had been an un-

consciously natural one. Carroll smiled grimly as he folded the paper across his knee. "Now are the mighty fallen, indeed," he murmured. He told Meakim of it a few minutes later, and they both marvelled. "It's just as I told him, isn't it, and he wouldn't believe me. It's the place and the people. Two weeks ago he would have raged. Why, Meakim, you know Allen—Winthrop Allen? He's one of Holcombe's own sort; older than he is, but one of his own people; belongs to the same clubs; and to the same family, I think, and yet Harry took it just as a matter of course, with no more interest than if I'd said that Allen was going to be married."

Meakim gave a low, comfortable laugh of content. "It makes me smile," he chuckled, "every time I think of him the day he came up them stairs. He scared me half to death, he did, and then he says, just as stiff as you please, 'If you'll leave me alone, Mr. Meakim, I'll not trouble you.' And now it's 'Meakim this,' and 'Meakim that,' and 'Have a drink, Meakim,' just as thick as thieves. I have to laugh whenever I think of it now. 'If you'll leave me alone, I'll not trouble you, Mr. Meakim.'"

Carroll pursed his lips and looked up at the broad expanse of purple heavens with the white stars shining through. "It's rather a pity, too, in a way," he said, slowly. "He was all the Public Opinion we had, and now that he's thrown up the part, why—"

The pig-sticking came to an end finally, and Holcombe distinguished himself by taking his first fall, and under romantic circumstances. He was in an open place, with Mrs. Carroll at the edge of the brush to his right, and Miss Terrill guarding any approach from the left. They were too far apart to speak to one another, and sat quite still and alert to any noise as the beaters closed in around them. There was a sharp rustle in the reeds, and the

boar broke out of it some hundred feet ahead of Holcombe. He went after it at a gallop, headed it off, and ran it fairly on his spear point as it came toward him; but as he drew his lance clear his horse came down, falling across him, and for the instant knocking him breathless. It was all over in a moment. He raised his head to see the boar turn and charge him; he saw where his spear point had torn the lower lip from the long tusks, and that the blood was pouring down its flanks. He tried to draw out his legs, but the pony lay fairly across him, kicking and struggling, and held him in a vise. So he closed his eyes and covered his head with his arms, and crouched in a heap waiting. There was the quick beat of a pony's hoofs on the hard soil, and the rush of the boar within a foot of his head, and when he looked up he saw Miss Terrill twisting her pony's head around to charge the boar again, and heard her shout "Let me have him!" to Mrs. Carroll.

Mrs. Carroll came toward Holcombe with her spear pointed dangerously high; she stopped at his side and drew in her rein sharply. "Why don't you get up? are you hurt?" she said. "Wait; lie still," she commanded, "or he'll tramp on you. I'll get him off." She slipped from her saddle and dragged Holcombe's pony to his feet. Holcombe stood up unsteadily, pale through his tan from the pain of the fall and the moment of fear.

"That *was* nasty," said Mrs. Carroll, with a quick breath. She was quite as pale as he.

Holcombe wiped the dirt from his hair and the side of his face, and looked past her to where Miss Terrill was surveying the dead boar from her saddle, while her pony reared and shied, quivering with excitement beneath her. Holcombe mounted stiffly and rode toward her. "I am very much obliged to you," he said. "If you hadn't come—"

The girl laughed shortly, and shook her head without looking at him. "Why, not at all," she interrupted, quickly. "I would have come just as fast if you hadn't been there." She turned in her saddle and looked at him frankly. "I was glad to see you go down," she said, "for it gave me the first good chance I've had. Are you hurt?"

Holcombe drew himself up stiffly, regardless of the pain in his neck and shoulder. "No, I'm all right, thank you," he answered. "At the same time," he called after her as she moved away to meet the others, "you *did* save me from being torn up, whether you like it or not."

Mrs. Carroll was looking after the girl with observant, comprehending eyes. She turned to Holcombe with a smile. "There are a few things you have still to learn, Mr. Holcombe," she said, bowing in her saddle mockingly, and dropping the point of her spear to him as an adversary does in salute. "And perhaps," she added, "it is just as well that there are."

Holcombe trotted after her in some concern. "I wonder what she means?" he said. "I wonder if I was rude?"

The pig-sticking ended with a long luncheon before the ride back to town, at which everything that could be eaten or drunk was put on the table, in order, as Meakim explained, that there would be less to carry back. He met Holcombe that same evening after the cavalcade had reached Tangier as the latter came down the stairs of the Albion. Holcombe was in fresh raiment and cleanly shaven, and with the radiant air of one who had had his first comfortable bath in a week.

Meakim confronted him with a smiling countenance. "Who do you think come to-night on the mail-boat?" he asked.

"I don't know, Who?"

"Winthrop Allen, with six trunks," said Meakim, with the triumphant air of one who brings important news.

"No, really now," said Holcombe, laughing. "The old hypocrite! I wonder what he'll say when he sees me. I wish I could stay over another boat, just to remind him of the last time we met. What a fraud he is! It was at the club, and he was congratulating me on my noble efforts in the cause of justice, and all that sort of thing. He said I was a public benefactor. And at that time he must have already speculated away about half of what he had stolen of other people's money. I'd like to tease him about it."

"What trial was that?" asked Meakim.

Holcombe laughed and shook his head as he moved on down the stairs. "Don't ask embarrassing questions, Meakim," he said. "It was one *you* won't forget in a hurry."

"Oh!" said Meakim, with a grin. "All right. There's some mail for you in the office."

"Thank you," said Holcombe.

A few hours later Carroll was watching the roulette wheel in the gambling-hall of the Isabella when he saw Meakim come in out of the darkness, and stand staring in the doorway, blinking at the lights and mopping his face. He had been running, and was visibly excited. Carroll crossed over to him and pushed him out into the quiet of the terrace. "What is it?" he asked.

"Have you seen Holcombe?" Meakim demanded in reply.

"Not since this afternoon. Why?"

Meakim breathed heavily, and fanned himself with his hat. "Well, he's after Winthrop Allen, that's all," he panted. "And when he finds him there's going to be a muss. The boy's gone crazy. He's not safe."

"Why? What do you mean? What's Allen done to him?"

"Nothing to him, but to a friend of his. He got a letter to-night in the mail that came with Allen. It was from his sister. She wrote him all the latest news about Allen, and give him fits for robbing an old lady who's been kind to her. She wanted that Holcombe should come right back and see what could be done about it. She didn't know, of course, that Allen was coming here. The old lady kept a private school on Fifth Avenue, and Allen had charge of her savings."

"What is her name?" Carroll asked.

"Field, I think. Martha Field was—"

"The dirty blackguard!" cried Carroll. He turned sharply away and returned again to seize Meakim's arm. "Go on," he demanded. "What did she say?"

"You know her too, do you?" said Meakim, shaking his head sympathetically. "Well, that's all. She used to teach his sister. She seems to be a sort of fashionable—"

"I know," said Carroll, roughly. "She taught my sister. She teaches everybody's sister. She's the sweetest, simplest old soul that ever lived. Holcombe's dead right to be angry. She almost lived at their house when his sister was ill."

"Tut! you don't say?" commented Meakim, gravely. "Well, his sister's pretty near crazy about it. He give me the letter to read. It got me all stirred up. It was just writ in blood. She must be a fine girl, his sister. She says this Miss Martha's money was the last thing Allen took. He didn't use her stuff to speculate with, but cashed it in just before he sailed and took it with him for spending-money. His sister says she's too proud to take help, and she's too old to work."

"How much did he take?"

"Sixty thousand. She'd been saving for over forty years."

Carroll's mind took a sudden turn. "And Holcombe?" he demanded, eagerly. "What is he going to do? Nothing silly, I hope."

"Well, that's just it. That's why I come to find you," Meakim answered, uneasily. "I don't want him to qualify for no Criminal Stakes. I got no reason to love him either— But you know—" he ended, impotently.

"Yes, I understand," said Carroll. "That's what I meant. Confound the boy, why didn't he stay in his law courts! What did he say?"

"Oh, he just raged around. He said he'd tell Allen there was an extradition treaty that Allen didn't know about, and that if Allen didn't give him the sixty thousand he'd put it in force and make him go back and stand trial."

"Compounding a felony, is he?"

"No, nothing of the sort," said Meakim, indignantly. "There isn't any extradition treaty, so he wouldn't be doing anything wrong except lying a bit."

"Well, it's blackmail, anyway."

"What, blackmail a man like Allen? Huh! He's fair game, if there ever was any. But it won't work with him, that's what I'm afraid of. He's too cunning to be taken in by it, he is. He had good legal advice before he came here, or he wouldn't have come."

Carroll was pacing up and down the terrace. He stopped and spoke over his shoulder. "Does Holcombe think Allen has the money with him?" he asked.

"Yes, he's sure of it. That's what makes him so keen. He says Allen wouldn't dare bank it at Gibraltar, because if he ever went over there to draw on it he would get caught, so he must have brought it with him here. And

he got here so late that Holcombe believes it's in Allen's rooms now, and he's like a dog that smells a rat, after it. Allen wasn't in when he went up to his room, and he's started out hunting for him, and if he don't find him I shouldn't be a bit surprised if he broke into the room and just took it."

"For God's sake!" cried Carroll. "He wouldn't do that?"

Meakim pulled and fingered at his heavy watch-chain and laughed doubtfully. "I don't know," he said. "He wouldn't have done it three months ago, but he's picked up a great deal since then—since he has been with us. He's asking for Captain Reese, too."

"What's he want with that blackguard?"

"I don't know; he didn't tell me."

"Come," said Carroll, quickly. "We must stop him." He ran lightly down the steps of the terrace to the beach, with Meakim waddling heavily after him. "He's got too much at stake, Meakim," he said, in half apology, as they tramped through the sand. "He mustn't spoil it. We won't let him."

Holcombe had searched the circuit of Tangier's small extent with fruitless effort, his anger increasing momentarily and feeding on each fresh disappointment. When he had failed to find the man he sought in any place, he returned to the hotel and pushed open the door of the smoking-room as fiercely as though he meant to take those within by surprise.

"Has Mr. Allen returned?" he demanded. "Or Captain Reese?" The attendant thought not, but he would go and see. "No," Holcombe said, "I will look for myself." He sprang up the stairs to the third floor, and turned down a passage to a door at its farthest end. Here he stopped, and knocked gently. "Reese!" he called;

"Reese!" There was no response to his summons, and he knocked again, with more impatience, and then cautiously turned the handle of the door, and, pushing it forward, stepped into the room. "Reese," he said, softly, "it's Holcombe. Are you here?" The room was dark except for the light from the hall, which shone dimly past him and fell upon a gun-rack hanging on the wall opposite. Holcombe hurried toward this and ran his hands over it, and passed on quickly from that to the mantel and the tables, stumbling over chairs and riding-boots as he groped about, and tripping on the skin of some animal that lay stretched upon the floor. He felt his way around the entire circuit of the room, and halted near the door with an exclamation of disappointment. By this time his eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, and he noted the white surface of the bed in a far corner and ran quickly toward it, groping with his hands about the posts at its head. He closed his fingers with a quick gasp of satisfaction on a leather belt that hung from it, heavy with cartridges and a revolver that swung from its holder. Holcombe pulled this out and jerked back the lever, spinning the cylinder around under the edge of his thumb. He felt the grease of each cartridge as it passed under his nail. The revolver was loaded in each chamber, and Holcombe slipped it into the pocket of his coat and crept out of the room, closing the door softly behind him. He met no one in the hall or on the stairs, and passed on quickly to a room on the second floor. There was a light in this room which showed through the transom and under the crack at the floor, and there was a sound of some one moving about within. Holcombe knocked gently and waited.

The movement on the other side of the door ceased, and after a pause a voice asked who was there. Holcombe

hesitated a second before answering, and then said, "It is a servant, sir, with a note for Mr. Allen."

At the sound of some one moving toward the door from within, Holcombe threw his shoulder against the panel and pressed forward. There was the click of the key turning in the lock and of the withdrawal of a bolt, and the door was partly opened. Holcombe pushed it back with his shoulder, and, stepping quickly inside, closed it again behind him.

The man within, into whose presence he had forced himself, confronted him with a look of some alarm, which increased in surprise as he recognized his visitor. "Why, Holcombe!" he exclaimed. He looked past him as though expecting some one else to follow. "I thought it was a servant," he said.

Holcombe made no answer, but surveyed the other closely, and with a smile of content. The man before him was of erect carriage, with white hair and whiskers, cut after an English fashion which left the mouth and chin clean shaven. He was of severe and dignified appearance, and though standing as he was in dishabille still gave in his bearing the look of an elderly gentleman who had lived a self-respecting, well-cared-for, and well-ordered life. The room about him was littered with the contents of opened trunks and uncorded boxes. He had been interrupted in the task of unpacking and arranging these possessions, but he stepped unresentfully toward the bed where his coat lay, and pulled it on, feeling at the open collar of his shirt, and giving a glance of apology toward the disorder of the apartment.

"The night was so warm," he said, in explanation. "I have been trying to get things to rights. I—" He was speaking in some obvious embarrassment, and looked uncertainly toward the intruder for help. But Holcombe

made no explanation, and gave him no greeting. "I heard in the hotel that you were here," the other continued, still striving to cover up the difficulty of the situation, "and I am sorry to hear that you are going so soon." He stopped, and as Holcombe still continued smiling, drew himself up stiffly. The look on his face hardened into one of offended dignity.

"Really, Mr. Holcombe," he said, sharply, and with strong annoyance in his tone, "if you have forced yourself into this room for no other purpose than to stand there and laugh, I must ask you to leave it. You may not be conscious of it, but your manner is offensive." He turned impatiently to the table, and began rearranging the papers upon it. Holcombe shifted the weight of his body as it rested against the door from one shoulder-blade to the other and closed his hands over the door-knob behind him.

"I had a letter to-night from home about you, Allen," he began, comfortably. "The person who wrote it was anxious that I should return to New York, and set things working in the District Attorney's office in order to bring you back. It isn't you they want so much as—"

"How dare you?" cried the embezzler, sternly, in the voice with which one might interrupt another in words of shocking blasphemy.

"How dare I what?" asked Holcombe.

"How dare you refer to my misfortune? You of all others—" He stopped, and looked at his visitor with flashing eyes. "I thought you a gentleman," he said, reproachfully; "I thought you a man of the world, a man who in spite of your office, official position, or, rather, on account of it, could feel and understand the—a—terrible position in which I am placed, and that you would show consideration. Instead of which," he cried, his voice rising

in indignation, "you have come apparently to mock at me. If the instinct of a gentleman does not teach you to be silent, I shall have to force you to respect my feelings. You can leave the room, sir. Now, at once." He pointed with his arm at the door against which Holcombe was leaning, the fingers of his outstretched hand trembling visibly.

"Nonsense. Your misfortune! What rot!" Holcombe growled resentfully. His eyes wandered around the room as though looking for some one who might enjoy the situation with him, and then returned to Allen's face. "You mustn't talk like that to me," he said, in serious remonstrance. "A man who has robbed people who trusted him for three years, as you have done, can't afford to talk of his misfortune. You were too long about it, Allen. You had too many chances to put it back. *You've* no feelings to be hurt. Besides, if you have, I'm in a hurry, and I've not the time to consider them. Now, what I want of you is—"

"Mr. Holcombe," interrupted the other, earnestly.

"Sir," replied the visitor.

"Mr. Holcombe," began Allen, slowly, and with impressive gravity, "I do not want any words with you about this, or with any one else. I am here owing to a combination of circumstances which have led me through hopeless, endless trouble. What I have gone through with nobody knows. That is something no one but I can ever understand. But that is now at an end. I have taken refuge in flight and safety, where another might have remained and compromised and suffered; but I am a weaker brother, and—as for punishment, my own conscience, which has punished me so terribly in the past, will continue to do so in the future. I am greatly to be pitied, Mr. Holcombe, greatly to be pitied. And no one knows that better than

yourself. You know the value of the position I held in New York City, and how well I was suited to it, and it to me. And now I am robbed of it all. I am an exile in this wilderness. Surely, Mr. Holcombe, this is not the place nor the time when you should insult me by recalling the—”

“You contemptible hypocrite,” said Holcombe, slowly. “What an ass you must think I am! Now, listen to me.”

“No, *you* listen to me,” thundered the other. He stepped menacingly forward, his chest heaving under his open shirt, and his fingers opening and closing at his side. “Leave the room, I tell you,” he cried, “or I shall call the servants and make you!” He paused with a short, mocking laugh. “Who do you think I am?” he asked; “a child that you can insult and jibe at? I’m not a prisoner in the box for you to browbeat and bully, Mr. District Attorney. You seem to forget that I am out of your jurisdiction now.”

He waited, and his manner seemed to invite Holcombe to make some angry answer to his tone, but the young man remained grimly silent.

“You are a very important young person at home, Harry,” Allen went on, mockingly. “But New York State laws do not reach as far as Africa.”

“Quite right; that’s it exactly,” said Holcombe, with cheerful alacrity. “I’m glad you have grasped the situation so soon. That makes it easier for me. Now, what I have been trying to tell you is this. I received a letter about you to-night. It seems that before leaving New York you converted bonds and mortgages belonging to Miss Martha Field, which she had intrusted to you, into ready money. And that you took this money with you. Now, as this is the first place you have stopped since leaving New York, except Gibraltar, where you could not have banked it, you must have it with you now, here in this town, in this hotel, possibly in this room. What else you

have belonging to other poor devils and corporations does not concern me. It's yours as far as I mean to do anything about it. But this sixty thousand dollars which belongs to Miss Field, who is the best, purest, and kindest woman I have ever known, and who has given away more money than you ever stole, is going back with me tomorrow to New York." Holcombe leaned forward as he spoke, and rapped with his knuckles on the table. Allen confronted him in amazement, in which there was not so much surprise at what the other threatened to do as at the fact that it was he who had proposed doing it.

"I don't understand," he said, slowly, with the air of a bewildered child.

"It's plain enough," replied the other, impatiently. "I tell you I want sixty thousand dollars of the money you have with you. You can understand that, can't you?"

"But how?" expostulated Allen. "You don't mean to rob me, do you, Harry?" he asked, with a laugh.

"You're a very stupid person for so clever a one," Holcombe said, impatiently. "You must give me sixty thousand dollars—and if you don't, I'll take it. Come, now, where is it—in that box?" He pointed with his finger toward a square travelling-case covered with black leather that stood open on the table filled with papers and blue envelopes.

"Take it!" exclaimed Allen. "You, Henry Holcombe? Is it you who are speaking? Do I hear you?" He looked at Holcombe with eyes full of genuine wonder and a touch of fear. As he spoke his hand reached out mechanically and drew the leather-bound box toward him.

"Ah, it is in that box, then," said Holcombe, in a quiet, grave tone. "Now count it out, and be quick."

"Are you drunk?" cried the other, fiercely. "Do you propose to turn highwayman and thief? What do you

mean?" Holcombe reached quickly across the table toward the box, but the other drew it back, snapping the lid down, and hugging it close against his breast. "If you move, Holcombe," he cried, in a voice of terror and warning, "I'll call the people of the house and—and expose you."

"Expose me, you idiot," returned Holcombe, fiercely. "How dare *you* talk to *me* like that!"

Allen dragged the table more evenly between them, as a general works on his defences even while he parleys with the enemy. "It's you who are the idiot!" he cried. "Suppose you could overcome me, which would be harder than you think, what are you going to do with the money? Do you suppose I'd let you leave this country with it? Do you imagine for a moment that I would give it up without raising my hand? I'd have you dragged to prison from your bed this very night, or I'd have you seized as you set your foot upon the wharf. I would appeal to our Consul-General. As far as he knows, I am as worthy of protection as you are yourself, and, failing him, I'd appeal to the law of the land." He stopped for want of breath, and then began again with the air of one who finds encouragement in the sound of his own voice. "They may not understand extradition here, Holcombe," he said, "but a thief is a thief all the world over. What you may be in New York isn't going to help you here; neither is your father's name. To these people you would be only a hotel thief who forces his way into other men's rooms at night and—"

"You poor thing," interrupted Holcombe. "Do you know where you are?" he demanded. "You talk, Allen, as though we were within sound of the cable-cars on Broadway. This hotel is not the Brunswick, and this Consul-General you speak of is another blackguard who

knows that a word from me at Washington, on my return, or a letter from here would lose him his place and his liberty. He's as much of a rascal as any of them, and he knows that I know it and that I may use that knowledge. *He* won't help you. And as for the law of the land"—Holcombe's voice rose and broke in a mocking laugh—"there is no law of the land. *That's why you're here!* You are in a place populated by exiles and outlaws like yourself, who have preyed upon society until society has turned and frightened each of them off like a dog with his tail between his legs. Don't give yourself confidence, Allen. That's all you are, that's all we are—two dogs fighting for a stolen bone. The man who rules you here is an ignorant negro, debauched and vicious and a fanatic. He is shut off from every one, even to the approach of a British ambassador. And what do you suppose he cares for a dog of a Christian like you, who has been robbed in a hotel by another Christian? And these others. Do you suppose they care? Call out—cry for help, and tell them that you have half a million dollars in this room, and they will fall on you and strip you of every cent of it, and leave you to walk the beach for work. Now, what are you going to do? Will you give me the money I want to take back where it belongs, or will you call for help and lose it all?"

The two men confronted each other across the narrow length of the table. The blood had run to Holcombe's face, but the face of the other was drawn and pale with fear.

"You can't frighten me," he gasped, rallying his courage with an effort of the will. "You are talking nonsense. This is a respectable hotel; it isn't a den of thieves. You are trying to frighten me out of the money with your lies and your lawyer's tricks, but you will find that I am not so easily fooled. You are dealing with a man, Holcombe,

who suffered to get what he has, and who doesn't mean to let it go without a fight for it. Come near me, I warn you, and I shall call for help."

Holcombe backed slowly away from the table and tossed up his hands with the gesture of one who gives up his argument. "You will have it, will you?" he muttered, grimly. "Very well, you *shall* fight for it." He turned quickly and drove in the bolt of the door and placed his shoulders over the electric button in the wall. "I have warned you," he said, softly. "I have told you where you are, and that you have nothing to expect from the outside. You are absolutely in my power to do with as I please." He stopped, and, without moving his eyes from Allen's face, drew the revolver from the pocket of his coat. His manner was so terrible that Allen gazed at him, breathing faintly, and with his eyes fixed in horrible fascination. "There is no law," Holcombe repeated, softly. "There is no help for you now or later. It is a question of two men locked in a room with a table and sixty thousand dollars between them. That is the situation. Two men and sixty thousand dollars. We have returned to first principles, Allen. It is a man against a man, and there is no Court of Appeal."

Allen's breath came back to him with a gasp, as though he had been shocked with a sudden downpour of icy water.

"There is!" he cried. "There *is* a Court of Appeal. For God's sake, wait. I appeal to Henry Holcombe, to Judge Holcombe's son. I appeal to your good name, Harry, to your fame in the world. Think what you are doing; for the love of God, don't murder me. I'm a criminal, I know, but not what you would be, Holcombe; not that. You are mad or drunk. You wouldn't, you couldn't do it. Think of it! *You*, Henry Holcombe. *You*."

The fingers of Holcombe's hand moved and tightened

around the butt of the pistol, the sweat sprang from the pores of his palm. He raised the revolver and pointed it. "My sin's on my own head," he said. "Give me the money."

The older man glanced fearfully back of him at the open window, through which a sea breeze moved the palms outside, so that they seemed to whisper together as though aghast at the scene before them. The window was three stories from the ground, and Allen's eyes returned to the stern face of the younger man. As they stood silent there came to them the sound of some one moving in the hall, and of men's voices whispering together. Allen's face lit with a sudden radiance of hope, and Holcombe's arm moved uncertainly.

"I fancy," he said, in a whisper, "that those are my friends. They have some idea of my purpose, and they have come to learn more. If you call, I will let them in, and they will strangle you into silence until I get the money."

The two men eyed each other steadily, the older seeming to weigh the possible truth of Holcombe's last words in his mind. Holcombe broke the silence in a lighter tone.

"Playing the policeman is a new rôle to me," he said, "and I warn you that I have but little patience; and, besides, my hand is getting tired, and this thing is at full cock."

Allen, for the first time, lowered the box upon the table and drew from it a bundle of notes bound together with elastic bandages. Holcombe's eyes lighted as brightly at the sight as though the notes were for his own private pleasures in the future.

"Be quick!" he said. "I cannot be responsible for the men outside."

Allen bent over the money, his face drawing into closer

and sharper lines as the amount grew, under his fingers, to the sum Holcombe had demanded.

"Sixty thousand!" he said, in a voice of desperate calm.

"Good!" whispered Holcombe. "Pass it over to me. I hope I have taken the most of what you have," he said, as he shoved the notes into his pocket; "but this is something. Now I warn you," he added, as he lowered the trigger of the revolver and put it out of sight, "that any attempt to regain this will be futile. I am surrounded by friends; no one knows you or cares about you. I shall sleep in my room to-night without precaution, for I know that the money is now mine. Nothing you can do will recall it. Your cue is silence and secrecy as to what you have lost and as to what you still have with you."

He stopped in some confusion, interrupted by a sharp knock at the door and two voices calling his name. Allen shrank back in terror.

"You coward!" he hissed. "You promised me you'd be content with what you have." Holcombe looked at him in amazement. "And now your accomplices are to have their share, too, are they?" the embezzler whispered, fiercely. "You lied to me; you mean to take it all."

Holcombe, for an answer, drew back the bolt, but so softly that the sound of his voice drowned the noise it made.

"No, not to-night," he said, briskly, so that the sound of his voice penetrated into the hall beyond. "I mustn't stop any longer, I'm keeping you up. It has been very pleasant to have heard all that news from home. It was such a chance, my seeing you before I sailed. Good-night." He paused and pretended to listen. "No, Allen, I don't think it's a servant," he said. "It's some of my friends looking for me. This is my last night on shore, you see." He threw open the door and confronted Meakim and Car-

roll as they stood in some confusion in the dark hall. "Yes, it is some of my friends," Holcombe continued. "I'll be with you in a minute," he said to them. Then he turned, and, crossing the room in their sight, shook Allen by the hand, and bade him good-night and good-bye.

The embezzler's revulsion of feeling was so keen and the relief so great that he was able to smile as Holcombe turned and left him. "I wish you a pleasant voyage," he said, faintly.

Then Holcombe shut the door on him, closing him out from their sight. He placed his hands on a shoulder of each of the two men, and jumped step by step down the stairs like a boy as they descended silently in front of him. At the foot of the stairs Carroll turned and confronted him sternly, staring him in the face. Meakim at one side eyed him curiously.

"Well?" said Carroll, with one hand upon Holcombe's wrist.

Holcombe shook his hand free, laughing. "Well," he answered, "I persuaded him to make restitution."

"You persuaded him!" exclaimed Carroll, impatiently. "How?"

Holcombe's eyes avoided those of the two inquisitors. He drew a long breath, and then burst into a loud fit of hysterical laughter. The two men surveyed him grimly. "I argued with him, of course," said Holcombe, gayly. "That is my business, man; you forget that I am a District Attorney—"

"*We* didn't forget it," said Carroll, fiercely. "Did *you*? What did you do?"

Holcombe backed away up the stairs, shaking his head and laughing. "I shall never tell you," he said. He pointed with his hand down the second flight of stairs. "Meet me in the smoking-room," he continued. "I will

be there in a minute, and we will have a banquet. Ask the others to come. I have something to do first."

The two men turned reluctantly away, and continued on down the stairs without speaking and with their faces filled with doubt. Holcombe ran first to Reese's room and replaced the pistol in its holder. He was trembling as he threw the thing from him, and had barely reached his own room and closed the door when a sudden faintness overcame him. The weight he had laid on his nerves was gone and the laughter had departed from his face. He stood looking back at what he had escaped as a man reprieved at the steps of the gallows turns his head to glance at the rope he has cheated. Holcombe tossed the bundle of notes upon the table and took an unsteady step across the room. Then he turned suddenly and threw himself upon his knees and buried his face in the pillow.

The sun rose the next morning on a cool, beautiful day, and the consul's boat, with the American flag trailing from the stern, rose and fell on the bluest waters as it carried Holcombe and his friends to the steamer's side.

"We are going to miss you very much," Mrs. Carroll said. "I hope you won't forget to send us word of yourself."

Miss Terrill said nothing. She was leaning over the side trailing her hand in the water, and watching it run between her slim pink fingers. She raised her eyes to find Holcombe looking at her intently with a strange expression of wistfulness and pity, at which she smiled brightly back at him, and began to plan vivaciously with Captain Reese for a ride that same afternoon.

They separated over the steamer's deck, and Meakim, for the hundredth time, and in the lack of conversation which comes at such moments, offered Holcombe a fresh cigar.

"But I have got eight of yours now," said Holcombe.

"That's all right; put it in your pocket," said the Tammany chieftain, "and smoke it after dinner. You'll need 'em. They're better than those you'll get on the steamer, and they never went through a custom-house."

Holcombe cleared his throat in some slight embarrassment. "Is there anything I can do for you in New York, Meakim?" he asked. "Anybody I can see, or to whom I can deliver a message?"

"No," said Meakim. "I write pretty often. Don't you worry about me," he added, gratefully. "I'll be back there some day myself, when the law of limitation lets me."

Holcombe laughed. "Well," he said, "I'd be glad to do something for you if you'd let me know what you'd like."

Meakim put his hands behind his back and puffed meditatively on his cigar, rolling it between his lips with his tongue. Then he turned it between his fingers and tossed the ashes over the side of the boat. He gave a little sigh, and then frowned at having done so. "I'll tell you what you *can* do for me, Holcombe," he said, smiling. "Some night I wish you would go down to Fourteenth Street, some night this spring, when the boys are sitting out on the steps in front of the Hall, and just take a drink for me at Ed Lally's; just for luck. Will you? That's what I'd like to do. I don't know nothing better than Fourteenth Street of a summer evening, with all the people crowding into Pastor's on one side of the Hall, and the Third Avenue L cars running by on the other. That's a gay sight; ain't it now? With all the girls coming in and out of Theiss's, and the sidewalks crowded. One of them warm nights when they have to have the windows open, and you can hear the music in at Pastor's, and the audience clapping their hands. That's great, isn't it? Well," he laughed and shook his head, "I'll be back there some day, won't I," he said, wistfully, "and hear it for myself."

"Carroll," said Holcombe, drawing the former to one side, "suppose I see this cabman when I reach home, and get him to withdraw the charge, or agree not to turn up when it comes to trial."

Carroll's face clouded in an instant. "Now, listen to me, Holcombe," he said. "You let my dirty work alone. There's lots of my friends who have nothing better to do than just that. You have something better to do, and you leave me and my rows to others. I like you for what you are, and not for what you can do for me. I don't mean that I don't appreciate your offer, but it shouldn't have come from an Assistant District Attorney to a fugitive criminal."

"What nonsense!" said Holcombe.

"Don't say that; don't say that!" said Carroll, quickly, as though it hurt him. "You wouldn't have said it a month ago."

Holcombe eyed the other with an alert, confident smile. "No, Carroll," he answered, "I would not." He put his hand on the other's shoulder with a suggestion in his manner of his former self, and with a touch of patronage. "I have learned a great deal in a month," he said. "Seven battles were won in seven days once. All my life I have been fighting causes, Carroll, and principles. I have been working with laws against law-breakers. I have never yet fought a man. It was not poor old Meakim, the individual, I prosecuted, but the corrupt politician. Now, here I have been thrown with men and women on as equal terms as a crew of sailors cast away upon a desert island. We were each a law unto himself. And I have been brought face to face, and for the first time in my life, not with principles of conduct, not with causes, and not with laws, but with my fellow-men."

XI

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING

BY

Rudyard Kipling

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING

Rudyard Kipling

“ Brother to a Prince and fellow to a beggar if he be found worthy.”

THE law, as quoted, lays down a fair conduct of life, and one not easy to follow. I have been fellow to a beggar again and again under circumstances which prevented either of us finding out whether the other was worthy. I have still to be brother to a Prince, though I once came near to kinship with what might have been a veritable King and was promised the reversion of a Kingdom—army, law-courts, revenue and policy all complete. But, to-day, I greatly fear that my King is dead, and if I want a crown I must go and hunt it for myself.

The beginning of everything was in a railway train upon the road to Mhow from Ajmir. There had been a Deficit in the Budget, which necessitated travelling, not Second-class, which is only half as dear as First-class, but by Intermediate, which is very awful indeed. There are no cushions in the Intermediate class, and the population are either Intermediate, which is Eurasian, or native, which for a long night journey is nasty, or Loafer, which is amusing though intoxicated. Intermediates do not patronize refreshment-rooms. They carry their food in bundles and pots, and buy sweets from the native sweetmeat sellers, and drink the roadside water. That is why in the hot weather Intermediates are taken out of the carriages dead,

and in all weathers are most properly looked down upon.

My particular Intermediate happened to be empty till I reached Nasirabad, when a huge gentleman in shirt-sleeves entered, and, following the custom of Intermediates, passed the time of day. He was a wanderer and a vagabond like myself, but with an educated taste for whisky. He told tales of things he had seen and done, of out-of-the-way corners of the Empire into which he had penetrated, and of adventures in which he risked his life for a few days' food. "If India was filled with men like you and me, not knowing more than the crows where they'd get their next day's rations, it isn't seventy millions of revenue the land would be paying—it's seven hundred millions," said he; and as I looked at his mouth and chin I was disposed to agree with him. We talked politics—the politics of Loafersdom that sees things from the underside where the lath and plaster is not smoothed off—and we talked postal arrangements because my friend wanted to send a telegram back from the next station to Ajmir, which is the turning-off place from the Bombay to the Mhow line as you travel westward. My friend had no money beyond eight annas which he wanted for dinner, and I had no money at all, owing to the hitch in the Budget before mentioned. Further, I was going into a wilderness where, though I should resume touch with the Treasury, there were no telegraph offices. I was, therefore, unable to help him in any way.

"We might threaten a Station-master, and make him send a wire on tick," said my friend, "but that 'd mean inquiries for you and for me, and I've got my hands full these days. Did you say you were travelling back along this line within any days?"

"Within ten," I said.

"Can't you make it eight?" said he. "Mine is rather urgent business."

"I can send your telegram within ten days if that will serve you," I said.

"I couldn't trust the wire to fetch him now I think of it. It's this way. He leaves Delhi on the 23rd for Bombay. That means he'll be running through Ajmir about the night of the 23rd."

"But I'm going into the Indian Desert," I explained.

"Well *and* good," said he. "You'll be changing at Marwar Junction to get into Jodhpore territory—you must do that—and he'll be coming through Marwar Junction in the early morning of the 24th by the Bombay Mail. Can you be at Marwar Junction on that time? 'Twon't be inconveniencing you, because I know that there's precious few pickings to be got out of those Central India States—even though you pretend to be correspondent of the *Backwoodsman*."

"Have you ever tried that trick?" I asked.

"Again and again, but the Residents find you out, and then you get escorted to the Border before you've time to get your knife into them. But about my friend here. I *must* give him word o' mouth to tell him what's come to me or else he won't know where to go. I would take it more than kind of you if you was to come out of Central India in time to catch him at Marwar Junction, and say to him: 'He has gone South for the week.' He'll know what that means. He's a big man with a red beard, and a great swell he is. You'll find him sleeping like a gentleman with all his luggage round him in a Second-class compartment. But don't you be afraid. Slip down the window and say: 'He has gone South for the week,' and he'll tumble. It's only cutting your time of stay in those parts

by two days. I ask you as a stranger—going to the West,” he said with emphasis.

“Where have *you* come from?” said I.

“From the East,” said he, “and I am hoping that you will give him the message on the square—for the sake of my Mother as well as your own.”

Englishmen are not usually softened by appeals to the memory of their mothers, but for certain reasons, which will be fully apparent, I saw fit to agree.

“It’s more than a little matter,” said he, “and that’s why I ask you to do it—and now I know that I can depend on you doing it. A Second-class carriage at Marwar Junction, and a red-haired man asleep in it. You’ll be sure to remember. I get out at the next station, and I must hold on there till he comes or sends me what I want.”

“I’ll give the message if I catch him,” I said, “and for the sake of your Mother as well as mine I’ll give you a word of advice. Don’t try to run the Central India States just now as the correspondent of the *Backwoodsman*. There’s a real one knocking about here, and it might lead to trouble.”

“Thank you,” said he simply, “and when will the swine be gone? I can’t starve because he’s ruining my work. I wanted to get hold of the Degumber Rajah down here about his father’s widow, and give him a jump.”

“What did he do to his father’s widow, then?”

“Filled her up with red pepper and slipped her to death as she hung from a beam. I found that out myself and I’m the only man that would dare going into the State to get hush-money for it. They’ll try to poison me, same as they did in Chortumna when I went on the loot there. But you’ll give the man at Marwar Junction my message?”

He got out at a little roadside station, and I reflected. I had heard, more than once, of men personating corre-

spondents of newspapers and bleeding small Native States with threats of exposure, but I had never met any of the caste before. They lead a hard life, and generally die with great suddenness. The Native States have a wholesome horror of English newspapers, which may throw light on their peculiar methods of government, and do their best to choke correspondents with champagne, or drive them out of their mind with four-in-hand barouches. They do not understand that nobody cares a straw for the internal administration of Native States so long as oppression and crime are kept within decent limits, and the ruler is not drugged, drunk or diseased from one end of the year to the other. Native States were created by Providence in order to supply picturesque scenery, tigers and tall writing. They are the dark places of the earth, full of unimaginable cruelty, touching the Railway and the Telegraph on one side, and on the other the days of Harun-al-Raschid. When I left the train I did business with divers Kings, and in eight days passed through many changes of life. Sometimes I wore dress clothes and consorted with Princes and Politicals, drinking from crystal and eating from silver. Sometimes I lay out upon the ground and devoured what I could get from a plate made of a flapjack, and drank the running water, and slept under the same rug as my servant. It was all in the day's work.

Then I headed for the Great Indian Desert upon the proper date, as I had promised, and the night Mail set me down at Marwar Junction, where a funny little happy-go-lucky, native-managed railway runs to Jodhpore. The Bombay Mail from Delhi makes a short halt at Marwar. She arrived as I got in, and I had just time to hurry to her platform and go down the carriages. There was only one Second-class on the train. I slipped the window and

looked down upon a flaming red beard, half-covered by a railway rug. That was my man, fast asleep, and I dug him gently in the ribs. He woke with a grunt and I saw his face in the light of the lamps. It was a great and shining face.

"Tickets again?" said he.

"No," said I. "I am to tell you that he is gone South for the week. He is gone South for the week!"

The train had begun to move out. The red man rubbed his eyes. "He has gone South for the week," he repeated. "Now that's just like his impudence. Did he say that I was to give you anything? 'Cause I won't."

"He didn't," I said and dropped away, and watched the red lights die out in the dark. It was horribly cold because the wind was blowing off the sands. I climbed into my own train—not an Intermediate Carriage this time—and went to sleep.

If the man with the beard had given me a rupee I should have kept it as a memento of a rather curious affair. But the consciousness of having done my duty was my only reward.

Later on I reflected that two gentlemen like my friends could not do any good if they foregathered and personated correspondents of newspapers, and might, if they "stuck up" one of the little rat-trap States of Central India or Southern Rajputana, get themselves into serious difficulties. I therefore took some trouble to describe them as accurately as I could remember to people who would be interested in deporting them: and succeeded, so I was later informed, in having them headed back from the Degumber borders.

Then I became respectable, and returned to an Office where there were no Kings and no incidents except the daily manufacture of a newspaper. A newspaper office

seems to attract every conceivable sort of person to the prejudice of discipline. Zenana-mission ladies arrive, and beg that the Editor will instantly abandon all his duties to describe a Christian prize-giving in a back slum of a perfectly inaccessible village; Colonels who have been overpassed for commands sit down and sketch the outline of a series of ten, twelve or twenty-four leading articles on Seniority *versus* Selection; missionaries wish to know why they have not been permitted to escape from their regular vehicles of abuse and swear at a brother missionary under special patronage of the editorial We; stranded theatrical companies troop up to explain that they cannot pay for their advertisements, but on their return from New Zealand or Tahiti will do so with interest; inventors of patent punkah-pulling machines, carriage couplings and unbreakable swords and axletrees call with specifications in their pockets and hours at their disposal; tea companies enter and elaborate their prospectuses with the office pens; secretaries of ball committees clamor to have the glories of their last dance more fully expounded; strange ladies rustle in and say: "I want a hundred lady's cards printed *at once*, please," which is manifestly part of an editor's duty; and every dissolute ruffian that ever tramped the Grand Trunk Road makes it his business to ask for employment as a proof-reader. And, all the time, the telephone bell is ringing madly, and Kings are being killed on the Continent, and Empires are saying: "You're another," and Mister Gladstone is calling down brimstone upon the British Dominions, and the little black copy boys are whining "*kaa-pi chay-ha-yeh*" (copy wanted) liked tired bees, and most of the paper is as blank as Modred's shield.

But that is the amusing part of the year. There are other six months wherein none ever come to call, and the thermometer walks inch by inch up to the top of the glass,

and the office is darkened to just above reading light, and the press machines are red-hot of touch, and nobody writes anything but accounts of amusements in the Hill-stations, or obituary notices. Then the telephone becomes a tinkling terror, because it tells you of the sudden deaths of men and women that you knew intimately, and the prickly heat covers you as with a garment, and you sit down and write: "A slight increase of sickness is reported from the Khuda Janta Khan District. The outbreak is purely sporadic in its nature, and thanks to the energetic efforts of the District authorities, is now almost at an end. It is, however, with deep regret we record the death, etc."

Then the sickness really breaks out, and the less recording and reporting the better for the peace of the subscribers. But the Empires and Kings continue to divert themselves as selfishly as before, and the Foreman thinks that a daily paper really ought to come out once in twenty-four hours, and all the people at the Hill-stations in the middle of their amusements say: "Good gracious! Why can't the paper be sparkling? I'm sure there's plenty going on up here."

That is the dark half of the moon, and as the advertisements say, "must be experienced to be appreciated."

It was in that season, and a remarkably evil season, that the paper began running the last issue of the week on Saturday night, which is to say Sunday morning, after the custom of a London paper. This was a great convenience, for immediately after the paper was put to bed the dawn would lower the thermometer from 96° to almost 84° for half an hour, and in that chill—you have no idea how cold is 84° on the grass until you begin to pray for it—a very tired man could set off to sleep ere the heat roused him.

One Saturday night it was my pleasant duty to put the

paper to bed alone. A King or courtier or a courtesan or a community was going to die or get a new constitution, or do something that was important on the other side of the world, and the paper was to be held open till the latest possible minute in order to catch the telegram. It was a pitchy black night, as stifling as a June night can be, and the *loo*, the red-hot wind from the westward, was booming among the tinder-dry trees and pretending that the rain was on its heels. Now and again a spot of almost boiling water would fall on the dust with the flop of a frog, but all our weary world knew that was only pretence. It was a shade cooler in the press-room than the office, so I sat there while the type clicked and clicked, and the night-jars hooted at the windows, and the all but naked compositors wiped the sweat from their foreheads and called for water. The thing that was keeping us back, whatever it was, would not come off, though the *loo* dropped and the last type was set, and the whole round earth stood still in the choking heat, with its finger on its lip, to wait the event. I drowsed, and wondered whether the telegraph was a blessing, and whether this dying man or struggling people was aware of the inconvenience the delay was causing. There was no special reason beyond the heat and worry to make tension, but as the clock hands crept up to three o'clock and the machines spun their flywheels two and three times to see that all was in order, before I said the word that would set them off, I could have shrieked aloud.

Then the roar and rattle of the wheels shivered the quiet into little bits. I rose to go away, but two men in white clothes stood in front of me. The first one said: "It's him!" The second said: "So it is!" And they both laughed almost as loudly as the machinery roared, and mopped their foreheads. "We see there was a light burn-

ing across the road and we were sleeping in that ditch there for coolness, and I said to my friend here: 'The office is open. Let's come along and speak to him as turned us back from the Degumber State,' " said the smaller of the two. He was the man I had met in the Mhow train, and his fellow was the red-bearded man of Marwar Junction. There was no mistaking the eyebrows of the one or the beard of the other.

I was not pleased, because I wished to go to sleep, not to squabble with loafers. "What do you want?" I asked.

"Half an hour's talk with you cool and comfortable, in the office," said the red-bearded man. "We'd *like* some drink—the Contrack doesn't begin yet, Peachey, so you needn't look—but what we really want is advice. We don't want money. We ask you as a favor, because you did us a bad turn about Degumber."

I led from the press-room to the stifling office with the maps on the walls, and the red-haired man rubbed his hands. "That's something like," said he. "This was the proper shop to come to. Now, sir, let me introduce to you Brother Peachey Carnehan, that's him, and Brother Daniel Dravot, that is *me*, and the less said about our professions the better, for we have been most things in our time. Soldier, sailor, compositor, photographer, proof-reader, street preacher, and correspondents of the *Backwoodsman* when we thought the paper wanted one. Carnehan is sober, and so am I. Look at us first and see that's sure. It will save you cutting into my talk. We'll take one of your cigars apiece, and you shall see us light it."

I watched the test. The men were absolutely sober, so I gave them each a tepid peg.

"Well *and* good," said Carnehan of the eyebrows, wiping the froth from his mustache. "Let me talk now, Dan. We have been all over India, mostly on foot. We

have been boiler-fitters, engine-drivers, petty contractors, and all that, and we have decided that India isn't big enough for such as us."

They certainly were too big for the office. Dravot's beard seemed to fill half the room and Carnehan's shoulders the other half, as they sat on the big table. Carnehan continued: "The country isn't half worked out because they that governs it won't let you touch it. They spend all their blessed time in governing it, and you can't lift a spade, nor chip a rock, nor look for oil, nor anything like that without all the Government saying: 'Leave it alone and let us govern.' Therefore, such as it is, we will let it alone, and go away to some other place where a man isn't crowded and can come to his own. We are not little men, and there is nothing that we are afraid of except Drink, and we have signed a Contrack on that. *Therefore* we are going away to be Kings."

"Kings in our own right," muttered Dravot.

"Yes, of course," I said. "You've been tramping in the sun, and it's a very warm night, and hadn't you better sleep over the notion? Come to-morrow."

"Neither drunk nor sunstruck," said Dravot. "We have slept over the notion half a year, and require to see Books and Atlases, and we have decided that there is only one place now in the world that two strong men can Sar-a-whack. They call it Kafiristan. By my reckoning it's the top right-hand corner of Afghanistan, not more than three hundred miles from Peshawar. They have two-and-thirty heathen idols there, and we'll be the thirty-third. It's a mountainous country, and the women of those parts are very beautiful."

"But that is provided against in the Contrack," said Carnehan. "Neither Women nor Liquor, Daniel."

"And that's all we know, except that no one has gone

there, and they fight, and in any place where they fight a man who knows how to drill men can always be a King. We shall go to those parts and say to any King we find: 'D'you want to vanquish your foes?' and we will show him how to drill men; for that we know better than anything else. Then we will subvert that King and seize his Throne and establish a Dy-nasty."

"You'll be cut to pieces before you're fifty miles across the Border," I said. "You have to travel through Afghanistan to get to that country. It's one mass of mountains and peaks and glaciers, and no Englishman has been through it. The people are utter brutes, and even if you reached them you couldn't do anything."

"That's more like," said Carnehan. "If you could think us a little more mad we would be more pleased. We have come to you to know about this country, to read a book about it, and to be shown maps. We want you to tell us that we are fools and to show us your books."

He turned to the bookcases.

"Are you at all in earnest?" I said.

"A little," said Dravot sweetly. "As big a map as you have got, even if it's all blank where Kafiristan is, and any books you've got. We can read, though we aren't very educated."

I uncased the big thirty-two-miles-to-the-inch map of India, and two smaller Frontier maps, hauled down volume INF-KAN of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and the men consulted them.

"See here!" said Dravot, his thumb on the map. "Up to Jagdallak, Peachey and me know the road. We was there with Roberts' Army. We'll have to turn off to the right at Jagdallak through Laghmann territory. Then we get among the hills—fourteen thousand feet—fifteen

thousand—it will be cold work there, but it don't look very far on the map."

I handed him Wood on the *Sources of the Oxus*. Carnehan was deep in the *Encyclopædia*.

"They're a mixed lot," said Dravot reflectively; "and it won't help us to know the names of their tribes. The more tribes the more they'll fight, and the better for us. From Jagdallak to Ashang. H'mm!"

"But all the information about the country is as sketchy and inaccurate as can be," I protested. "No one knows anything about it really. Here's the file of the *United Services' Institute*. Read what Bellew says."

"Blow Bellew!" said Carnehan. "Dan, they're an all-fired lot of heathens, but this book here says they think they're related to us English."

I smoked while the men pored over *Raverty, Wood*, the maps and the *Encyclopædia*.

"There is no use your waiting," said Dravot politely. "It's about four o'clock now. We'll go before six o'clock if you want to sleep, and we won't steal any of the papers. Don't you sit up. We're two harmless lunatics, and if you come to-morrow evening down to the Serai we'll say good-by to you."

"You *are* two fools," I answered. "You'll be turned back at the Frontier or cut up the minute you set foot in Afghanistan. Do you want any money or a recommendation down-country? I can help you to the chance of work next week."

"Next week we shall be hard at work ourselves, thank you," said Dravot. "It isn't so easy being a King as it looks. When we've got our Kingdom in going order we'll let you know, and you can come up and help us to govern it."

"Would two lunatics make a Contrack like that?" said

Carnehan, with subdued pride, showing me a greasy half-sheet of note-paper on which was written the following. I copied it, then and there, as a curiosity:

This Contract between me and you persuing witnesseth in the name of God—Amen and so forth.

(One) That me and you will settle this matter together:
i.e., to be Kings of Kafirstan.

(Two) That you and me will not, while this matter is being settled, look at any Liquor, nor any Woman black, white or brown, so as to get mixed up with one or the other harmful.

(Three) That we conduct ourselves with dignity and discretion, and if one of us gets into trouble the other will stay by him.

Signed by you and me this day.

Peachey Taliaferro Carnehan.

Daniel Dravot.

Both Gentlemen at Large.

"There was no need for the last article," said Carnehan, blushing modestly; "but it looks regular. Now you know the sort of men that loafers are—we *are* loafers, Dan, until we get out of India—and *do* you think that we would sign a Contrack like that unless we was in earnest? We have kept away from the two things that make life worth having."

"You won't enjoy your lives much longer if you are going to try this idiotic adventure. Don't set the office on fire," I said, "and go away before nine o'clock."

I left them still poring over the maps and making notes on the back of the "Contrack." "Be sure to come down to the Serai to-morrow," were their parting words.

The Kumharsen Serai is the great four-square sink of humanity where the strings of camels and horses from the North load and unload. All the nationalities of Central

Asia may be found there, and most of the folk of India proper. Balkh and Bokhara there meet Bengal and Bombay, and try to draw eye-teeth. You can buy ponies, turquoises, Persian pussy-cats, saddle-bags, fat-tailed sheep and musk in the Kumharsen Serai, and get many strange things for nothing. In the afternoon I went down there to see whether my friends intended to keep their word or were lying about drunk.

A priest attired in fragments of ribbons and rags stalked up to me, gravely twisting a child's paper whirligig. Behind him was his servant bending under the load of a crate of mud toys. The two were loading up two camels, and the inhabitants of the Serai watched them with shrieks of laughter.

"The priest is mad," said a horse-dealer to me. "He is going up to Kabul to sell toys to the Amir. He will either be raised to honor or have his head cut off. He came in here this morning and has been behaving madly ever since."

"The witless are under the protection of God," stammered a flat-cheeked Usbeg in broken Hindi. "They foretell future events."

"Would they could have foretold that my caravan would have been cut up by the Shinwaris almost within shadow of the Pass!" grunted the Eusufzai agent of a Rajputana trading-house whose goods had been feloniously diverted into the hands of other robbers just across the Border, and whose misfortunes were the laughing-stock of the bazar. "Ohé, priest, whence come you and whither do you go?"

"From Roum have I come," shouted the priest, waving his whirligig; "from Roum, blown by the breath of a hundred devils across the sea! O thieves, robbers, liars, the blessing of Pir Khan on pigs, dogs and perjurers! Who

will take the Protected of God to the North to sell charms that are never still to the Amir? The camels shall not gall, the sons shall not fall sick, and the wives shall remain faithful while they are away, of the men who give me place in their caravan. Who will assist me to slipper the King of the Roos with a golden slipper with a silver heel? The protection of Pir Khan be upon his labors!" He spread out the skirts of his gaberdine and pirouetted between the lines of tethered horses.

"There starts a caravan from Peshawar to Kabul in twenty days, *Huzrut*," said the Eusufzai trader. "My camels go therewith. Do thou also go and bring us good-luck."

"I will go even now!" shouted the priest. "I will depart upon my winged camels, and be at Peshawar in a day! Ho! Hazar Mir Khan," he yelled to his servant, "drive out the camels, but let me first mount my own."

He leaped on the back of his beast as it knelt, and, turning round to me, cried: "Come thou also, Sahib, a little along the road, and I will sell thee a charm—an amulet that shall make thee King of Kafiristan."

Then the light broke upon me, and I followed the two camels out of the Serai till we reached open road and the priest halted.

"What d'you think o' that?" said he in English. "Carnehan can't talk their patter, so I've made him my servant. He makes a handsome servant. 'Tisn't for nothing that I've been knocking about the country for fourteen years. Didn't I do that talk neat? We'll hitch on to a caravan at Peshawar till we get to Jagdallak, and then we'll see if we can get donkeys for our camels, and strike into Kafiristan. Whirligigs for the Amir, O Lor! Put your hand under the camel-bags and tell me what you feel."

I felt the butt of a Martini, and another and another,

"Twenty of 'em," said Dravot placidly. "Twenty of 'em, and ammunition to correspond, under the whirligigs and the mud dolls."

"Heaven help you if you are caught with those things!" I said. "A Martini is worth her weight in silver among the Pathans."

"Fifteen hundred rupees of capital—every rupee we could beg, borrow, or steal—are invested on these two camels," said Dravot. "We won't get caught. We're going through the Khaiber with a regular caravan. Who'd touch a poor mad priest?"

"Have you got everything you want?" I asked, overcome with astonishment.

"Not yet, but we shall soon. Give us a memento of your kindness, *Brother*. You did me a service yesterday, and that time in Marwar. Half my Kingdom shall you have, as the saying is." I slipped a small charm compass from my watch-chain and handed it up to the priest.

"Good-by," said Dravot, giving me his hand cautiously. "It's the last time we'll shake hands with an Englishman these many days. Shake hands with him, Carnehan," he cried, as the second camel passed me.

Carnehan leaned down and shook hands. Then the camels passed away along the dusty road, and I was left alone to wonder. My eye could detect no failure in the disguises. The scene in the Serai attested that they were complete to the native mind. There was just the chance, therefore, that Carnehan and Dravot would be able to wander through Afghanistan without detection. But, beyond, they would find death, certain and awful death.

Ten days later a native friend of mine, giving me the news of the day from Peshawar, wound up his letter with: "There has been much laughter here on account of a certain mad priest who is going in his estimation to sell petty

gauds and insignificant trinkets which he ascribes as great charms to H. H. the Amir of Bokhara. He passed through Peshawar and associated himself to the Second Summer caravan that goes to Kabul. The merchants are pleased because through superstition they imagine that such mad fellows bring good fortune."

The two, then, were beyond the Border. I would have prayed for them, but that night a real King died in Europe, and demanded an obituary notice.

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The wheel of the world swings through the same phases again and again. Summer passed and winter thereafter, and came and passed again. The daily paper continued and I with it, and upon the third summer there fell a hot night, a night-issue, and a strained waiting for something to be telegraphed from the other side of the world, exactly as had happened before. A few great men had died in the past two years, the machines worked with more clatter, and some of the trees in the Office garden were a few feet taller. But that was all the difference.

I passed over to the press-room, and went through just such a scene as I have already described. The nervous tension was stronger than it had been two years before, and I felt the heat more acutely. At three o'clock I cried "Print off," and turned to go, when there crept to my chair what was left of a man. He was bent into a circle, his head was sunk between his shoulders, and he moved his feet one over the other like a bear. I could hardly see whether he walked or crawled—this rag-wrapped, whining cripple who addressed me by name, crying that he was come back. "Can you give me a drink?" he whimpered. "For the Lord's sake, give me a drink!"

I went back to the office, the man following with groans of pain, and I turned up the lamp.

"Don't you know me?" he gasped, dropping into a chair, and he turned his drawn face, surmounted by a shock of gray hair, to the light.

I looked at him intently. Once before had I seen eyebrows that met over the nose in an inch-broad black band, but for the life of me I could not tell where.

"I don't know you," I said, handing him the whisky. "What can I do for you?"

He took a gulp of the spirit raw, and shivered in spite of the suffocating heat.

"I've come back," he repeated; "and I was the King of Kafiristan—me and Dravot—crowned Kings we was! In this office we settled it—you setting there and giving us the books. I am Peachey—Peachey Taliaferro Carnehan, and you've been setting here ever since—O Lord!"

I was more than a little astonished and expressed my feelings accordingly.

"It's true," said Carnehan, with a dry cackle, nursing his feet, which were wrapped in rags. "True as gospel. Kings we were, with crowns upon our heads—me and Dravot—poor Dan—oh, poor, poor Dan, that would never take advice, not though I begged of him!"

"Take the whisky," I said, "and take your own time. Tell me all you can recollect of everything from beginning to end. You got across the Border on your camels, Dravot dressed as a mad priest, and you his servant. Do you remember that?"

"I ain't mad—yet, but I shall be that way soon. Of course I remember. Keep looking at me, or maybe my words will go all to pieces. Keep looking at me in my eyes and don't say anything."

I leaned forward and looked into his face as steadily as I could. He dropped one hand upon the table and I grasped it by the wrist. It was twisted like a bird's claw,

and upon the back was a ragged, red, diamond-shaped scar.

"No, don't look there. Look at *me*," said Carnehan. "That comes afterwards, but for the Lord's sake don't distract me. We left with that caravan, me and Dravot playing all sorts of antics to amuse the people we were with. Dravot used to make us laugh in the evening when all the people was cooking their dinners—cooking their dinners, and . . . what did they do then? They lit little fires with sparks that went into Dravot's beard, and we all laughed—fit to die. Little red fires they was, going into Dravot's big red beard—so funny." His eyes left mine and he smiled foolishly.

"You went as far as Jagdallak with that caravan," I said at a venture, "after you had lit those fires. To Jagdallak, where you turned off to try to get into Kafiristan."

"No, we didn't neither. What are you talking about? We turned off before Jagdallak, because we heard the roads was good. But they wasn't good enough for our two camels—mine and Dravot's. When we left the caravan Dravot took off all his clothes and mine too, and said we would be heathen, because the Kafirs didn't allow Mohammedans to talk to them. So we dressed betwixt and between, and such a sight as Daniel Dravot I never saw yet nor expect to see again. He burned half his beard, and slung a sheepskin over his shoulder, and shaved his head into patterns. He shaved mine, too, and made me wear outrageous things to look like a heathen. That was in a most mountainous country, and our camels couldn't go along any more because of the mountains. They were tall and black, and coming home I saw them fight like wild goats—there are lots of goats in Kafiristan. And these mountains, they never keep still, no more than the

goats. Always fighting they are, and don't let you sleep at night."

"Take some more whisky," I said very slowly. "What did you and Daniel Dravot do when the camels could go no further because of the rough roads that led into Kafiristan?"

"What did which do? There was a party called Peachey Taliaferro Carnehan that was with Dravot. Shall I tell you about him? He died out there in the cold. Slap from the bridge fell old Peachey, turning and twisting in the air like a penny whirligig that you can sell to the Amir.—No; they was two for three ha'pence, those whirligigs, or I am much mistaken and woful sore. And then these camels were no use, and Peachey said to Dravot: 'For the Lord's sake, let's get out of this before our heads are chopped off,' and with that they killed the camels all among the mountains, not having anything in particular to eat, but first they took off the boxes with the guns and the ammunition, till two men came along driving four mules. Dravot up and dances in front of them, singing: 'Sell me four mules.' Says the first man: 'If you are rich enough to buy you are rich enough to rob'; but before ever he could put his hand to his knife Dravot breaks his neck over his knee, and the other party runs away. So Carnehan loaded the mules with the rifles that was taken off the camels, and together we starts forward into those bitter cold mountainous parts, and never a road broader than the back of your hand."

He paused for a moment, while I asked him if he could remember the nature of the country through which he had journeyed.

"I am telling you as straight as I can, but my head isn't as good as it might be. They drove nails through it to make me hear better how Dravot died. The country

was mountainous and the mules were most contrary, and the inhabitants was dispersed and solitary. They went up and up, and down and down, and that other party, Carnehan, was imploring of Dravot not to sing and whistle so loud, for fear of bringing down the tremenjus avalanches. But Dravot says that if a King couldn't sing it wasn't worth being King, and whacked the mules over the rump, and never took no heed for ten cold days. We came to a big level valley all among the mountains, and the mules were near dead, so we killed them, not having anything in special for them or us to eat. We sat upon the boxes, and played odd and even with the cartridges that was jolted out.

"Then ten men with bows and arrows ran down that valley chasing twenty men with bows and arrows, and the row was tremenjus. They was fair men—fairer than you or me—with yellow hair and remarkable well built. Says Dravot, unpacking the guns: 'This is the beginning of the business. We'll fight for the ten men,' and with that he fires two rifles at the twenty men, and drops one of them at two hundred yards from the rock where we was sitting. The other men began to run, but Carnehan and Dravot sits on the boxes picking them off at all ranges, up and down the valley. Then we goes up to the ten men that had run across the snow, too, and they fires a footy little arrow at us. Dravot he shoots above their heads and they all falls down flat. Then he walks over them and kicks them, and then he lifts them up and shakes hands all round to make them friendly like. He calls them and gives them the boxes to carry, and waves his hand for all the world as though he was King already. They take the boxes and him across the valley and up the hill into a pine wood on the top, where there was half a dozen big stone idols. Dravot he goes to the biggest—a

fellow they call Imbra—and lays a rifle and a cartridge at his feet, rubbing his nose respectful with his own nose, patting him on the head, and saluting in front of it. He turns round to the men and nods his head, and says 'That's all right. I'm in the know, too, and all these old jim-jams are my friends.' Then he opens his mouth and points down it, and when the first man brings him food, he says—'No'; and when the second man brings him food, he says—'No'; but when one of the old priests and the boss of the village brings him food, he says—'Yes,' very haughty, and eats it slow. That was how we came to our first village, without any trouble, just as though we had tumbled from the skies. But we tumbled from one of those damned rope-bridges, you see, and you couldn't expect a man to laugh much after that."

"Take some more whisky and go on," I said. "That was the first village you came into. How did you get to be King?"

"I wasn't King," said Carnehan. "Dravot he was the King, and a handsome man he looked with the gold crown on his head and all. Him and the other party stayed in that village, and every morning Dravot sat by the side of old Imbra, and the people came and worshipped. That was Dravot's order. Then a lot of men came into the valley, and Carnehan and Dravot picks them off with the rifles before they knew where they was, and runs down into the valley and up again the other side, and finds another village, same as the first one, and the people all falls down flat on their faces, and Dravot says, 'Now what is the trouble between you two villages?' and the people points to a woman, as fair as you or me, that was carried off, and Dravot takes her back to the first village and counts up the dead—eight there was. For each dead man Dravot pours a little milk on the ground and waves his arms like

a whirligig and 'That's all right,' says he. Then he and Carnehan takes the big boss of each village by the arm and walks them down into the valley, and shows them how to scratch a line with a spear right down the valley, and gives each a sod of turf from both sides o' the line. Then all the people comes down and shouts like the Devil and all, and Dravot says, 'Go and dig the land, and be fruitful and multiply,' which they did, though they didn't understand. Then we asks the names of things in their lingo—bread and water and fire and idols and such, and Dravot leads the priest of each village up to the idol, and says he must sit there and judge the people, and if anything goes wrong he is to be shot.

"Next week they was all turning up the land in the valley as quiet as bees and much prettier, and the priests heard all the complaints and told Dravot in dumb show what it was about. 'That's just the beginning,' says Dravot. 'They think we're Gods.' He and Carnehan picks out twenty good men and shows them how to click off a rifle and form fours, and advance in line, and they was very pleased to do so, and clever to see the hang of it. Then he takes out his pipe and his baccy-pouch and leaves one at one village and one at the other, and off we two goes to see what was to be done in the next valley. That was all rock, and there was a little village there, and Carnehan says,—'Send 'em to the old valley to plant,' and takes 'em there and gives 'em some land that wasn't took before. They were a poor lot, and we blooded 'em with a kid before letting 'em into the new Kingdom. That was to impress the people, and then they settled down quiet, and Carnehan went back to Dravot, who had got into another valley all snow and ice and most mountainous. There was no people there and the Army got afraid, so Dravot shoots one of them, and goes on till he finds some people in a vil-

lage, and the Army explains that unless the people wants to be killed they had better not shoot their little matchlocks; for they had matchlocks. We makes friends with the priest and I stays there alone with two of the Army, teaching the men how to drill, and a thundering big Chief comes across the snow with kettle-drums and horns twanging, because he heard there was a new God kicking about. Carnehan sights for the brown of the men half a mile across the snow and wings one of them. Then he sends a message to the Chief that, unless he wished to be killed, he must come and shake hands with me and leave his arms behind. The Chief comes alone first, and Carnehan shakes hands with him and whirls his arms about same as Dravot used, and very much surprised that Chief was, and strokes my eyebrows. Then Carnehan goes alone to the Chief and asks him in dumb show if he had an enemy he hated. 'I have,' says the Chief. So Carnehan weeds out the pick of his men, and sets the two of the Army to show them drill and at the end of two weeks the men can manœuver about as well as Volunteers. So he marches with the Chief to a great big plain on the top of a mountain, and the Chief's men rushes into a village and takes it; we three Martinis firing into the brown of the enemy. So we took that village too, and I gives the Chief a rag from my coat, and says, 'Occupy till I come,' which was scriptural. By way of a reminder, when me and the Army was eighteen hundred yards away, I drops a bullet near him standing on the snow, and all the people falls flat on their faces. Then I sends a letter to Dravot, wherever he be by land or by sea."

At the risk of throwing the creature out of train I interrupted, "How could you write a letter up yonder?"

"The letter? Oh! The letter! Keep looking at me between the eyes, please. It was a string-talk letter, that

we'd learned the way of it from a blind beggar in the Punjab."

I remembered that there had once come to the office a blind man with a knotted twig and a piece of string which he wound round the twig according to some cipher of his own. He could, after the lapse of days or hours, repeat the sentence which he had reeled up. He had reduced the alphabet to eleven primitive sounds; and tried to teach me his method, but failed.

"I sent that letter to Dravot," said Carnehan; "and told him to come back because this Kingdom was growing too big for me to handle, and then I struck for the first valley, to see how the priests were working. They called the village we took along with the Chief, Bashkai, and the first village we took Er-Heb. The priests at Er-Heb was doing all right, but they had a lot of pending cases about land to show me, and some men from another village had been firing arrows at night. I went out and looked for that village and fired four rounds at it from a thousand yards. That used all the cartridges I cared to spend, and I waited for Dravot, who had been away two or three months, and I kept my people quiet.

"One morning I heard the devil's own noise of drums and horns, and Dan Dravot marches down the hill with his Army and a tail of hundreds of men, and, which was the most amazing—a great gold crown on his head. 'My Gord, Carnehan,' says Daniel, 'this is a tremenjuss business, and we've got the whole country as far as it's worth having. I am the son of Alexander by Queen Semiramis, and you're my younger brother and a God too! It's the biggest thing we've ever seen. I've been marching and fighting for six weeks with the Army, and every footy little village for fifty miles has come in rejoiceful; and more than that, I've got the key of the whole show, as you'll see, and I've got

a crown for you! I told 'em to make two of 'em at a place called Shu, where the gold lies in the rock like suet in mutton. Gold I've seen, and turquoise I've kicked out of the cliffs, and there's garnets in the sands of the river, and here's a chunk of amber that a man brought me. Call up all the priests and, here, take your crown.'

"One of the men opens a black hair bag and I slips the crown on. It was too small and too heavy, but I wore it for the glory. Hammered gold it was—five-pound weight, like a hoop of a barrel.

"'Peachey,' says Dravot, 'we don't want to fight no more. The Craft's the trick, so help me!' and he brings forward that same Chief that I left at Bashkai—Billy Fish we called him afterwards, because he was so like Billy Fish that drove the big tank-engine at Mach on the Bolan in the old days. 'Shake hands with him,' says Dravot, and I shook hands and nearly dropped, for Billy Fish gave me the Grip. I said nothing, but tried him with the Fellow Craft Grip. He answers all right, and I tried the Master's Grip, but that was a slip. 'A Fellow Craft he is!' I says to Dan. 'Does he know the word?' 'He does,' says Dan, 'and all the priests know. It's a miracle! The Chiefs and the priests can work a Fellow Craft Lodge in a way that's very like ours, and they've cut the marks on the rocks, but they don't know the Third Degree, and they've come to find out. It's Gord's Truth. I've known these long years that the Afghans knew up to the Fellow Craft Degree, but this is a miracle. A God and a Grand-Master of the Craft am I, and a Lodge in the Third Degree I will open, and we'll raise the head priests and the Chiefs of the villages.'

"'It's against all the law,' I says, 'holding a Lodge without warrant from any one; and we never held office in any Lodge.'

"'It's a master-stroke of policy,' says Dravot, 'It

means running the country as easy as a four-wheeled boggy on a down grade. We can't stop to inquire now, or they'll turn against us. I've forty Chiefs at my heel, and passed and raised according to their merit they shall be. Billet these men on the villages, and see that we run up a Lodge of some kind. The temple of Imbra will do for the Lodge room. The women must make aprons as you show them. I'll hold a levee of Chiefs to-night and Lodge to-morrow.'

"I was fair run off my legs, but I wasn't such a fool as not to see what a pull this Craft business gave us. I showed the priests' families how to make aprons of the degrees, but for Dravot's apron the blue border and marks was made of turquoise lumps on white hide, not cloth. We took a great square stone in the temple for the Master's chair, and little stones for the officers' chairs, and painted the black pavement with white squares, and did what we could to make things regular.

"At the levee which was held that night on the hillside with big bonfires, Dravot gives out that him and me were Gods and sons of Alexander, and Past Grand-Masters in the Craft, and was come to make Kafiristan a country where every man should eat in peace and drink in quiet, and specially obey us. Then the Chiefs come round to shake hands, and they was so hairy and white and fair it was just shaking hands with old friends. We gave them names according as they were like men we had known in India—Billy Fish, Holly Dilworth, Pikky Kergan that was Bazar-master when I was at Mhow, and so on and so on.

"*The* most amazing miracle was at Lodge next night. One of the old priests was watching us continuous, and I felt uneasy, for I knew we'd have to fudge the Ritual, and I didn't know what the men knew. The old priest was a stranger come in from beyond the village of Bashkai. The minute Dravot puts on the Master's apron that the girls

had made for him, the priest fetches a whoop and a howl, and tries to overturn the stone that Dravot was sitting on. 'It's all up now,' I says. 'That comes of meddling with the Craft without warrant!' Dravot never winked an eye, not when ten priests took and tilted over the Grand-Master's chair—which was to say the stone of Imbra. The priest begins rubbing the bottom of it to clear away the black dirt, and presently he shows all the other priests the Master's Mark, same as was on Dravot's apron, cut into the stone. Not even the priests of the temple of Imbra knew it was there. The old chap falls flat on his face at Dravot's feet and kisses 'em. 'Luck again,' says Dravot, across the Lodge to me, 'they say it's the missing Mark that no one could understand the why of. We're more than safe now.' Then he bangs the butt of his gun for a gavel and says: 'By virtue of the authority vested in me by my own right hand and the help of Peachey, I declare myself Grand-Master of all Freemasonry in Kafiristan in this the Mother Lodge o' the country, and King of Kafiristan equally with Peachey!' At that he puts on his crown and I puts on mine—I was doing Senior Warden—and we opens the Lodge in most ample form. It was an amazing miracle! The priests moved in Lodge through the first two degrees almost without telling, as if the memory was coming back to them. After that Peachey and Dravot raised such as was worthy—high priests and Chiefs of far-off villages. Billy Fish was the first, and I can tell you we scared the soul out of him. It was not in any way according to Ritual, but it served our turn. We didn't raise more than ten of the biggest men because we didn't want to make the Degree common. And they was clamoring to be raised.

"'In another six months,' says Dravot, 'we'll hold another Communication and see how you are working.' Then

he asks them about their villages, and learns that they was fighting one against the other and were fair sick and tired of it. And when they wasn't doing that they was fighting with the Mohammedans. 'You can fight those when they come into our country,' says Dravot. 'Tell off every tenth man of your tribes for a Frontier guard, and send two hundred at a time to this valley to be drilled. Nobody is going to be shot or speared any more so long as he does well, and I know that you won't cheat me because you're white people—sons of Alexander—and not like common, black Mohammedans. You are *my* people, and by God,' says he, running off into English at the end—'I'll make a damned fine Nation of you, or I'll die in the making!'

"I can't tell all we did for the next six months, because Dravot did a lot I couldn't see the hang of, and he learned their lingo in a way I never could. My work was to help the people plough, and now and again go out with some of the Army and see what the other villages were doing, and make 'em throw rope bridges across the ravines which cut up the country horrid. Dravot was very kind to me, but when he walked up and down in the pine wood pulling that bloody red beard of his with both fists I knew he was thinking plans I could not advise him about and I just waited for orders.

"But Dravot never showed me disrespect before the people. They were afraid of me and the Army, but they loved Dan. He was the best of friends with the priests and the Chiefs; but any one could come across the hills with a complaint and Dravot would hear him out fair, and call four priests together and say what was to be done. He used to call in Billy Fish from Bashkai and Pikky Kargan from Shu, and an old Chief we called Kefuzelum—it was like enough to his real name—and held councils with 'em when there was any fighting to be done in small

villages. That was his Council of War, and the four priests of Bashkai, Shu, Khawak and Madora was his Privy Council. Between the lot of 'em they sent me, with forty men and twenty rifles, and sixty men carrying turquoises, into the Ghorband country to buy those hand-made Martini rifles that come out of the Amir's workshops at Kabul, from one of the Amir's Herati regiments that would have sold the very teeth out of their mouths for turquoises.

"I stayed in Ghorband a month, and gave the Governor there the pick of my baskets for hush-money, and bribed the Colonel of the regiment some more, and between the two and the tribes people, we got more than a hundred hand-made Martinis, a hundred good Kohat Jezails that 'll throw to six hundred yards, and forty man-loads of very bad ammunition for the rifles. I came back with what I had, and distributed 'em among the men that the Chiefs sent in to me to drill. Dravot was too busy to attend to those things, but the old Army that we first made helped me, and we turned out five hundred men that could drill, and two hundred that knew how to hold arms pretty straight. Even those cork-screwed, hand-made guns was a miracle to them. Dravot talked big about powder-shops and factories, walking up and down in the pine wood when the winter was coming on.

"'I won't make a Nation,' says he. 'I'll make an Empire! These men aren't niggers; they're English! Look at their eyes—look at their mouths. Look at the way they stand up. They sit on chairs in their own houses. They're the Lost Tribes, or something like it, and they've grown to be English. I'll take a census in the spring if the priests don't get frightened. There must be fair two million of 'em in these hills. The villages are full o' little children. The million people—two hundred and fifty thousand fighting men—and all English! They only want

the rifles and a little drilling. Two hundred and fifty thousand men, ready to cut in on Russia's right flank when she tries for India! Peachey, man,' he says, chewing his beard in great hunks, 'we shall be Emperors—Emperors of the Earth! Rajah Brooke will be a suckling to us. I'll treat with the Viceroy on equal terms. I'll ask him to send me twelve picked English—twelve that I know of—to help us govern a bit. There's Mackray, Sergeant-pensioner at Segowli—many's the good dinner he's given me, and his wife a pair of trousers. There's Donkin, the Warder of Tounghoo Jail; there's hundreds that I could lay my hands on if I was in India. The Viceroy shall do it for me. I'll send a man through in the spring for those men, and I'll write for a dispensation from the Grand Lodge for what I've done as Grand-Master. That—and all the Sniders that 'll be thrown out when the native troops in India take up the Martini. They'll be worn smooth, but they'll do for fighting in these hills. Twelve English, a hundred thousand Sniders run through the Amir's country in driblets—I'd be content with twenty thousand in one year—and we'd be an Empire. When everything was shipshape, I'd hand over the crown—this crown I'm wearing now—to Queen Victoria on my knees, and she'd say: "Rise up, Sir Daniel Dravot." Oh, it's big! It's big, I tell you! But there's so much to be done in every place—Bashkai, Khawak, Shu, and everywhere else.'

"'What is it?' I says. 'There are no more men coming in to be drilled this autumn. Look at those fat, black clouds. They're bringing the snow.'

"'It isn't that,' says Daniel, putting his hand very hard on my shoulder; 'and I don't wish to say anything that's against you, for no other living man would have followed me and made me what I am as you have done. You're a

first-class Commander-in-Chief, and the people know you; but—it's a big country, and somehow you can't help me, Peachey, in the way I want to be helped.'

"Go to your blasted priests, then!' I said, and I was sorry when I made that remark, but it did hurt me sore to find Daniel talking so superior when I'd drilled all the men, and done all he told me.

"Don't let's quarrel, Peachey,' says Daniel without cursing. 'You're a King too, and the half of this Kingdom is yours; but can't you see, Peachey, we want cleverer men than us now—three or four of 'em, that we can scatter about for our Deputies. It's a huge great State, and I can't always tell the right thing to do, and I haven't time for all I want to do, and here's the winter coming on and all.' He put half his beard into his mouth, and it was as red as the gold of his crown.

"I'm sorry, Daniel,' says I. 'I've done all I could. I've drilled the men and shown the people how to stack their oats better; and I've brought in those tinware rifles from Ghorband—but I know what you're driving at. I take it Kings always feel oppressed that way.'

"There's another thing, too,' says Dravot, walking up and down. 'The winter's coming and these people won't be giving much trouble, and if they do we can't move about. I want a wife.'

"For Gord's sake leave the women alone!' I says. 'We've both got all the work we can, though I *am* a fool. Remember the Contrack and keep clear o' women.'

"The Contrack only lasted till such time as we was Kings; and Kings we have been these months past,' says Dravot, weighing his crown in his hand. 'You go get a wife too, Peachey, a nice, strappin', plump girl that'll keep you warm in the winter. They're prettier than English girls, and we can take the pick of 'em. Boil 'em once or

twice in hot water, and they'll come as fair as chicken and ham.'

"'Don't tempt me!' I says. 'I will not have any dealings with a woman, not till we are a dam'side more settled than we are now. I've been doing the work o' two men, and you've been doing the work o' three. Let's lie off a bit, and see if we can get some better tobacco from Afghan country and run in some good liquor; but no women.'

"'Who's talking o' *women?*' says Dravot. 'I said *wife*—a Queen to breed a King's son for the King. A Queen out of the strongest tribe, that'll make them your blood-brothers, and that'll lie by your side and tell you all the people thinks about you and their own affairs. That's what I want.'

"'Do you remember that Bengali woman I kept at Mogul Serai when I was a plate layer?' says I. 'A fat lot o' good she was to me. She taught me the lingo and one or two other things; but what happened? She ran away with the Station Master's servant and half my month's pay. Then she turned up at Dadur Junction in tow of a half-caste, and had the impidence to say I was her husband—all among the drivers in the running-shed!'

"'We've done with that,' says Dravot. 'These women are whiter than you or me, and a Queen I will have for the winter months.'

"'For the last time o' asking, Dan, *do not*,' I says. 'It'll only bring us harm. The Bible says that Kings ain't to waste their strength on women, 'specially when they've got a new raw Kingdom to work over.'

"'For the last time of answering I will,' says Dravot, and he went away through the pine-trees looking like a big red devil. The low sun hit his crown and beard on one side, and the two blazed like hot coals.

"But getting a wife was not as easy as Dan thought.

He put it before the Council, and there was no answer till Billy Fish said that he'd better ask the girls. Dravot damned them all round. 'What's wrong with me?' he shouts, standing by the idol Imbra. 'Am I a dog or am I not enough of a man for your wenches? Haven't I put the shadow of my hand over this country? Who stopped the last Afghan raid?' It was me really, but Dravot was too angry to remember. 'Who bought your guns? Who repaired the bridges? Who's the Grand-Master of the sign cut in the stone?' and he thumped his hand on the block that he used to sit on in Lodge, and at Council, which opened like Lodge always. Billy Fish said nothing and no more did the others. 'Keep your hair on, Dan,' said I, 'and ask the girls. That's how it's done at Home, and these people are quite English.'

"'The marriage of the King is a matter of State,' says Dan, in a white-hot rage, for he could feel, I hope, that he was going against his better mind. He walked out of the Council room, and the others sat still, looking at the ground.

"'Billy Fish,' says I to the Chief of the Bashkai, 'what's the difficulty here? A straight answer to a true friend.' 'You know,' says Billy Fish. 'How should a man tell you, who knows everything? How can daughters of men marry Gods or Devils? It's not proper.'

"I remembered something like that in the Bible; but if, after seeing us as long as they had, they still believed we were Gods, it wasn't for me to undeceive them.

"'A God can do anything,' says I. 'If the King is fond of a girl he'll not let her die.' 'She'll have to,' said Billy Fish. 'There are all sorts of Gods and Devils in these mountains, and now and again a girl marries one of them and isn't seen any more. Besides, you two know the Mark cut in the stone. Only the Gods know that. We

thought you were men till you showed the sign of the Master.'

"I wished then that we had explained about the loss of the genuine secrets of a Master-Mason at the first go-off; but I said nothing. All that night there was a blowing of horns in a little dark temple half-way down the hill, and I heard a girl crying fit to die. One of the priests told us that she was being prepared to marry the King.

"'I'll have no nonsense of that kind,' says Dan. 'I don't want to interfere with your customs, but I'll take my own wife.' 'The girl's a little bit afraid,' says the priest. 'She thinks she's going to die, and they are a-heartening her up down in the temple.'

"'Hearten her very tender, then,' says Dravot, 'or I'll hearten you with the butt of a gun so that you'll never want to be heartened again.' He licked his lips, did Dan, and stayed up walking about more than half the night, thinking of the wife that he was going to get in the morning. I wasn't any means comfortable, for I knew that dealings with a woman in foreign parts, though you was a crowned King twenty times over, could not but be risky. I got up very early in the morning while Dravot was asleep, and I saw the priests talking together in whispers, and the Chiefs talking together, too, and they looked at me out of the corners of their eyes.

"'What is up, Fish?' I says to the Bashkai man, who was wrapped up in his furs and looking splendid to behold.

"'I can't rightly say,' says he; 'but if you can induce the King to drop all this nonsense about marriage you'll be doing him and me and yourself a great service.'

"'That I do believe,' says I. 'But sure, you know, Billy, as well as me, having fought against and for us, that the King and me are nothing more than two of the finest

men that God Almighty ever made. Nothing more, I do assure you.'

"'That may be,' says Billy Fish, 'and yet I should be sorry if it was.' He sinks his head upon his great fur coat for a minute and thinks. 'King,' says he, 'be you man or God or Devil, I'll stick by you to-day. I have twenty of my men with me, and they will follow me. We'll go to Bashkai until the storm blows over.'

"A little snow had fallen in the night, and everything was white except the greasy fat clouds that blew down and down from the north. Dravot came out with his crown on his head, swinging his arms and stamping his feet, and looking more pleased than Punch.

"'For the last time drop it, Dan,' says I in a whisper. 'Billy Fish here says that there will be a row.'

"'A row among my people!' says Dravot. 'Not much. Peachey, you're a fool not to get a wife too. Where's the girl?' says he with a voice as loud as the braying of a jackass. 'Call up all the Chiefs and priests, and let the Emperor see if his wife suits him.'

"There was no need to call any one. They were all there leaning on their guns and spears round the clearing in the centre of the pine wood. A deputation of priests went down to the little temple to bring up the girl, and the horns blew fit to wake the dead. Billy Fish saunters round and gets as close to Daniel as he could, and behind him stood his twenty men with matchlocks. Not a man of them under six feet. I was next to Dravot, and behind me was twenty men of the regular Army. Up comes the girl, and a strapping wench she was, covered with silver and turquoises, but white as death, and looking back every minute at the priests.

"'She'll do,' said Dan, looking her over. 'What's to be afraid of, lass? Come and kiss me.' He puts his arm

round her. She shuts her eyes, gives a bit of a squeak, and down goes her face in the side of Dan's flaming red beard.

"‘The slut's bitten me!’ says he, clapping his hand to his neck; and sure enough his hand was red with blood. Billy Fish and two of his matchlock-men catches hold of Dan by the shoulders and drags him into the Bashkai lot, while the priests howls in their lingo, ‘Neither God nor Devil but a man!’ I was all taken aback, for a priest cut at me in front, and the Army began firing into the Bashkai men.

"‘God A-mighty!’ says Dan. ‘What is the meaning o’ this?’

"‘Come back! Come away!’ says Billy Fish. ‘Ruin and Mutiny is the matter. We’ll break for Bashkai if we can.’

"‘I tried to give some sort of orders to my men—the men o’ the regular Army—but it was no use, so I fired into the brown of ’em with an English Martini and drilled three beggars in a line. The valley was full of shouting, howling creatures, and every soul was shrieking, ‘Not a God nor a Devil but only a man!’ The Bashkai troops stuck to Billy Fish all they were worth, but their matchlocks wasn’t half as good as the Kabul breech-loaders, and four of them dropped. Dan was bellowing like a bull, for he was very wrathly; and Billy Fish had a hard job to prevent him running out at the crowd.

"‘We can’t stand,’ says Billy Fish. ‘Make a run for it down the valley! The whole place is against us.’ The matchlock-men ran, and we went down the valley in spite of Dravot’s protestations. He was swearing horribly and crying out that he was a King. The priests rolled great stones on us, and the regular Army fired hard, and there wasn’t more than six men, not counting Dan, Billy Fish

and Me, that came down to the bottom of the valley alive.

"Then they stopped firing and the horns in the temple blew again. 'Come away—for Gord's sake come away!' says Billy Fish. 'They'll send runners out to all the villages before ever we get to Bashkai. I can protect you there, but I can't do anything now.'

"My own notion is that Dan began to go mad in his head from that hour. He stared up and down like a stuck pig. Then he was all for walking back alone and killing the priests with his bare hands, which he could have done. 'An Emperor am I,' says Daniel, 'and next year I shall be a Knight of the Queen.'

"'All right, Dan,' says I; 'but come along now while there's time.'

"'It's your fault,' says he, 'for not looking after your Army better. There was mutiny in the midst, and you didn't know—you damned engine-driving, plate-laying, missionaries'-pass hunting hound!' He sat upon a rock and called me every foul name he could lay tongue to. I was too heartsick to care, though it was all his foolishness that brought the smash.

"'I'm sorry, Dan,' says I, 'but there's no accounting for natives. This business is our Fifty-Seven. Maybe we'll make something out of it yet, when we've got back to Bashkai.'

"'Let's get to Bashkai, then,' says Dan, 'and by God, when I come back here again I'll sweep the valley so there isn't a bug in a blanket left!'

"We walked all that day, and all that night Dan was stumping up and down on the snow, chewing his beard and muttering to himself.

"'There's no hope o' getting clear,' says Billy Fish. 'The priests will have sent runners to the villages to say that you are only men. Why didn't you stick on as Gods

till things was more settled? I'm a dead man,' says Billy Fish, and he throws himself down on the snow and begins to pray to his Gods.

"Next morning we was in a cruel bad country—all up and down, no level ground at all, and no food either. The six Bashkai men looked at Billy Fish hungry-wise as if they wanted to ask something, but they said never a word. At noon we came to the top of a flat mountain all covered with snow, and when we climbed up into it, behold, there was an Army in position waiting in the middle!

"The runners have been very quick,' says Billy Fish, with a little bit of a laugh. 'They are waiting for us.'

"Three or four men began to fire from the enemy's side, and a chance shot took Daniel in the calf of the leg. That brought him to his senses. He looks across the snow at the Army, and sees the rifles that we had brought into the country.

"We're done for,' says he. 'They are Englishmen, these people—and it's my blasted nonsense that has brought you to this. Get back, Billy Fish, and take your men away; you've done what you could, and now cut for it. Carnehan,' says he, 'shake hands with me and go along with Billy. Maybe they won't kill you. I'll go and meet 'em alone. It's me that did it. Me, the King!'

"Go!' says I. 'Go to Hell, Dan. I'm with you here. Billy Fish, you clear out and we two will meet those folk.'

"I'm a Chief,' says Billy Fish quite quiet. 'I stay with you. My men can go.'

"The Bashkai fellows didn't wait for a second word but ran off, and Dan and Me and Billy Fish walked across to where the drums were drumming and the horns were horning. It was cold—awful cold. I've got that cold in the back of my head now. There's a lump of it there."

The punkah-coolies had gone to sleep. Two kerosene

lamps were blazing in the office, and the perspiration poured down my face and splashed on the blotter as I leaned forward. Carnehan was shivering, and I feared that his mind might go. I wiped my face, took a fresh grip of the piteously mangled hands and said:—"What happened after that?"

The momentary shift of my eyes had broken the clear current.

"What was you pleased to say?" whined Carnehan. "They took them without any sound. Not a little whisper all along the snow, not though the King knocked down the first man that set hand on him—not though old Peachey fired his last cartridge into the brown of 'em. Not a single solitary sound did those swines make. They just closed up tight, and I tell you their furs stunk. There was a man called Billy Fish, a good friend of us all, and they cut his throat, Sir, then and there, like a pig; and the King kicks up the bloody snow and says:—'We've had a dashed fine run for our money. What's coming next?' But Peachey, Peachey Taliaferro, I tell you, Sir, in confidence as betwixt two friends, he lost his head, Sir. No, he didn't either. The King lost his head, so he did, all along o' one of those cunning rope-bridges. Kindly let me have the paper-cutter, Sir. It tilted this way. They marched him a mile across that snow to a rope-bridge over a ravine with a river at the bottom. You may have seen such. They prodded him behind like an ox. 'Damn your eyes!' says the King. 'D' you suppose I can't die like a gentleman?' He turns to Peachey—Peachey that was crying like a child. 'I've brought you to this, Peachey,' says he. 'Brought you out of your happy life to be killed in Kafiristan, where you was late Commander-in-Chief of the Emperor's forces. Say you forgive me, Peachey.' 'I do,' says Peachey. 'Fully and freely do I forgive you, Dan.' 'Shake hands, Peachey,' says he. 'I'm going now.' Out

he goes, looking neither right nor left, and when he was plumb in the middle of those dizzy dancing ropes, 'Cut, you beggars,' he shouts; and they cut, and old Dan fell, turning round and round and round, twenty thousand miles, for he took half an hour to fall till he struck the water, and I could see his body caught on a rock with the gold crown close beside.

"But do you know what they did to Peachey between two pine-trees? They crucified him, Sir, as Peachey's hands will show. They used wooden pegs for his hands and his feet; and he didn't die. He hung there and screamed; and they took him down next day and said it was a miracle that he wasn't dead. They took him down—poor old Peachey that hadn't done them any harm—that hadn't done them any . . ."

He rocked to and fro and wept bitterly, wiping his eyes with the back of his scarred hands and moaning like a child for some ten minutes.

"They was cruel enough to feed him up in the temple, because they said he was more of a God than old Daniel that was a man. Then they turned him out on the snow, and told him to go home; and Peachey came home in about a year, begging along the roads quite safe; for Daniel Dravot he walked before and said: 'Come along, Peachey. It's a big thing we're doing.' The mountains they danced at night, and the mountains they tried to fall on Peachey's head, but Dan he held up his hand and Peachey came along bent double. He never let go of Dan's hand, and he never let go of Dan's head. They gave it to him as a present in the temple, to remind him not to come again, and though the crown was pure gold, and Peachey was starving, never would Peachey sell the same. You knew Dravot, Sir! You knew Right Worshipful Brother Dravot! Look at him now!"

He fumbled in the mass of rags round his bent waist; brought out a black horsehair bag embroidered with silver thread; and shook therefrom onto my table—the dried, withered head of Daniel Dravot! The morning sun that had long been paling the lamps struck the red beard and blind, sunken eyes; struck, too, a heavy circlet of gold studded with raw turquoises, that Carnehan placed tenderly on the battered temples.

“You behold now,” said Carnehan, “the Emperor in his habit as he lived—the King of Kafiristan with his crown upon his head. Poor old Daniel that was a monarch once!”

I shuddered, for, in spite of defacements manifold, I recognized the head of the man of Marwar Junction. Carnehan rose to go. I attempted to stop him. He was not fit to walk abroad. “Let me take away the whisky and give me a little money,” he gasped. “I was a King once. I’ll go to the Deputy Commissioner and ask to set in the Poor-house till I get my health. No, thank you, I can’t wait till you get a carriage for me. I’ve urgent private affairs—in the south—at Marwar.”

He shambled out of the office and departed in the direction of the Deputy Commissioner’s house. That day at noon I had occasion to go down the blinding hot Mall, and I saw a crooked man crawling along the white dust of the roadside, his hat in his hand, quavering dolorously after the fashion of street-singers at Home. There was not a soul in sight, and he was out of all possible earshot of the houses. And he sang through his nose, turning his head from right to left:

“The Son of Man goes forth to war,
A golden crown to gain:
His blood-red banner streams afar—
Who follows in his train?”

I waited to hear no more, but put the poor wretch into my carriage and drove him off to the nearest missionary for eventual transfer to the Asylum. He repeated the hymn twice while he was with me, whom he did not in the least recognize, and I left him singing it to the missionary.

Two days later I inquired after his welfare of the Superintendent of the Asylum.

"He was admitted suffering from sunstroke. He died early yesterday morning," said the Superintendent. "Is it true that he was half an hour bareheaded in the sun at midday?"

"Yes," said I; "but do you happen to know if he had anything upon him by any chance when he died?"

"Not to my knowledge," said the Superintendent.

And there the matter rests.

XII

THE HAPPIEST DAY OF HIS LIFE

BY

Lloyd Osbourne

THE HAPPIEST DAY OF HIS LIFE¹

Lloyd Osbourne

HIS thirtieth birthday! His first youth was behind him, with all its heartburnings, its failures, its manifold humiliations. What had he done these years past but drift, forlorn, penniless, and unattached, over those shallows where others had stuck and prospered—a gentle decline all the way from college in hope and fulfilment? The army and civil service had alike refused him. In the colonies he had toiled unremittingly in half a hundred characters,—groom, cook, boundary rider, steamer roustabout,—always sinking, always failing. Then those last four years in the Islands, and his tumble-down store in Vaiala! Had life nothing more for him than an endless succession of hot, empty days on the farthest beach of Upolu, with scarcely more to eat than the commonest Kanaka, and no other outlet for his energies than the bartering of salt beef for coprah and an occasional night's fishing on the reef? On the other hand, he was well in body, and had times of even thinking himself happy in this fag-end of the world. The old store, rotten and leaky though it was, gave him a dryer bed than he had often found in his wandering life, and the food, if monotonous and poor, was better than the empty belly with which he had often begun an arduous day in Australia. And the

¹ From *The Queen versus Billy*. Copyright, 1900, by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

place was extraordinarily beautiful. Yes, he had always admitted that, even in his blackest days of depression, though the beauty of it seemed almost to oppress him at times. But beautiful or not, this was a strange place for his father's son, a strange thirtieth birthday for one who had begun the world with every prospect of faring well and rising high in its esteem, and the sense of his failure again seized him by the throat.

The noise of an incoming boat drew him to the door, and he looked out to see the pastor's old whaler heading through the reef. They had made a night trip to avoid the heat, and all looked tired and weary with their long pull from Apia, and the song with which they timed their paddles sounded mournfully across the lagoon. A half-grown girl leaped into the water and hastened up to the store with something fastened in a banana-leaf.

It was a letter, which she shyly handed the trader. Walter Kinross looked at it with surprise, for it was the first he had received in four years, and the sight of its English stamp and familiar handwriting filled him with something like awe.

"The white man said you would give us a tin of salmon and six *masi*," said the little girl, in native.

Kinross unlocked the dingy trade-room, still in a maze of wonder and impatience, and gave the little girl a box of matches in excess of postage. Then he opened the letter.

MY DEAR NEPHEW [it ran]: Your letter asking me to send you a book or two or any old papers I might happen to have about me has just come to hand, and finds me at Long's Hotel, pretty miserable and ill. Yours was a strange note, after a silence of eight years, telling me nothing on earth about yourself save that you are trading in some islands, and seldom see a white face from one year's end to another, When a man is

seventy years of age and is ill, and his nigh-spent life unrolls before him like the pages of a musty old book, and when he wonders a little how it will feel to be dead and done with altogether, I tell you, my boy, he begins to see the spectres of all sorts of old misdeeds rising before him. Past unkindnesses, past neglects, a cold word here, a ten-pound note saved there and an old friend turned empty away—well, well! Without actually going the length of saying that I was either unkind or negligent in your case, I feel sometimes I was rather hard on you as to that mess of yours in London, and that affair at Lowestoft the same year. I was disappointed, and I showed it.

I know you're pretty old to come back and start life afresh here, but if you have not had the unmitigated folly to get married out there and tied by the leg forever, I'll help you to make a new start. You sha'n't starve if three hundred pounds a year will keep you, and if you will try and turn over a new leaf and make a man of yourself in good earnest, I am prepared to mark you down substantially in my will. But mind—no promises—payment strictly by results. You're no longer a boy, and this is probably the last chance you'll ever get of entering civilized life again and meeting respectable folk. I inclose you a draft at sight on Sydney, New South Wales, for two hundred and fifty pounds, for you will doubtless need clothes, etc., as well as your passage money, and if you decide not to return you can accept it as a present from your old uncle. I have told Jones (you would scarcely know the old fellow, Walter, he's so changed) to send you a bundle of books and illustrated papers, which I hope will amuse you more than they seem to do me.

Affectionately yours,

ALFRED BANNOCK.

The trader read the letter with extraordinary attention, though the drift of it was at first almost beyond him—read it and re-read it, dazed and overcome, scarcely realizing his good fortune. He spread out the bill on his knee and smoothed it as he might have patted the head of a dog. It spelled freedom, friends, the life he had been trained and fitted to lead, a future worth having and worth dividing. The elation of it all tingled in his veins, and he

felt like singing. London, the far distant, the inaccessible, now hummed in his ears. He saw the eddying, crowded streets, the emptying play-houses, the gray river sparkling with lights. The smoke of a native oven thrilled him with memories of the underground, and he had but to close his eyes and the surf thundered with the noise of arriving trains.

The house could not contain him and his eager thoughts; he must needs feel the sky overhead and the trades against his cheek, and take all nature into his puny confidence. Besides, Vaiala had now a new charm for him, one he had never counted on to find. Soon, now, it would begin to melt into the irrevocable past; its mist-swept mountains, its forests and roaring waterfalls would fade into nothingness and become no more than an impalpable phantom of his mind, the stuff that dreams are made of. He wandered along the path from one settlement to another, round the great half-moon of the bay, absorbing every impression with a new and tender interest.

There were a dozen little villages to be passed before he could attain the rocky promontory that barred the western shore, pretty hamlets in groves of cocoanuts and bread-fruit, in each perhaps a dozen beehive houses and as many sheds and boat-shelters. Between village and village the path led him under rustling palms and beside the shallow waters of the lagoon and across a river where he surprised some laughing girls at their bath. In the deep shade old men were mending nets, and children were playing tag and cricket with boisterous shouts, or marbles in sandy places. From one house he heard the clapping hands that announced the *'ava*; in another the song and stamp of practising dancers. Hard and lonely though his life had been, this Samoan bay was endeared to him by a thousand pleasant memories and even by the recollection of his past

unhappiness. Here he had found peace and love, freedom from taskmasters, scenes more beautiful than any picture, and, not least, a sufficiency to eat. A little money and his life might have been tolerable, even happy—enough money for a good-sized boat, a cow or two, and those six acres of the Pascoe estate he had so often longed to buy. Only the month before the American consul had offered them for two hundred dollars Chile money, and here he was with two hundred and fifty pounds in his pocket, seventeen hundred and fifty dollars currency! Cruel fate, that had made him in one turn of her wrist far too rich to care. He would buy them for Leata, he supposed; he must leave the girl some land to live on. But where now were all the day-dreams of the laying out of his little estate?—the damming of the noisy stream, the fencing, terracing, and path-making he had had in mind; the mangoes, oranges, and avocados he had meant to plant in that teeming soil, with coffee enough for a modest reserve? What a snug, cosy garden a man could make of it! What a satisfaction it might have been! How often had he talked of it with Leata, who had been no less eager than himself to harness their quarter-acre to the six and make of them all a little paradise.

Poor Leata! whom he had taken so lightly from her father's house and paid for in gunpowder and kegs of beef—his smiling, soft-eyed Leata, who would have died for him! What was to become of her in this new arrangement of things? The six acres would provide for her, of course; in breadfruit, cocoanuts, and bananas she would not be badly off: but where was the solace for the ache in her heart, for her desolation and abandonment? He sighed as he thought of her, the truest friend he had found in all his wanderings. He would get her some jewellery from Apia, and a chest of new dresses, and a big musical box, if she fancied it. What would it matter if he did go home

in the steerage? It would be no hardship to a man like him. She would soon forget him, no doubt, and take up with somebody else, and live happily ever afterwards in the six acres. Ah, well! he mustn't think too much about her, or it would take the edge off his high spirits and spoil the happiest day of his life.

By this time he had worked quite round the bay, and almost without knowing it he found himself in front of Paul Engelbert's store. Engelbert was the other trader in Vaiala—a passionate, middle-aged Prussian, who had been a good friend of his before those seven breadfruit-trees had come between them. In his new-found affluence and consequent good-humor the bitterness of that old feud suddenly passed away. He recalled Engelbert's rough, jovial kindness—remembered how Paul had cared for him through the fever, and helped him afterwards with money and trade. How could he have been so petty as to make a quarrel of those breadfruit-trees? He recollected, with indescribable wonder at himself, that he had once drawn a pistol on the old fellow, and all this over six feet of boundary and seven gnawed breadfruits! By Jove! he could afford to be generous and hold out the right hand of friendship. Poor old Paul! it was a shame they had not spoken these two years.

On the verandah, barefoot and in striped pyjamas, was Engelbert, pretending not to see him. Kinross thought he looked old and sick and not a little changed.

"How do you do, Engelbert?" he said.

The German looked at him with smouldering eyes. "Gan't you see I'm busy?" he said.

"You might offer a man a chair," said Kinross, seating himself on the tool-chest.

"Dere iss no jare for dem dat issn't welcome," said the German.

"I used to be welcome here," said Kinross. "There was a time when you were a precious good friend of mine, Paul Engelbert."

"Dat wass long ago," said the trader.

"I've been thinking," said Kinross, "that I've acted like a damned fool about those trees."

"Dat wass what I was dinking, too, dese two dree years," responded the other.

"Take them; they are yours," said Kinross. "You can build your fence there to-morrow."

"So!" said Engelbert, with dawning intelligence. "The Yerman gonsul has at last to my complaint listened."

"Hang the German consul! No!" cried Kinross. "I do it myself, because I was wrong—because you were good to me that time I was sick, and lent me the hundred dollars and the trade."

"And you want noding?" asked Engelbert, still incredulous.

"I want to shake your hand and be friends again, o'd man," said Kinross, "same as we used to be when we played dominoes every night, and you'd tell me about the Austrian War, and how the Prince divided his cigars with you when you were wounded."

The German looked away. "Oh, Kinross," he said, with a shining look in his eyes, "you make me much ashamed." He turned suddenly round and wrung the Englishman's hand in an iron grasp. "I, too, was dam fool."

"A friend is worth more than seven breadfruits," said Kinross.

"It wass not breadfruid: it wass brincible," said the German. "Poof! de drees dey are noding; here it wass I wass hurted," and he laid a heavy paw against his breast, "Ho, Malia, de beer!"

His strapping native wife appeared with bottles and mugs; at the sight of their guest she could scarcely conceal her surprise.

"Prosit!" said Engelbert, touching glasses.

"You know dem six agers of de Pasgoe estate," he said, looking very hard at his companion. "Very nice leetle place, very sheap, yoost behind your store?"

Kinross nodded, but his face fell in spite of himself.

"I from the American gonsul bought him," went on the German, "very sheap: two hundred dollars Chile money."

Kinross looked black. Engelbert patted his hand and smiled ambiguously.

"Dey are yours," he said. "Pay me back when you have de money. I buy dem only to spite you. *My friend*, take dem."

"Paul, Paul," cried Kinross, "I don't know what to say—how to thank you. Only this morning I got money from home, and the first thing I meant to do was to buy them."

"All de better," said Engelbert; "and, my boy, you blant goffee. Cobrah, poof! Gotton, poof! It's de goffee dat bays, and I will get you blenty leetle drees from my friend, de gaptain in Utumabu Blantation. You must go? So? Yoost one glass beer. Nein? I will be round lader."

Kinross tore himself away with difficulty and started homeward, his heart swelling with kindness for the old Prussian. He exulted in the six acres he had so nearly lost, and they now seemed to him more precious than ever. It was no empty promise, that of the coffee-trees from Utumapu; these would save him all manner of preparatory labor and put his little plantation six months ahead. Then he remembered he was leaving Vaiala, and again he heard the hum of London in his ears. Well, he would explain

about the trees to Leata, and would beg old Engelbert to help and advise her a bit. Poor Leata! she had lots of good sense and was very quick to learn. He could trust Leata.

He was crossing the *malae*, or common, of Polapola, when the sight of the chief's house put a new thought into his head. It was Tangaloa's house, and he could see the chief himself bulking dimly in the shadow of a *siapo*. Tangaloa! He hadn't spoken with him in a year. The old fellow had been good to him, and in the beginning had overwhelmed him with kindness. But that was before he had shot the chief's dog and brought about the feud that had existed between them for so long. It was annoying to have that everlasting dog on his verandah at night, frightening Leata to death and spilling the improvised larder all about the floor, not to speak of the chickens it had eaten and the eggs it had sucked. No, he could not blame himself for having shot that beast of a dog! But it had made bad blood between him and Tangaloa, and had cost him, in one way or another, through the loss of the old chief's custom and influence, the value of a thousand chickens. But he would make it up with Tangaloa, for he meant to leave no man's ill-will behind him. So he walked deliberately towards the house, and slipped under the eaves near the place where the old chief was sitting alone.

"*Talofa*, Tangaloa," he cried out cordially, shaking hands.

The chief responded somewhat dryly to the salutation and assumed a vacant expression.

"That dog!" began the trader.

"That dog!" repeated the chief, with counterfeit surprise.

"Thy dog, the one I shot near my house," said Kinross, firing up with the memory of its misdeeds, "the dog that

chased my chickens, and ate my eggs, and plagued me all night like a forest devil—I want to take counsel with your Highness about it.”

“But it is dead,” said Tangaloa.

“But thy high-chief anger is not dead,” said Kinross. “Behold, I used to be like your son, and the day was no longer than thy love for me. I am overcome with sorrow to remember the years that are gone, and now to live together as we do in enmity. What is the value of thy dog, that I may pay thee for it, and what present can I make besides that will turn thy heart towards me again?”

“Cease,” said the chief; “there was no worth to the dog, and I have no anger against thee, Kinilosi.”

“You mock at me, Tangaloa,” said Kinross. “There is anger in thine eyes even as thou speakest to me.”

“Great was my love for that dog,” said the chief. “It licked my face when I lay wounded on the battle-ground. If I whistled it came to me, so wise was it and loving; and if I were sick it would not eat.”

“Weighty is my shame and pain,” said the trader. “Would that I had never lifted my gun against it! But I will pay thee its worth and make thee a present besides.”

“Impossible,” said Tangaloa. “When the cocoanut is split, who can make it whole?”

“One can always get a new cocoanut,” said Kinross. “I will buy thee the best dog in Apia, a high chief of a dog, clever like a consul, and with a bark melodious as a musical box.”

At this Tangaloa laughed for the first time. “And what about thy chickens?” he demanded, “and thy things to eat hung out at night?”

“It can eat all the chickens it likes,” returned Kinross, “and I will feed it daily, also, with salt beef and sardines, if that will make us friends again, your Highness.”

"Cease, Kinilosi; I am thy friend already," said Tangaloa, extending his hand. "It is forgotten about the dog, and lo, the anger is buried."

"And the price?" inquired Kinross.

"One cannot buy friendship or barter loving-kindness," said Tangaloa. "Again I tell thee there is no price. But if thou wouldst care to give me a bottle of kerosene, for the lack of which I am sore distressed these nights—well, I should be very glad."

"I shall be pleased indeed," said the trader, who of a sudden assumed an intent, listening attitude.

"What is the matter?" demanded Tangaloa.

"Sh-sh!" exclaimed the white man.

"There is nothing," said the chief.

"Yes, yes," said Kinross; "listen, your Highness! A faint, faint bark like that of a spirit dog."

"Oh," said the chief, looking about uneasily.

"Dost thee not hear it?" cried Kinross, incredulously. "To me it is clear like the mission bell, thus: 'Bow-wow-wow-give-also-some-sugar-and-some-tea-and-some-tobacco-to-his-Highness-Tangaloa-bow-wow-wow!'"

The old chief fairly beamed. "Blessed was my dog in life, and blessed in death also!" he cried. "Behold, Kinilosi, he also barks about a few fish-hooks in a bag, and for a small subscription to our new church."

"I think he says fifty cents," said Kinross.

"No, no," cried the chief; "it was like this—quite plain: 'One-dollar-one-dollar!'"

"That ends it," said Kinross. "I must haste to obey the voice of the spirit dog. Good-bye, your Highness."

"Good-bye, Kinilosi," returned the chief, warmly. "I laugh and talk jestingly, but my heart—"

"Mine also," added Kinross, quickly, again grasping the old man's hand.

He strode off with a light step, in a glow of enthusiasm and high spirits. It would be hard to leave the old village, after all. He might travel far and not find hearts more generous or kindly, and he vowed he would never forget his Samoans—no, if he lived a thousand years. And if, after all, the new order of things should fail to please, and he should find himself stifled by the civilization to which he had been so long a stranger, could he not always return to this little paradise, and live out the number of his days in perennial content? He would search for some savings-bank in London, and place there to his credit a sum large enough to ship him back to the Islands. Whatever the pinch, it should lie there untouched and sacred; and as he toiled in the stern, gray land of his birth, the thought of that secret hoard would always be a comfort to him. But what if the bank should break, as banks do in those centres of the high civilization, and he should find himself stranded half the world away from the place he loved so dearly? He shivered at the thought. There should be two hoards, in two banks, or else he would feel continually uneasy. The line to the rear must be kept open at any cost.

He found Leata sitting on the floor, spelling out "The Good News from New Guinea" in the missionary magazine. She was fresh from her bath, and her black, damp hair was outspread to the sunshine to dry. She rippled with smiles at his approach, and it seemed to him she had never looked more radiant and engaging. He sat down beside her, and pressed her curly hair against his lips and kissed it. How was it that such a little savage could appear to him more alluring than any white woman he had ever seen? Was he bewitched? He looked at her critically, dispassionately, and marvelled at the perfection of her wild young beauty, marvelled, too, at her elegance and delicacy. And for heart and tenderness, where was her match in all

the seas? He threw his arm round her and kissed her on the lips.

"Of all things in the world, what wouldst thou like the most, Leata?" he asked.

"To have thee always near me, Kinilosì," she answered. "Before, I had no understanding and was like the black people in the missionary book, but now my heart is pained, so full it is with love."

"But there are other things than love," persisted Kinross. "Ear-rings, musical boxes, print for dresses."

"Yes, many things," she said. "But I trouble not myself about them, Kinilosì. But sometimes I think of the land behind our house and the fine plantation we will make there some day."

"But if I gave you a little bag of gold shillings," he said, "and took thee to Apia, my pigeon, what wouldst thou buy?"

"First I would give ten dollars to the new church," she began. "Then for my father I would buy an umbrella, and a shiny bag in which he could carry his cartridges and tobacco when he goes to war. For my mother, also, an umbrella and a picture-book like that of the missionary's, with photographs of Queen Victoria and captains of men-of-war. For my sister a Bible and a hymn-book, and for my brother a little pigeon gun."

"O thou foolish Leata," said Kinross, "and nothing for thyself?"

"There is still more in my bag," she answered, "enough for a golden locket and a golden chain. And in the locket there will be your picture and a lock of your hair—like the one the naval officer gave Titi's sister; and when I die, lo, no one shall touch it, for it shall lie on my breast in the grave!"

"To-morrow we shall go to Apia and buy them," said

Kinross. "This morning the pastor brought me a letter from Britain with a present of many dollars. The six acres I have already purchased, and in Apia I shall get prickly wire for fencing, and many things we need for the clearing and planting of the land."

Leata clapped her hands for joy. "Oh, Kinilosì," she cried, "it was breaking my heart. I feared the letter would make thee return to the White Country!"

Kinross looked at her with great gentleness. His resolution was taken, be it for good or evil.

"I shall never go back," he said.

Then in a rousing voice he cried, so loudly that the natives in the neighboring houses started at the sound: "In Vaiala shall I live, and in Vaiala die!"

XIII

THE WHITE SILENCE

BY

Jack London

THE WHITE SILENCE

Jack London

"CARMEN won't last more than a couple of days." Mason spat out a chunk of ice and surveyed the poor animal ruefully, then put her foot in his mouth and proceeded to bite out the ice which clustered cruelly between the toes.

"I never saw a dog with a highfalutin' name that ever was worth a rap," he said, as he concluded his task and shoved her aside. "They just fade away and die under the responsibility. Did ye ever see one go wrong with a sensible name like Cassiar, Siwash, or Husky? No, sir! Take a look at Shookum here; he's—"

Snap! The lean brute flashed up, the white teeth just missing Mason's throat.

"Ye will, will ye?" A shrewd clout behind the ear with the butt of the dogwhip stretched the animal in the snow, quivering softly, a yellow slaver dripping from its fangs.

"As I was saying, just look at Shookum, here—he's got the spirit. Bet ye he eats Carmen before the week's out."

"I'll bank another proposition against that," replied Malemute Kid, reversing the frozen bread placed before the fire to thaw. "We'll eat Shookum before the trip is over. What d' ye say, Ruth?"

The Indian woman settled the coffee with a piece of ice,

¹ From *The Son of the Wolf*. Copyright, 1900, by Jack London. Houghton Mifflin Co.

glanced from Malemute Kid to her husband, then at the dogs, but vouchsafed no reply. It was such a palpable truism that none was necessary. Two hundred miles of unbroken trail in prospect, with a scant six days' grub for themselves and none for the dogs, could admit no other alternative. The two men and the woman grouped about the fire and began their meagre meal. The dogs lay in their harnesses, for it was a midday halt, and watched each mouthful enviously.

"No more lunches after to-day," said Malemute Kid. "And we've got to keep a close eye on the dogs,—they're getting vicious. They'd just as soon pull a fellow down as not, if they get a chance."

"And I was president of an Epworth once, and taught in the Sunday-school." Having irrelevantly delivered himself of this, Mason fell into a dreamy contemplation of his steaming moccasins, but was aroused by Ruth filling his cup. "Thank God, we've got slathers of tea! I've seen it growing, down in Tennessee. What wouldn't I give for a hot corn-pone just now! Never mind, Ruth; you won't starve much longer, nor wear moccasins either."

The woman threw off her gloom at this, and in her eyes welled up a great love for her white lord,—the first white man she had ever seen,—the first man she had known to treat a woman as something better than a mere animal or beast of burden.

"Yes, Ruth," continued her husband, having recourse to the macaronic jargon in which it was alone possible for them to understand each other; "wait till we clean up and pull for the Outside. We'll take the White Man's canoe and go to the Salt Water. Yes, bad water, rough water,—great mountains dance up and down all the time. And so big, so far, so far away,—you travel ten sleep, twenty sleep, forty sleep" (he graphically enumerated the

days on his fingers), "all the time water, bad water. Then you come to great village, plenty people, just the same mosquitoes next summer. Wigwams oh, so high,—ten, twenty pines. Hi-yu skookum!"

He paused impotently, cast an appealing glance at Malemute Kid, then laboriously placed the twenty pines, end on end, by sign language. Malemute Kid smiled with cheery cynicism; but Ruth's eyes were wide with wonder, and with pleasure; for she half believed he was joking, and such condescension pleased her poor woman's heart.

"And then you step into a—a box, and pouf! up you go." He tossed his empty cup in the air by way of illustration, and as he deftly caught it, cried: "And biff! down you come. Oh, great medicine-men! You go Fort Yukon, I go Arctic City,—twenty-five sleep,—big string, all the time,—I catch him string,—I say, 'Hello, Ruth! How are ye?'—and you say, 'Is that my good husband?'—and I say 'Yes,'—and you say, 'No can bake good bread, no more soda,'—then I say, 'Look in cache, under flour; good-by.' You look and catch plenty soda. All the time you Fort Yukon, me Arctic City. Hi-yu medicine-man!"

Ruth smiled so ingenuously at the fairy story that both men burst into laughter. A row among the dogs cut short the wonders of the Outside, and by the time the snarling combatants were separated, she had lashed the sleds and all was ready for the trail.

"Mush! Baldy! Hi! Mush on!" Mason worked his whip smartly, and as the dogs whined low in the traces, broke out the sled with the gee-pole. Ruth followed with the second team, leaving Malemute Kid, who had helped her start, to bring up the rear. Strong man, brute that he was, capable of felling an ox at a blow, he could not bear to beat the poor animals, but humored them as a dog-

driver rarely does,—nay, almost wept with them in their misery.

“Come, mush on there, you poor sore-footed brutes!” he murmured, after several ineffectual attempts to start the load. But his patience was at last rewarded, and though whimpering with pain, they hastened to join their fellows.

No more conversation; the toil of the trail will not permit such extravagance. And of all deadening labors, that of the Northland trail is the worst. Happy is the man who can weather a day’s travel at the price of silence, and that on a beaten track.

And of all heart-breaking labors, that of breaking trail is the worst. At every step the great webbed shoe sinks till the snow is level with the knee. Then up, straight up, the deviation of a fraction of an inch being a certain precursor of disaster, the snowshoe must be lifted till the surface is cleared; then forward, down, and the other foot is raised perpendicularly for the matter of half a yard. He who tries this for the first time, if haply he avoids bringing his shoes in dangerous propinquity and measures not his length on the treacherous footing, will give up exhausted at the end of a hundred yards; he who can keep out of the way of the dogs for a whole day may well crawl into his sleeping-bag with a clear conscience and a pride which passeth all understanding; and he who travels twenty sleeps on the Long Trail is a man whom the gods may envy.

The afternoon wore on, and with the awe, born of the White Silence, the voiceless travellers bent to their work. Nature has many tricks wherewith she convinces man of his finity,—the ceaseless flow of the tides, the fury of the storm, the shock of the earthquake, the long roll of heaven’s artillery,—but the most tremendous, the most stupefying

of all, is the passive phase of the White Silence. All movement ceases, the sky clears, the heavens are as brass; the slightest whisper seems sacrilege, and man becomes timid, affrighted at the sound of his own voice. Sole speck of life journeying across the ghostly wastes of a dead world, he trembles at his audacity, realizes that his is a maggot's life, nothing more. Strange thoughts arise unsummoned, and the mystery of all things strives for utterance. And the fear of death, of God, of the universe, comes over him,—the hope of the Resurrection and the Life, the yearning for immortality, the vain striving of the imprisoned essence,—it is then, if ever, man walks alone with God.

So wore the day away. The river took a great bend, and Mason headed his team for the cut-off across the narrow neck of land. But the dogs balked at the high bank. Again and again, though Ruth and Malemute Kid were shoving on the sled, they slipped back. Then came the concerted effort. The miserable creatures, weak from hunger, exerted their last strength. Up—up—the sled poised on the top of the bank; but the leader swung the string of dogs behind him to the right, fouling Mason's snowshoes. The result was grievous. Mason was whipped off his feet; one of the dogs fell in the traces; and the sled toppled back, dragging everything to the bottom again.

Slash! the whip fell among the dogs savagely, especially upon the one which had fallen.

"Don't, Mason," entreated Malemute Kid; "the poor devil's on its last legs. Wait, and we'll put my team on."

Mason deliberately withheld the whip till the last word had fallen, then out flashed the long lash, completely curling about the offending creature's body. Carmen—for it was Carmen—cowered in the snow, cried piteously, then rolled over on her side.

It was a tragic moment, a pitiful incident of the trail,—

a dying dog, two comrades in anger. Ruth glanced solicitously from man to man. But Malemute Kid restrained himself, though there was a world of reproach in his eyes, and bending over the dog, cut the traces. No word was spoken. The teams were double-spanned and the difficulty overcome; the sleds were under way again, the dying dog dragging herself along in the rear. As long as an animal can travel, it is not shot, and this last chance is accorded it,—the crawling into camp, if it can, in the hope of a moose being killed.

Already penitent for his angry action, but too stubborn to make amends, Mason toiled on at the head of the cavalcade, little dreaming that danger hovered in the air. The timber clustered thick in the sheltered bottom, and through this they threaded their way. Fifty feet or more from the trail towered a lofty pine. For generations it had stood there, and for generations destiny had had this one end in view,—perhaps the same had been decreed of Mason.

He stooped to fasten the loosened thong of his moccasin. The sleds came to a halt, and the dogs lay down in the snow without a whimper. The stillness was weird; not a breath rustled the frost-encrusted forest; the cold and silence of outer space had chilled the heart and smote the trembling lips of nature. A sigh pulsed through the air,—they did not seem to actually hear it, but rather felt it, like the premonition of movement in a motionless void. Then the great tree, burdened with its weight of years and snow, played its last part in the tragedy of life. He heard the warning crash and attempted to spring up, but, almost erect, caught the blow squarely on the shoulder.

The sudden danger, the quick death,—how often had Malemute Kid faced it! The pine-needles were still quivering as he gave his commands and sprang into action.

Nor did the Indian girl faint or raise her voice in idle wailing, as might many of her white sisters. At his order, she threw her weight on the end of a quickly extemporized handspike, easing the pressure and listening to her husband's groans, while Malemute Kid attacked the tree with his axe. The steel rang merrily as it bit into the frozen trunk, each stroke being accompanied by a forced, audible respiration, the "Huh!" "Huh!" of the woodsman.

At last the Kid laid the pitiable thing that was once a man in the snow. But worse than his comrade's pain was the dumb anguish in the woman's face, the blended look of hopeful, hopeless query. Little was said; those of the Northland are early taught the futility of words and the inestimable value of deeds. With the temperature at sixty-five below zero, a man cannot lie many minutes in the snow and live. So the sled-lashings were cut, and the sufferer, rolled in furs, laid on a couch of boughs. Before him roared a fire, built of the very wood which wrought the mishap. Behind and partially over him was stretched the primitive fly,—a piece of canvas, which caught the radiating heat and threw it back and down upon him,—a trick which men may know who study physics at the fount.

And men who have shared their bed with death know when the call is sounded. Mason was terribly crushed. The most cursory examination revealed it. His right arm, leg, and back were broken; his limbs were paralyzed from the hips; and the likelihood of internal injuries was large. An occasional moan was his only sign of life.

No hope; nothing to be done. The pitiless night crept slowly by,—Ruth's portion, the despairing stoicism of her race, and Malemute Kid adding new lines to his face of bronze. In fact, Mason suffered least of all, for he spent his time in Eastern Tennessee, in the Great Smoky Moun-

tains, living over the scenes of his childhood. And most pathetic was the melody of his long-forgotten Southern vernacular, as he raved of swimming-holes and coon-hunts and watermelon raids. It was as Greek to Ruth, but the Kid understood and felt,—felt as only one can feel who has been shut out for years from all that civilization means.

Morning brought consciousness to the stricken man, and Malemute Kid bent closer to catch his whispers.

“You remember when we foregathered on the Tanana, four years come next ice-run? I didn’t care so much for her then. It was more like she was pretty, and there was a smack of excitement about it, I think. But d’ ye know, I’ve come to think a heap of her. She’s been a good wife to me, always at my shoulder in the pinch. And when it comes to trading, you know there isn’t her equal. D’ ye recollect the time she shot the Moosehorn Rapids to pull you and me off that rock, the bullets whipping the water like hailstones?—and the time of the famine at Nukluk-yeto?—or when she raced the ice-run to bring the news? Yes, she’s been a good wife to me, better ’n that other one. Didn’t know I’d been there? Never told you, eh? Well, I tried it once, down in the States. That’s why I’m here. Been raised together, too. I came away to give her a chance for divorce. She got it.

“But that’s got nothing to do with Ruth. I had thought of cleaning up and pulling for the Outside next year,—her and I,—but it’s too late. Don’t send her back to her people, Kid. It’s beastly hard for a woman to go back. Think of it!—nearly four years on our bacon and beans and flour and dried fruit, and then to go back to her fish and cariboo. It’s not good for her to have tried our ways, to come to know they’re better ’n her people’s, and then return to them. Take care of her, Kid,—why don’t you,—but no, you always fought shy of them,—and you never

told me why you came to this country. Be kind to her, and send her back to the States as soon as you can. But fix it so as she can come back,—liable to get homesick, you know.

“And the youngster—it’s drawn us closer, Kid. I only hope it is a boy. Think of it!—flesh of my flesh, Kid. He mustn’t stop in this country. And if it’s a girl, why she can’t. Sell my furs; they’ll fetch at least five thousand, and I’ve got as much more with the company. And handle my interests with yours. I think that bench claim will show up. See that he gets a good schooling; and Kid, above all, don’t let him come back. This country was not made for white men.

“I’m a gone man, Kid. Three or four sleeps at the best. You’ve got to go on. You must go on! Remember, it’s my wife, it’s my boy,—O God! I hope it’s a boy! You can’t stay by me,—and I charge you, a dying man, to pull on.”

“Give me three days,” pleaded Malemute Kid. “You may change for the better; something may turn up.”

“No.”

“Just three days.”

“You must pull on.”

“Two days.”

“It’s my wife and my boy, Kid. You would not ask it.”

“One day.”

“No, no! I charge—”

“Only one day. We can shave it through on the grub, and I might knock over a moose.”

“No,—all right; one day, but not a minute more. And Kid, don’t—don’t leave me to face it alone. Just a shot, one pull on the trigger. You understand. Think of it! Think of it! Flesh of my flesh, and I’ll never live to see him!

"Send Ruth here. I want to say good-by and tell her that she must think of the boy and not wait till I'm dead. She might refuse to go with you if I didn't. Good-by, old man; good-by.

"Kid! I say—a—sink a hole above the pup, next to the slide. I panned out forty cents on my shovel there.

"And Kid!" he stooped lower to catch the last faint words, the dying man's surrender of his pride. "I'm sorry—for—you know—Carmen."

Leaving the girl crying softly over her man, Malemute Kid slipped into his *parka* and snowshoes, tucked his rifle under his arm, and crept away into the forest. He was no tyro in the stern sorrows of the Northland, but never had he faced so stiff a problem as this. In the abstract, it was a plain, mathematical proposition,—three possible lives as against one doomed one. But now he hesitated. For five years, shoulder to shoulder, on the rivers and trails, in the camps and mines, facing death by field and flood and famine, had they knitted the bonds of their comradeship. So close was the tie that he had often been conscious of a vague jealousy of Ruth from the first time she had come between. And now it must be severed by his own hand.

Though he prayed for a moose, just one moose, all game seemed to have deserted the land, and nightfall found the exhausted man crawling into camp, light-handed, heavy-hearted. An uproar from the dogs and shrill cries from Ruth hastened him.

Bursting into the camp, he saw the girl in the midst of the snarling pack, laying about her with an axe. The dogs had broken the iron rule of their masters and were rushing the grub. He joined the issue with his rifle reversed, and the hoary game of natural selection was played out with all the ruthlessness of its primeval environment.

Rifle and axe went up and down, hit or missed with monotonous regularity; lithe bodies flashed, with wild eyes and dripping fangs; and man and beast fought for supremacy to the bitterest conclusion. Then the beaten brutes crept to the edge of the firelight, licking their wounds, voicing their misery to the stars.

The whole stock of dried salmon had been devoured, and perhaps five pounds of flour remained to tide them over two hundred miles of wilderness. Ruth returned to her husband, while Malemute Kid cut up the warm body of one of the dogs, the skull of which had been crushed by the axe. Every portion was carefully put away, save the hide and offal, which were cast to his fellows of the moment before.

Morning brought fresh trouble. The animals were turning on each other. Carmen, who still clung to her slender thread of life, was downed by the pack. The lash fell among them unheeded. They cringed and cried under the blows, but refused to scatter till the last wretched bit had disappeared,—bones, hide, hair, everything.

Malemute Kid went about his work, listening to Mason, who was back in Tennessee, delivering tangled discourses and wild exhortations to his brethren of other days.

Taking advantage of neighboring pines, he worked rapidly, and Ruth watched him make a cache similar to those sometimes used by hunters to preserve their meat from the wolverines and dogs. One after the other, he bent the tops of two small pines toward each other and nearly to the ground, making them fast with thongs of moosehide. Then he beat the dogs into submission and harnessed them to two of the sleds, loading the same with everything but the furs which enveloped Mason. These he wrapped and lashed tightly about him, fastening either end of the robes to the bent pines. A single stroke of his

hunting-knife would release them and send the body high in the air.

Ruth had received her husband's last wishes and made no struggle. Poor girl, she had learned the lesson of obedience well. From a child, she had bowed, and seen all women bow, to the lords of creation, and it did not seem in the nature of things for woman to resist. The Kid permitted her one outburst of grief, as she kissed her husband,—her own people had no such custom,—then led her to the foremost sled and helped her into her snowshoes. Blindly, instinctively, she took the gee-pole and whip, and "mushed" the dogs out on the trail. Then he returned to Mason, who had fallen into a coma; and long after she was out of sight, crouched by the fire, waiting, hoping, praying for his comrade to die.

It is not pleasant to be alone with painful thoughts in the White Silence. The silence of gloom is merciful, shrouding one as with protection and breathing a thousand intangible sympathies; but the bright White Silence, clear and cold, under steely skies, is pitiless.

An hour passed,—two hours,—but the man would not die. At high noon, the sun, without raising its rim above the southern horizon, threw a suggestion of fire athwart the heavens, then quickly drew it back. Malemute Kid roused and dragged himself to his comrade's side. He cast one glance about him. The White Silence seemed to sneer, and a great fear came upon him. There was a sharp report; Mason swung into his aerial sepulchre; and Malemute Kid lashed the dogs into a wild gallop as he fled across the snow.

XIV

THE HIDING OF BLACK BILL

BY

O. Henry

THE HIDING OF BLACK BILL¹

O. Henry

ALANK, strong, red-faced man with a Wellington beak and small, fiery eyes tempered by flaxen lashes, sat on the station platform at Los Pinos swinging his legs to and fro. At his side sat another man, fat, melancholy, and seedy, who seemed to be his friend. They had the appearance of men to whom life had appeared as a reversible coat—seamy on both sides.

"Ain't seen you in about four years, Ham," said the seedy man. "Which way you been travelling?"

"Texas," said the red-faced man. "It was too cold in Alaska for me. And I found it warm in Texas. I'll tell you about one hot spell I went through there.

"One morning I steps off the International at a water-tank and lets it go on without me. 'Twas a ranch country, and fuller of spite-houses than New York City. Only out there they build 'em twenty miles away so you can't smell what they've got for dinner, instead of running 'em up two inches from their neighbors' windows.

"There wasn't any roads in sight, so I footed it 'cross country. The grass was shoe-top deep, and the mesquite timber looked just like a peach orchard. It was so much like a gentleman's private estate that every minute you expected a kennelful of bulldogs to run out and bite you.

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But I must have walked twenty miles before I came in sight of a ranch-house. It was a little one, about as big as an elevated-railroad station.

"There was a little man in a white shirt and brown overalls and a pink handkerchief around his neck rolling cigarettes under a tree in front of the door.

"'Greetings,' says I. 'Any refreshment, welcome, emoluments, or even work, for a comparative stranger?'

"'Oh, come in,' says he, in a refined tone. 'Sit down on that stool, please. I didn't hear your horse coming.'

"'He isn't near enough yet,' says I. 'I walked. I don't want to be a burden, but I wonder if you have three or four gallons of water handy.'

"'You do look pretty dusty,' says he; 'but our bathing arrangements—'

"'It's a drink I want,' says I. 'Never mind the dust that's on the outside.'

"He gets me a dipper of water out of a red jar hanging up, and then goes on:

"'Do you want work?'

"'For a time,' says I. 'This is a rather quiet section of the country, isn't it?'

"'It is,' says he. 'Sometimes—so I have been told—one sees no human being pass for weeks at a time. I've been here only a month. I bought the ranch from an old settler who wanted to move farther west.'

"'It suits me,' says I. 'Quiet and retirement are good for a man sometimes. And I need a job. I can tend bar, salt mines, lecture, float stock, do a little middle-weight slugging, and play the piano.'

"'Can you herd sheep?' asks the little ranchman.

"'Do you mean *have* I heard sheep?' says I.

"'Can you herd 'em—take charge of a flock of 'em?' says he.

“‘Oh,’ says I, ‘now I understand. You mean chase ’em around and bark at ’em like collie dogs. Well, I might,’ says I. ‘I’ve never exactly done any sheep-herding, but I’ve often seen ’em from car windows masticating daisies, and they don’t look dangerous.’

“‘I’m short a herder,’ says the ranchman. ‘You never can depend on the Mexicans. I’ve only got two flocks. You may take out my bunch of muttons—there are only eight hundred of ’em—in the morning, if you like. The pay is twelve dollars a month and your rations furnished. You camp in a tent on the prairie with your sheep. You do your own cooking, but wood and water are brought to your camp. It’s an easy job.’

“‘I’m on,’ says I. ‘I’ll take the job even if I have to garland my brow and hold on to a crook and wear a loose-effect and play on a pipe like the shepherds do in pictures.’

“So the next morning the little ranchman helps me drive the flock of muttons from the corral to about two miles out and let ’em graze on a little hillside on the prairie. He gives me a lot of instructions about not letting bunches of them stray off from the herd, and driving ’em down to a water-hole to drink at noon.

“‘I’ll bring out your tent and camping outfit and rations in the buckboard before night,’ says he.

“‘Fine,’ says I. ‘And don’t forget the rations. Nor the camping outfit. And be sure to bring the tent. Your name’s Zollicoffer, ain’t it?’

“‘My name,’ says he, ‘is Henry Ogden.’

“‘All right, Mr. Ogden,’ says I. ‘Mine is Mr. Percival Saint Clair.’

“I herded sheep for five days on the Rancho Chiquito; and then the wool entered my soul. That getting next to Nature certainly got next to me. I was lonesomer than Crusoe’s goat. I’ve seen a lot of persons more entertain-

ing as companions than those sheep were. I'd drive 'em to the corral and pen 'em every evening, and then cook my corn-bread and mutton and coffee, and lie down in a tent the size of a table-cloth, and listen to the coyotes and whippoorwills singing around the camp.

"The fifth evening, after I had corralled my costly but uncongenial muttons, I walked over to the ranch-house and stepped in the door.

"‘Mr. Ogden,’ says I, ‘you and me have got to get sociable. Sheep are all very well to dot the landscape and furnish eight-dollar cotton suitings for man, but for table-talk and fireside companions they rank along with five-o’clock teasers. If you’ve got a deck of cards, or a parcheesi outfit, or a game of authors, get 'em out, and let’s get on a mental basis. I’ve got to do something in an intellectual line, if it’s only to knock somebody’s brains out.’

"‘This Henry Ogden was a peculiar kind of ranchman. He wore finger-rings and a big gold watch and careful neckties. And his face was calm, and his nose-spectacles was kept very shiny. I saw once, in Muscogee, an outlaw hung for murdering six men, who was a dead ringer for him. But I knew a preacher in Arkansas that you would have taken to be his brother. I didn’t care much for him either way; what I wanted was some fellowship and communion with holy saints or lost sinners—anything sheepless would do.

"‘Well, Saint Clair,’ says he, laying down the book he was reading, ‘I guess it must be pretty lonesome for you at first. And I don’t deny that it’s monotonous for me. Are you sure you corralled your sheep so they won’t stray out?’

"‘They’re shut up as tight as the jury of a millionaire murderer,’ says I. ‘And I’ll be back with them long before they’ll need their trained nurse.’

"So Ogden digs up a deck of cards, and we play casino. After five days and nights of my sheep-camp it was like a toot on Broadway. When I caught big casino I felt as excited as if I had made a million in Trinity. And when H. O. loosened up a little and told the story about the lady in the Pullman car I laughed for five minutes.

"That showed what a comparative thing life is. A man may see so much that he'd be bored to turn his head to look at a \$3,000,000 fire or Joe Weber or the Adriatic Sea. But let him herd sheep for a spell, and you'll see him splitting his ribs laughing at 'Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night,' or really enjoying himself playing cards with ladies.

"By-and-by Ogden gets out a decanter of Bourbon, and then there is a total eclipse of sheep.

"Do you remember reading in the papers, about a month ago,' says he, 'about a train hold-up on the M. K. & T.? The express agent was shot through the shoulder, and about \$15,000 in currency taken. And it's said that only one man did the job.'

"Seems to me I do,' says I. 'But such things happen so often they don't linger long in the human Texas mind. Did they overtake, overhaul, seize, or lay hands upon the despoiler?'

"He escaped,' says Ogden. 'And I was just reading in a paper to-day that the officers have tracked him down into this part of the country. It seems the bills the robber got were all the first issue of currency to the Second National Bank of Espinosa City. And so they've followed the trail where they've been spent, and it leads this way.'

"Ogden pours out some more Bourbon, and shoves me the bottle.

"I imagine,' says I, after ingurgitating another modicum of the royal booze, 'that it wouldn't be at all a disingenu-

ous idea for a train-robber to run down into this part of the country to hide for a spell. A sheep-ranch, now,' says I, 'would be the finest kind of a place. Who'd ever expect to find such a desperate character among these song-birds and mutttons and wild flowers? And, by the way,' says I, kind of looking H. Ogden over, 'was there any description mentioned of this single-handed terror? Was his lineaments or height and thickness or teeth fillings or style of habiliments set forth in print?"

"'Why, no,' says Ogden; 'they say nobody got a good sight of him because he wore a mask. But they know it was a train-robber called Black Bill, because he always works alone and because he dropped a handkerchief in the express-car that had his name on it.'

"'All right,' says I. 'I approve of Black Bill's retreat to the sheep-ranges. I guess they won't find him.'

"'There's one thousand dollars' reward for his capture,' says Ogden.

"'I don't need that kind of money,' says I, looking Mr. Sheepman straight in the eye. 'The twelve dollars a month you pay me is enough. I need a rest, and I can save up until I get enough to pay my fare to Texarkana, where my widowed mother lives. If Black Bill,' I goes on, looking significantly at Ogden, 'was to have come down this way—say, a month ago—and bought a little sheep-ranch and—'

"'Stop,' says Ogden, getting out of his chair and looking pretty vicious. 'Do you mean to insinuate—'

"'Nothing,' says I; 'no insinuations. I'm stating a hypodermical case. I say, if Black Bill had come down here and bought a sheep-ranch and hired me to Little-Boy-Blue 'em and treated me square and friendly, as you've done, he'd never have anything to fear from me. A man is a man, regardless of any complications he may have

with sheep or railroad trains. Now you know where I stand.'

"Ogden looks black as camp-coffee for nine seconds, and then he laughs, amused.

"'You'll do, Saint Clair,' says he. 'If I *was* Black Bill I wouldn't be afraid to trust you. Let's have a game or two of seven-up to-night; that is, if you don't mind playing with a train-robber.'

"'I've told you,' says I, 'my oral sentiments, and there's no strings to 'em.'

"While I was shuffling after the first hand, I asks Ogden, as if the idea was a kind of a casualty, where he was from.

"'Oh,' says he, 'from the Mississippi Valley.'

"'That's a nice little place,' says I. 'I've often stopped over there. But didn't you find the sheets a little damp and the food poor? Now, I hail,' says I, 'from the Pacific Slope. Ever put up there?'

"'Too draughty,' says Ogden. 'But if you're ever in the Middle West just mention my name, and you'll get foot-warmers and dripped coffee.'

"'Well,' says I, 'I wasn't exactly fishing for your private telephone number and the middle name of your aunt that carried off the Cumberland Presbyterian minister. It don't matter. I just want you to know you are safe in the hands of your shepherd. Now, don't play hearts on spades, and don't get nervous.'

"'Still harping,' says Ogden, laughing again. 'Don't you suppose that if I was Black Bill and thought you suspected me, I'd put a Winchester bullet into you and stop my nervousness, if I had any?'

"'Not any,' says I. 'A man who's got the nerve to hold up a train single-handed wouldn't do a trick like that. I've knocked about enough to know that there are the kind of men who put a value on a friend. Not that

I can claim being a friend of yours, Mr. Ogden,' says I, 'being only your sheep-herder; but under more expeditious circumstances we might have been.'

"'Forget the sheep temporarily, I beg,' says Ogden, 'and cut for deal.'

"About four days afterward, while my muttons was nooning on the water-hole and I deep in the interstices of making a pot of coffee, up rides softly on the grass a mysterious person in the garb of the being he wished to represent. He was dressed somewhere between a Kansas City detective, Buffalo Bill, and the town dog-catcher of Baton Rouge. His chin and eye wasn't molded on fighting lines, so I knew he was only a scout.

"'Herdin' sheep?' he asks me.

"'Well,' says I, 'to a man of your evident gumptional endowments, I wouldn't have the nerve to state that I am engaged in decorating old bronzes or oiling bicycle sprockets.'

"'You don't talk or look like a sheep-herder to me,' says he.

"'But you talk like what you look like to me,' says I.

"And then he asks me who I was working for, and I shows him Rancho Chiquito, two miles away, in the shadow of a low hill, and he tells me he's a deputy sheriff.

"'There's a train-robber called Black Bill supposed to be somewhere in these parts,' says the scout. 'He's been traced as far as San Antonio, and maybe farther. Have you seen or heard of any strangers around here during the past month?'

"'I have not,' says I, 'except a report of one over at the Mexican quarters of Loomis' ranch, on the Frio.'

"'What do you know about him?' asks the deputy.

"'He's three days old,' says I.

"'What kind of a looking man is the man you work for?' he asks. 'Does old George Ramey own this place

yet? He's run sheep here for the last ten years, but never had no success.'

"‘The old man has sold out and gone West,’ I tells him. ‘Another sheep-fancier bought him out about a month ago.’

"‘What kind of a looking man is he?’ asks the deputy again.

"‘Oh,’ says I, ‘a big, fat kind of a Dutchman with long whiskers and blue specs. I don’t think he knows a sheep from a ground-squirrel. I guess old George soaked him pretty well on the deal,’ says I.

"After indulging himself in a lot more non-communicative information and two-thirds of my dinner, the deputy rides away.

"That night I mentions the matter to Ogden.

"‘They’re drawing the tendrils of the octopus around Black Bill,’ says I. And then I told him about the deputy sheriff, and how I’d described him to the deputy, and what the deputy said about the matter.

"‘Oh, well,’ says Ogden, ‘let’s don’t borrow any of Black Bill’s troubles. We’ve a few of our own. Get the Bourbon out of the cupboard and we’ll drink to his health—unless,’ says he, with his little cackling laugh, ‘you’re prejudiced against train-robbers.’

"‘I’ll drink,’ says I, ‘to any man who’s a friend to a friend. And I believe that Black Bill,’ I goes on, ‘would be that. So here’s to Black Bill, and may he have good luck.’

"And both of us drank.

"About two weeks later comes shearing-time. The sheep had to be driven up to the ranch, and a lot of frowzy-headed Mexicans would snip the fur off of them with back-action scissors. So the afternoon before the barbers were to come I hustled my underdone muttons over the hill,

across the dell, down by the winding brook, and up to the ranch-house, where I penned 'em in a corral and bade 'em my nightly adieus.

"I went from there to the ranch-house. I find H. Ogden, Esquire, lying asleep on his little cot bed. I guess he had been overcome by anti-insomnia or diswakefulness or some of the diseases peculiar to the sheep business. His mouth and vest were open, and he breathed like a second-hand bicycle pump. I looked at him and gave vent to just a few musings. 'Imperial Cæsar,' says I, 'asleep in such a way, might shut his mouth and keep the wind away.'

"A man asleep is certainly a sight to make angels weep. What good is all his brain, muscle, backing, nerve, influence, and family connections? He's at the mercy of his enemies, and more so of his friends. And he's about as beautiful as a cab-horse leaning against the Metropolitan Opera House at 12.30 A.M. dreaming of the plains of Arabia. Now, a woman asleep you regard as different. No matter how she looks, you know it's better for all hands for her to be that way.

"Well, I took a drink of Bourbon and one for Ogden, and started in to be comfortable while he was taking his nap. He had some books on his table on indigenous subjects, such as Japan and drainage and physical culture—and some tobacco, which seemed more to the point.

"After I'd smoked a few, and listened to the sartorial breathing of H. O., I happened to look out the window toward the shearing-pens, where there was a kind of a road coming up from a kind of a road across a kind of a creek farther away.

"I saw five men riding up to the house. All of 'em carried guns across their saddles, and among 'em was the deputy that had talked to me at my camp.

"They rode up careful, in open formation, with their

guns ready. I set apart with my eye the one I opinionated to be the boss muck-raker of this law-and-order cavalry.

“‘Good-evening, gents,’ says I. ‘Won’t you ’light, and tie your horses?’

“The boss rides up close, and swings his gun over till the opening in it seems to cover my whole front elevation.

“‘Don’t you move your hands none,’ says he, ‘till you and me indulge in a adequate amount of necessary conversation.’

“‘I will not,’ says I. ‘I am no deaf-mute, and therefore will not have to disobey your injunctions in replying.’

“‘We are on the lookout,’ says he, ‘for Black Bill, the man that held up the Katy for \$15,000 in May. We are searching the ranches and everybody on ’em. What is your name, and what do you do on this ranch?’

“‘Captain,’ says I, ‘Percival Saint Clair is my occupation, and my name is sheep-herder. I’ve got my flock of veals—no, muttons—penned here to-night. The shearers are coming to-morrow to give them a hair-cut—with baa-a-rum, I suppose.’

“‘Where’s the boss of this ranch?’ the captain of the gang asks me.

“‘Wait just a minute, cap’n,’ says I. ‘Wasn’t there a kind of reward offered for the capture of this desperate character you have referred to in your preamble?’

“‘There’s a thousand dollars’ reward offered,’ says the captain, ‘but it’s for his capture and conviction. There don’t seem to be no provision made for an informer.’

“‘It looks like it might rain in a day or so,’ says I, in a tired way, looking up at the cerulean blue sky.

“‘If you know anything about the locality, disposition, or secretiveness of this here Black Bill,’ says he, in a severe dialect, ‘you are amiable to the law in not reporting it.’

“‘I heard a fence-rider say,’ says I, in a desultory kind

of voice, 'that a Mexican told a cowboy named Jake over at Pidgin's store on the Nueces that he heard that Black Bill had been seen in Matamoras by a sheepman's cousin two weeks ago.'

"'Tell you what I'll do, Tight Mouth,' says the captain, after looking me over for bargains. 'If you put us on so we can scoop Black Bill, I'll pay you a hundred dollars out of my own—out of our own—pockets. That's liberal,' says he. 'You ain't entitled to anything. Now, what do you say?'

"'Cash down now?' I asks.

"The captain has a sort of discussion with his help-mates, and they all produce the contents of their pockets for analysis. Out of the general results they figured up \$102.30 in cash and \$31 worth of plug tobacco.

"'Come nearer, capitan meeo,' says I, 'and listen.' He so did.

"'I am mighty poor and low down in the world,' says I. 'I am working for twelve dollars a month trying to keep a lot of animals together whose only thought seems to be to get asunder. Although,' says I, 'I regard myself as some better than the State of South Dakota, it's a come-down to a man who has heretofore regarded sheep only in the form of chops. I'm pretty far reduced in the world on account of foiled ambitions and rum and a kind of cocktail they make along the P. R. R. all the way from Scranton to Cincinnati—dry gin, French vermouth, one squeeze of a lime, and a good dash of orange bitters. If you're ever up that way, don't fail to let one try you. And, again,' says I, 'I have never yet went back on a friend. I've stayed by 'em when they had plenty, and when adversity's overtaken me I've never forsook 'em.

"'But,' I goes on, 'this is not exactly the case of a friend. Twelve dollars a month is only bowing-acquaint-

ance money. And I do not consider brown beans and corn-bread the food of friendship. I am a poor man,' says I, 'and I have a widowed mother in Texarkana. You will find Black Bill,' says I, 'lying asleep in this house on a cot in the room to your right. He's the man you want, as I know from his words and conversation. He was in a way a friend,' I explains, 'and if I was the man I once was the entire product of the mines of Gondola would not have tempted me to betray him. But,' says I, 'every week half of the beans was wormy, and not nigh enough wood in camp.

"Better go in careful, gentlemen,' says I. 'He seems impatient at times, and when you think of his late professional pursuits one would look for abrupt actions if he was come upon sudden.'

"So the whole posse unmounts and ties their horses, and unlimbers their ammunition and equipments, and tiptoes into the house. And I follows, like Delilah when she set the Philip Steins on to Samson.

"The leader of the posse shakes Ogden and wakes him up. And then he jumps up, and two more of the reward-hunters grab him. Ogden was mighty tough with all his slimness, and he gives 'em as neat a single-footed tussle against odds as I ever see.

"What does this mean?" he says, after they had him down.

"You're scooped in, Mr. Black Bill,' says the captain. 'That's all.'

"It's an outrage!' says H. Ogden, madder yet.

"It was,' says the peace-and-good-will man. 'The Katy wasn't bothering you, and there's a law against monkeying with express packages.'

"And he sits on H. Ogden's stomach and goes through his pockets symptomatically and careful.

"'I'll make you perspire for this,' says Ogden, perspiring some himself. 'I can prove who I am.'

"'So can I,' says the captain, as he draws from H. Ogden's inside coat-pocket a handful of new bills of the Second National Bank of Espinosa City. 'Your regular engraved Tuesdays-and-Fridays-visiting-card wouldn't have a louder voice in proclaiming your indemnity than this here currency. You can get up now and prepare to go with us and expatriate your sins.'

"H. Ogden gets up and fixes his necktie. He says no more after they have taken the money off of him.

"'A well-greased idea,' says the sheriff captain, admiring, 'to slip off down here and buy a little sheep-ranch where the hand of man is seldom heard. It was the slickest hide-out I ever see,' says the captain.

"So one of the men goes to the shearing-pen and hunts up the other herder, a Mexican they call John Sallies, and he saddles Ogden's horse, and the sheriffs all ride up close around him with their guns in hand, ready to take their prisoner to town.

"Before starting, Ogden puts the ranch in John Sallies' hands and gives him orders about the shearing and where to graze the sheep, just as if he intended to be back in a few days. And a couple of hours afterward one Percival Saint Clair, an ex-sheep-herder of the Rancho Chiquito, might have been seen, with a hundred and nine dollars—wages and blood-money—in his pocket, riding south on another horse belonging to said ranch."

The red-faced man paused and listened. The whistle of a coming freight-train sounded far away among the low hills.

The fat, seedy man at his side sniffed, and shook his frowzy head slowly and disparagingly.

"What is it, Snipy?" asked the other. "Got the blues again?"

"No, I ain't," said the seedy one, sniffing again. "But I don't like your talk. You and me have been friends, off and on, for fifteen year, and I never yet knew or heard of you giving anybody up to the law—not no one. And here was a man whose saleratus you had et and at whose table you had played games of cards—if casino can be so called. And yet you inform him to the law and take money for it. It never was like you, I say."

"This H. Ogden," resumed the red-faced man, "through a lawyer, proved himself free by alibis and other legal terminalities, as I so heard afterward. He never suffered no harm. He did me favors, and I hated to hand him over."

"How about the bills they found in his pocket?" asked the seedy man.

"I put 'em there," said the red-faced man, "while he was asleep, when I saw the posse riding up. I was Black Bill. Look out, Snipy, here she comes! We'll board her on the bumpers when she takes water at the tank."

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